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S. T. Coleridge

NEW YORK HARPER AND BROTHERS

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

UPON HIS

PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS.

EDITED BY

PROFESSOR SHEDD.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Nos. 329 AND 331 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1853.

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AND

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PREFACE.*

COMPOSITIONS resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous egotism. But egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against time and place, as in a history or an epic poem. To censure it in a monody or sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write Sonnets or Monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone: but full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and often a most unavailing effort.

> "But O! how grateful to a wounded heart
> The tale of misery to impart—
> From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
> And raise esteem upon the base of woe!"
>
> SHAW.

The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavor to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated, and mingles as a corrective, with the painful subject of the description. "True!" (it may be answered) "but how is the Public interested in your sorrows or your description?" We are forever attributing personal unities to imaginary aggregates. What is the Public, but

* To the first and second editions.

a term for a number of scattered individuals? Of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same or similar.

"Holy be the lay
Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way."

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in all writings are those in which the author develops his own feelings? The sweet voice of Cona* never sounds so sweetly, as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of the Paradise Lost without peculiar emotion. By a law of our nature, he, who labors under a strong feeling, is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a poet's feelings are all strong. Quicquid amet valde amat. Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy when he classes Love and Poetry, as producing the same effects:

"Love and the wish of Poets when their tongue
Would teach to others' bosoms, what so charms
Their own."

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

There is one species of egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The atheist, who exclaims, "pshaw!" when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an egotist: an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of Love-verses, is an egotist: and the sleek favorites of fortune are egotists, when they condemn all "melancholy, discontented" verses. Surely, it would be candid not merely to ask whether the poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may not be others to whom it is well calculated to give an innocent pleasure.

I shall only add, that each of my readers will, I hope, remember, that these poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written

* Ossian.

at different times and prompted by very different feelings; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind, in which he happens to peruse it.

My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double-epithets, and a general turgidness. I have pruned the double-epithets with no sparing hand; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction.* This latter fault however had insinuated itself into my Religious Musings with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me, that of obscurity; but not, I think, with equal justice. An author is obscure, when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or inappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the Bard of Gray, or one that personates high and abstract truths, like Collins's Ode on the poetical character, claims not to be popular—but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his contemporaries. Milton did not escape it; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it: not that their poems are better understood at present, than they were at their first publication; but their fame is established; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them.

* Without any feeling of anger, I may yet be allowed to express some degree of surprise, that after having run the critical gauntlet for a certain class of faults, which I had, viz. a too ornate, and elaborately poetic diction, and nothing having come before the judgment-seat of the Reviewers during the long interval, I should for at least seventeen years, quarter after quarter, have been placed by them in the foremost rank of the proscribed, and made to abide the brunt of abuse and ridicule for faults directly opposite, viz. bald and prosaic language, and an affected simplicity both of matter and manner—faults which assuredly did not enter into the character of my compositions.—*Biographia Literaria*, Works, III. p. 179.

But a living writer is yet sub judice ; and if we can not follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as lost beneath, than as soaring above us. If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero.

I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings ; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own " exceeding great reward :" it has soothed my afflictions ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared solitude ; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

S. T. C.

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JUVENILE POEMS.

GENEVIEVE.

Maid of my Love, sweet Genevieve!
In Beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your Voice, as Seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a Voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of Woe.
When sinking low the Sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretcht to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the Swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

SONNET.

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

Mild Splendor of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gathered blackness lost on high;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.
Ah such is Hope! as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid behind the dragon-winged Despair:
But soon emerging in her radiant might
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

ANTHEM

FOR THE CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Seraphs! around th' Eternal's seat who throng
With tuneful ecstacies of praise:
O! teach our feeble tongues like yours the song
Of fervent gratitude to raise—
Like you, inspir'd with holy flame
To dwell on that Almighty name
Who bade the child of woe no longer sigh,
And Joy in tears o'erspread the Widow's eye.

Th' all-gracious Parent hears the wretch's prayer;
The meek tear strongly pleads on high;
Wan Resignation struggling with despair
The Lord beholds with pitying eye;
Sees cheerless want unpitied pine,
Disease on earth its head recline,
And bids compassion seek the realms of woe
To heal the wounded, and to raise the low.

She comes! she comes! the meek ey'd power I see
With liberal hand that loves to bless;
The clouds of sorrow at her presence flee;
Rejoice! rejoice! ye children of distress!
The beams that play around her head
Thro' want's dark vale their radiance spread:
The young uncultur'd mind imbibes the ray,
And vice reluctant quits th' expected prey.

Cease, thou lorn mother! cease thy wailings drear;
Ye babes! the unconscious sob forego;
Or let full gratitude now prompt the tear
Which erst did sorrow force to flow.
Unkindly cold and tempest shrill
In life's morn oft the traveller chill,
But soon his path the sun of Love shall warm;
And each glad scene look brighter for the storm!

1789.

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

On the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
A sister and a brother!
That far outstripp'd the other;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind:
For he, alas! is blind!
O'er rough and smooth with even step he passed
And knows not whether he be first or last.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

O what a wonder seems the fear of death,
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,
Babes, Children, Youths, and Men,
Night following night for threescore years and ten!
But doubly strange, where life is but a breath
To sigh and pant with, up Want's rugged steep.

Away, Grim Phantom! Scorpion King, away!
Reserve thy terrors and thy stings display
For coward Wealth and Guilt in robes of State!
Lo! by the grave I stand of one, for whom
A prodigal Nature and a niggard Doom
(That all bestowing, this withholding all,)
Made each chance knell from distant spire or dome
Sound like a seeking Mother's anxious call,
Return, poor Child! Home, weary Truant, home!

Thee, Chatterton! these unblest stones protect
From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect.
Too long before the vexing Storm-blast driven
Here hast thou found repose! beneath this sod!
Thou! O vain word! thou dwell'st not with the clod!

Amid the shining Host of the Forgiven
Thou at the Throne of Mercy and thy God
The triumph of redeeming Love dost hymn
(Believe it, O my soul!) to harps of Seraphim.

Yet oft, perforce, ('tis suffering Nature's call)
I weep, that heaven-born Genius so should fall;
And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poisoned bowl.
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
Thy corse of livid hue;
Now indignation checks the feeble sigh,
Or flashes through the tear that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-ennobled line?
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain
Poured forth his lofty strain?
Ah me! yet Spenser, gentlest bard divine,
Beneath chill Disappointment's shade,
His weary limbs in lonely anguish laid;
And o'er her darling dead
Pity hopeless hung her head,
While "mid the pelting of that merciless storm,"
Sunk to the cold earth Otway's famished form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon winds the Minstrel* came.
Light-hearted youth! aye, as he hastes along,
He meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foe;
And while the numbers flowing strong
In eddies whirl, in surges throng,
Exulting in the spirits' genial throe
In tides of power his life-blood seems to flow.

And now his cheeks with deeper ardors flame,
His eyes have glorious meanings, that declare
More than the light of outward day shines there,
A holier triumph and a sterner aim!

* Avon, a river near Bristol; the birth-place of Chatterton.

Wings grow within him ; and he soars above
Or Bard's or Minstrel's lay of war or love.
Friend to the friendless, to the Sufferer health,
He hears the widow's prayer, the good man's praise ;
To scenes of bliss transmutes his fancied wealth,
And young and old shall now see happy days.
On many a waste he bids trim Gardens rise,
Gives the blue sky to many a prisoner's eyes ;
And now in wrath he grasps the patriot steel,
And her own iron rod he makes Oppression feel.

Sweet Flower of Hope ! free Nature's genial child !
That didst so fair disclose thy early bloom,
Filling the wide air with a rich perfume !
For thee in vain all heavenly aspects smil'd ;
From the hard world brief respite could they win—
The frost nipp'd sharp without, the canker prey'd within !
Ah ! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams that lighten'd o'er thy face ?
Youth of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye !
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
On thy wan forehead starts the lethal dew,
And oh ! the anguish of that shuddering sigh !

Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When Care, of withered brow,
Prepared the poison's death-cold power :
Already to thy lips was raised the bowl,
When near thee stood Affection meek
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul ;
Thy native cot she flashed upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
Peace smiling sate, and listened to thy lay ;
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy mother's thrilling tear ;
See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
Her silent agony of woe !
Ah ! dash the poisoned chalice from thy hand !

And thou had'st dashed it, at her soft command,
But that Despair and Indignation rose,
And told again the story of thy woes ;
Told the keen insult of the unfeeling heart ;
The dread dependence on the low-born mind ;
Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combined !
Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of Death through every freezing vein !

O Spirit blest !
Whether the Eternal's throne around,
Amidst the blaze of Seraphim,
Thou pourest forth the grateful hymn ;
Or soaring thro' the blest domain
Enrapturest Angels with thy strain,—
Grant me, like thee, the lyre to sound,
Like thee with fire divine to glow ;—
But ah ! when rage the waves of woe,
Grant me with firmer breast to meet their hate,
And soar beyond the storm with upright eye elate !

Ye woods ! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep !
For here she loves the cypress wreath to weave
Watching, with wistful eye, the saddening tints of eve.
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow sequestered tide
Lone-glittering, through the high tree branching wide.

And here, in Inspiration's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the mastering power,
These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,
With wild unequal steps he passed along,
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song :
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

Poor Chatterton ! he sorrows for thy fate
Who would have praised and loved thee, ere too late.

Poor Chatterton ! farewell ! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb ;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom :
For oh ! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blackened the fair promise of my spring ;
And the stern Fate transpierced with viewless dart
The last pale Hope that shivered at my heart !

Hence, gloomy thoughts ! no more my soul shall dwell
On joys that were ! No more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful ! O'er the ocean swell
Sublime of Hope I seek the cottaged dell
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray ;
And, dancing to the moonlight roundelay,
The wizard passions weave a holy spell !

O Chatterton ! that thou wert yet alive !
Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
And love with us the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale ;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Would hang, enraptured, on thy stately song,
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly masked, as hoar Antiquity.
Alas, vain Phantasies ! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solaced in her dreamy mood !
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehanna pours his untamed stream ;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy !
And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

The Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half-way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation called the Pixies' Parlor. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable ciphers, among which the author discovered his own and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the author, during the Summer months of the year 1793, conducted a party of young ladies, one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colorless yet clear, was proclaimed the Faery Queen. On which occasion the following Irregular Ode was written.

I.

Whom the untaught Shepherds call
Pixies in their madrigal,
Fancy's children, here we dwell:
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.
Here the wren of softest note
Builds its nest and warbles well;
Here the blackbird strains his throat;
Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.

II.

When fades the moon to shadowy-pale,
And scuds the cloud before the gale,
Ere the Morn, all gem-bedight,
Hath streaked the East with rosy light,
We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dews
Clad in robes of rainbow hues:
Or sport amid the shooting gleams
To the tune of distant-tinkling teams,
While lusty Labor scouting sorrow
Bids the Dame a glad good-morrow,
Who jogs the accustomed road along,
And paces cheery to her cheering song.

III.

But not our filmy pinion
We scorch amid the blaze of day,
When Noontide's fiery-tressed minion
Flashes the fervid ray.

Aye from the sultry heat
We to the cave retreat
O'ercanopied by huge roots intertwined
With wildest texture, blackened o'er with age:
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
Beneath whose foliage pale
Fanned by the unfrequent gale
We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV.

Thither, while the murmuring throng
Of wild-bees hum their drowsy song,
By Indolence and Fancy brought,
A youthful Bard, "unknown to Fame,"
Woos the Queen of Solemn Thought,
And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh
Gazing with tearful eye,
As round our sandy grot appear
Many a rudely sculptured name
To pensive Memory dear!
Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctured hue
We glance before his view:
O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witcheries shed
And twine the future garland round his head.

V.

When Evening's dusky car
Crowned with her dewy star
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight;
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze
Veiled from the grosser ken of mortal sight.
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
Along our wildly-bowered sequestered walk,
We listen to the enamored rustic's talk;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
Where young-eyed Loves have hid their turtle-nest;
Or guide of soul-subduing power
The glance, that from the half-confessing eye
Darts the fond question or the soft reply.

VI.

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank;
Or, silent-sandal'd, pay our defter court,
Circling the Spirit of the Western Gale,
Where wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream;
Or where his wave with loud unquiet song
Dashed o'er the rocky channel froths along;
Or where, his silver waters smoothed to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII.

Hence thou lingerer, Light!
Eve saddens into Night.
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view
The sombre hours, that round the stand
With down-cast eyes (a duteous band)!
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.
Sorceress of the ebon throne!
Thy power the Pixies own,
When round thy raven brow
Heaven's lucent roses glow,
And clouds in watery colors drest
Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest:
What time the pale moon sheds a softer day
Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:
For mid the quivering light 'tis ours to play,
Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII.

Welcome, Ladies! to the cell
Where the blameless Pixies dwell:
But thou, sweet Nymph! proclaimed our Faery Queen,
With what obeisance meet
Thy presence shall we greet?
For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen

Graceful Ease in artless stole,
And white-robed Purity of soul,
With Honor's softer mien;
Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,
And meek-eyed Pity eloquently fair,
Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,
As snow-drop wet with dew.

IX.

Unboastful Maid! though now the Lily pale
Transparent grace thy beauties meek;
Yet ere again along the impurpling vale,
The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,
Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek;
And, haply, from the nectar-breathing Rose
Extract a Blush for Love!

THE RAVEN.

A CHRISTMAS TALE, TOLD BY A SCHOOL-BOY TO HIS LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Underneath an old oak tree
There was of swine a huge company
That grunted as they crunch'd the mast:
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high:
One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.
Next came a Raven, that liked not such folly:
He belonged, they did say, to the witch Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.
He picked up the acorn and buried it straight
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the Raven go?
He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.
Many Autumns, many Springs
Travelled he with wandering wings:

Many Summers, many Winters—
I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a She,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.
They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were happy enow.
But soon came a woodman in leathern guise,
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand, not a word he spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke,
At length he brought down the poor Raven's own oak,
His young ones were killed; for they could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken heart.
The boughs from the trunk the woodman did sever;
And they floated it down on the course of the river.
They sawed it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
And with this tree and others they made a good ship.
The ship, it was lanched; but in sight of the land
Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.
It bulged on a rock, and the waves rushed in fast:
Round and round flew the Raven, and cawed to the blast.
He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
See! See! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!
Right glad was the Raven, and off he went fleet,
And Death riding home on a cloud did he meet,
And he thank'd him again and again for this treat:
They had taken his all, and Revenge it was sweet!

MUSIC.

Hence, soul-dissolving Harmony
That lead'st th' oblivious soul astray—
Though thou sphere descended be—
Hence away!—
Thou mightier Goddess, thou demand'st my lay,
Born when earth was seiz'd with cholic;
Or as more sapient sages say,
What time the Legion diabolic

Compelled their beings to enshrine
In bodies vile of herded swine,
Precipitate adown the steep
With hideous rout were plunging in the deep,
And hog and devil mingling grunt and yell
Seiz'd on the ear with horrible obtrusion ;—
Then if aright old legendaries tell,
Wert thou begot by Discord on Confusion !

What tho' no name's sonorous power
Was given thee at thy natal hour !—
Yet oft I feel thy sacred might,
While concords wing their distant flight.
Such power inspires thy holy son
Sable clerk of Tiverton.
And oft where Otter sports his stream,
I hear thy banded offspring scream.
Thou Goddess ! thou inspir'st each throat ;
'Tis thou who pour'st the scritch owl note !
Transported hear'st thy children all
Scrape and blow and squeak and squall,
And while old Otter's steeple rings,
Clappest hoarse thy raven wings !

1790.

DEVONSHIRE ROADS.

The indignant Bard compos'd this furious ode,
As tir'd he dragg'd his way thro' Plimtree road !
Crusted with filth and stuck in mire
Dull sounds the Bard's bemudded lyre ;
Nathless Revenge and Ire the Poet goad
To pour his imprecations on the road.
Curst road ! whose execrable way
Was darkly shadow'd out in Milton's lay,
When the sad fiends thro' Hell's sulphureous roads
Took the first survey of their new abodes ;
Or when the fall'n Archangel fierce
Dar'd through the realms of Night to pierce,
What time the Blood Hound lur'd by Human scent
Thro' all Confusion's quagmires floundering went.

Nor cheering pipe, nor Bird's shrill note
Around thy dreary paths shall float;
Their boding songs shall scritch owls pour
To fright the guilty shepherds sore,
Led by the wandering fires astray
Thro' the dank horrors of thy way!
While they their mud-lost sandals hunt
May all the curses, which they grunt
In raging moan like goaded hog,
Alight upon thee, damned Bog! 1790.

INSIDE THE COACH.

'Tis hard on Bagshot Heath to try
Unclos'd to keep the weary eye;
But ah! Oblivion's nod to get
In rattling coach is harder yet.
Slumbrous God of half-shut eye!
Who lov'st with Limbs supine to lie;
Soother sweet of toil and care
Listen, listen to my prayer;
And to thy votary dispense
Thy soporific influence!
What tho' around thy drowsy head
The seven-fold cap of night be spread,
Yet lift that drowsy head awhile
And yawn propitiously a smile;
In drizzly rains poppean dews
O'er the tir'd inmates of the Coach diffuse;
And when thou'st charm'd our eyes to rest
Pillowing the chin upon the breast,
Bid many a dream from thy dominions
Wave its various-painted pinions,
Till ere the splendid visions close
We snore quartettes in ecstacy of nose.
While thus we urge our airy course,
Oh may no jolt's electric force
Our fancies from their steeds unhorse,
And call us from thy fairy reign
To dreary Bagshot Heath again! 1790.

If Pegasus will let thee only ride him,
Spurning my clumsy efforts to o'erstride him,
Some fresh expedient the Muse will try,
And walk on stilts, although she can not fly.

Dear Brother,

I have often been surprised that Mathematics, the quintessence of Truth, should have found admirers so few and so languid. Frequent consideration and minute scrutiny have at length unravelled the case; viz. that though Reason is feasted, Imagination is starved; whilst Reason is luxuriating in its proper Paradise, Imagination is wearily travelling on a dreary desert. To assist Reason by the stimulus of Imagination is the design of the following production. In the execution of it much may be objectionable. The verse (particularly in the introduction of the ode) may be accused of unwarrantable liberties, but they are liberties equally homogeneal with the exactness of Mathematical disquisition, and the boldness of Pindaric daring. I have three strong champions to defend me against the attacks of Criticism; the Novelty, the Difficulty, and the Utility of the work. I may justly plume myself, that I first have drawn the nymph Mathesis from the visionary caves of abstracted Idea, and caused her to unite with Harmony. The first-born of this Union I now present to you; with interested motives indeed—as I expect to receive in return the more valuable offspring of your Muse.

March 31, 1791. Thine ever,
To the Rev. G. C. S. T. C.

This is now—this was erst,
Proposition the first—and Problem the first.

I.

On a given finite line
Which must no way incline;
To describe an equi—
—lateral Tri—
—A, N, G, E, L, E.
Now let A. B.
Be the given line
Which must no way incline;
The great Mathematician
Makes this Requisition,
That we describe an Equi—
—lateral Tri—
—angle on it:
Aid us Reason—aid us Wit!

II.

From the centre A. at the distance A. B.
Describe the circle B. C. D.
At the distance B. A. from B. the centre
The round A. C. E. to describe boldly venture.
(Third postulate see.)
And from the point C.
In which the circles make a pother
Cutting and slashing one another,
Bid the straight lines a journeying go.
C. A. C. B. those lines will show
To the points, which by A. B. are reckon'd,
And postulate the second
For Authority ye know.
A. B. C.
Triumphant shall be
An Equilateral Triangle,
Not Peter Pindar carp, nor Zoilus can wrangle.

III.

Because the point A. is the centre
Of the circular B. C. D.
And because the point B. is the centre
Of the circular A. C. E.
A. C. to A. B. and B. C. to B. A.
Harmoniously equal forever must stay;
Then C. A. and B. C.
Both extend the kind hand
To the basis A. B,
Unambitiously join'd in Equality's Band.
But to the same powers, when two powers are equal,
My mind forebodes the sequel;
My mind does some celestial impulse teach,
And equalizes each to each.
Thus C. A with B. C. strikes the same sure alliance,
That C. A. and B. C. had with A. B. before;
And in mutual affiance
None attempting to soar
Above another,

The unanimous three
C. A. and B. C. and A. B.
All are equal, each to his brother,
Preserving the balance of power so true:
Ah! the like would the proud Autocratix* do!
At taxes impending not Britain would tremble,
Nor Prussia struggle her fear to dissemble;
Nor the Mah'met-sprung wight
The great Mussulman
Would stain his Divan
With Urine the soft-flowing daughter of Fright.

IV.

But rein your stallion in, too daring Nine!
Should Empires bloat the scientific line?
Or with dishevell'd hair all madly do ye run
For transport that your task is done?
For done it is—the cause is tried!
And Proposition, gentle maid,
Who soothly ask'd stern Demonstration's aid,
Has prov'd her right, and A. B. C.
Of Angles three
Is shown to be of equal side;
And now our weary steed to rest in fine,
'Tis raised upon A. B. the straight, the given line.

THE NOSE.

Ye souls unus'd to lofty verse,
Who sweep the earth with lowly wing,
Like sand before the blast disperse—
A Nose! a mighty Nose I sing!
As erst Prometheus stole from heaven the fire
To animate the wonder of his hand;
Thus, with unhallow'd hands, O muse, aspire,
And from my subject snatch a burning brand!
So like the Nose I sing—my verse shall glow—
Like Phlegethon my verse in waves of fire shall flow!

* Empress of Russia.

Light of this once all darksome spot
Where now their glad course mortals run,
First-born of Sirius begot
Upon the focus of the sun—
I'll call thee —— ! for such thy earthly name—
What name so high, but what too low must be ?
Comets, when most they drink the solar flame
Are but faint types and images of thee !
Burn madly Fire ! o'er earth in ravage run,
Then blush for shame more red by fiercer —— outdone !

I saw when from the turtle feast
The thick dark smoke in volumes rose !
I saw the darkness of the mist
Encircle thee, O Nose !
Shorn of thy rays thou shott'st a fearful gleam
(The turtle quiver'd with prophetic fright)
Gloomy and sullen thro' the night of steam :—
So Satan's Nose when Dunstan urg'd to flight
Glowing from gripe of red-hot pincers dread
Athwart the smokes of Hell disastrous twilight shed !

The furies to madness my brain devote—
In robes of ice my body wrap !
On billowy flames of fire I float,
Hear ye, my entrails how they snap ?
Some power unseen forbids my lungs to breathe !
What fire-clad meteors round me whizzing fly !
I vitrify thy torrid zone beneath
Proboscis fierce ! I am calcin'd ! I die !
Thus, like great Pliny, in Vesuvius' fire,
I perish in the blaze while I the blaze admire.

1789.

MONODY ON A TEA-KETTLE.

O MUSE who sangest late another's pain,
To griefs domestic turn thy coal-black steed !
With slowest steps thy funeral steed must go,
Nodding his head in all the pomp of woe :
Wide scatter round each dark and deadly weed,

And let the melancholy dirge complain
(While Bats shall shriek and Dogs shall howling run)
The tea-kettle is spoilt and Coleridge is undone!
Your cheerful songs, ye unseen crickets cease!
Let songs of grief your alter'd minds engage!
For he who sang responsive to your lay,
What time the joyous bubbles 'gan to play,
The sooty swain has felt the fire's fierce rage;—
Yes, he is gone, and all my woes increase;
I heard the Water issuing from the Wound—
No more the Tea shall pour its flagrant steams around!

O Goddess best beloved, delightful Tea!
With thee compar'd what yields the madd'ning vine?
Sweet power! who know'st to spread the calm delight,
And the pure joy prolong to midmost night!
Ah! must I all thy varied sweets resign?
Enfolded close in grief thy form I see
No more wilt thou extend thy willing arms,
Receive the fervent Jove and yield him all thy charms!
How sink the mighty low by Fate opprest!—
Perhaps, O Kettle! thou by scornful toe
Rude urg'd t' ignoble place with plaintive din,
May'st rust obscure midst heaps of vulgar tin;—
As if no joy had ever seiz'd my breast
When from thy spout the streams did arching fly,—
As if infus'd thou ne'er hadst known t' inspire
All the warm raptures of poetic fire!
But hark! or do I fancy the glad voice—
"What tho' the swain did wondrous charms disclose—
(Not such did Memnon's sister sable drest)
Take these bright arms with royal face imprest,
A better Kettle shall thy soul rejoice,
And with Oblivion's wings o'erspread thy woes!"
Thus Fairy Hope can soothe distress and toil;
On empty Trivets she bids fancied Kettles boil!

1790.

ABSENCE.

A FAREWELL ODE ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WHERE graced with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my love-lorn song :
Ah me ! too mindful of the days
Illumed by Passion's orient rays,
When peace, and Cheerfulness, and Health
Enriched me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair Delights ! that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing, like shadows fly !
Ah Flowers ! which Joy from Eden stole
While Innocence stood smiling by !—
But cease, fond Heart ! this bootless moan :
Those Hours on rapid Pinions flown
Shall yet return, by Absence crowned,
And scatter livelier roses round.
The Sun who ne'er remits his fires
On heedless eyes may pour the day :
The Moon, that oft from Heaven retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What though she leaves the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky vest ?
When she relumes her lovely Light,
We bless the Wanderer of the Night.

SONNET.

ON THE SAME.

FAREWELL parental scenes ! a sad farewell !
To you my grateful heart still fondly clings,
Tho' fluttering round on Fancy's burnish'd wings
Her tales of future Joy Hope loves to tell.

Adieu, adieu! ye much lov'd cloisters pale!
Ah! would those happy days return again,
When 'neath your arches, free from every stain,
I heard of guilt and wonder'd at the tale!
Dear haunts! where oft my simple lays I sang,
Listening meanwhile the echoings of my feet,
Lingering I quit you, with as great a pang,
As when erewhile, my weeping childhood, torn
By early sorrow from my native seat,
Mingled its tears with hers—my widow'd Parent lorn.

TO THE MUSE.

Tho' no bold flights to thee belong;
And tho' thy lays with conscious fear,
Shrink from Judgment's eye severe,
Yet much I thank thee, Spirit of my song!
For, lovely Muse! thy sweet employ
Exalts my soul, refines my breast,
Gives each pure pleasure keener zest,
And softens sorrow into pensive Joy.
From thee I learn'd the wish to bless,
From thee to commune with my heart;
From thee, dear Muse! the gayer part,
To laugh with Pity at the crowds, that press
Where Fashion flaunts her robes by Folly spun,
Whose hues gay varying wanton in the sun.

1789.

WITH FIELDING'S AMELIA.

Virtues and Woes alike too great for man
In the soft tale oft claim the useless sigh;
For vain the attempt to realize the plan,
On folly's wings must imitation fly.
With other aim has Fielding here display'd
Each social duty and each social care;
With just yet vivid coloring portray'd
What every wife should be, what many are.

And sure the Parent of a race so sweet
With double pleasure on the page shall dwell,
Each scene with sympathizing breast shall meet,
While Reason still with smiles delights to tell
Maternal hope, that her lov'd Progeny
In all but Sorrows shall Amelias be!

ON RECEIVING AN ACCOUNT

THAT HIS ONLY SISTER'S DEATH WAS INEVITABLE.

The tear which mourn'd a brother's fate scarce dry—
Pain after pain, and woe succeeding woe—
Is my heart destin'd for another blow?
O my sweet sister! and must thou too die?
Ah! how has Disappointment pour'd the tear
O'er infant Hope destroy'd by early frost!
How are ye gone, whom most my soul held dear!
Scarce had I lov'd you, ere I mourn'd you lost;
Say, is this hollow eye—this heartless pain
Fated to rove thro' Life's wide cheerless plain—
Nor father, brother, sister meets its ken—
My woes, my joys unshar'd! Ah! long ere then
On me thy icy dart, stern Death, be prov'd;—
Better to die, than live and not be lov'd!

ON SEEING A YOUTH

AFFECTIONATELY WELCOMED BY A SISTER.

I too a sister had! too cruel Death!
How sad remembrance bids my bosom heave!
Tranquil her soul, as sleeping Infant's breath;
Meek were her manners as a vernal Eve.
Knowledge, that frequent lifts the bloated mind,
Gave her the treasure of a lowly breast,
And Wit to venom'd Malice oft assign'd,
Dwelt in her bosom in a Turtle's nest.

Cease, busy Memory! cease to urge the dart;
Nor on my soul her love to me impress!
For oh I mourn in anguish—and my heart
Feels the keen pang, th' unutterable distress.
Yet wherefore grieve I that her sorrows cease,
For Life was Misery, and the Grave is Peace!

THE SAME.

I too a sister had, an only sister;—
She lov'd me dearly and I doted on her;
To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows,
(As a sick patient in a nurse's arms)
And of the heart those hidden maladies
That e'en from Friendship's eye will shrink asham'd.
O! I have wak'd at midnight and have wept
Because she was not.——

PAIN.

Once could the Morn's first beams, the healthful breeze,
All nature charm, and gay was every hour:—
But ah! not Music's self, nor fragrant bower
Can glad the trembling sense of wan disease.
Now that the frequent pangs my frame assail,
Now that my sleepless eyes are sunk and dim,
And seas of pain seem waving through each limb—
Ah what can all Life's gilded scenes avail?
I view the crowd, whom youth and health inspire,
Hear the loud laugh, and catch the sportive lay,
Then sigh and think—I too could laugh and play
And gaily sport it on the Muse's lyre,
Ere Tyrant Pain had chas'd away delight,
Ere the wild pulse throbb'd anguish thro' the night!

LIFE.

As late I journied o'er the extensive plain
Where native Otter sports his scanty stream,
Musing in torpid woe a sister's pain,
The glorious prospect woke me from the dream.

At every step it widen'd to my sight,
Wood, Meadow, verdant Hill, and dreary Steep.
Following in quick succession of delight,
Till all—at once—did my eye ravish'd sweep!

May this (I cried) my course through Life portray!
New scenes of wisdom may each step display,
And knowledge open as my days advance!
Till what time Death shall pour the undarken'd ray,
My eye shall dart thro' infinite expanse,
And thought suspended lie in rapture's blissful Trance.

LINES ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore!
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light;
Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray!
Ah! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love!
O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's trim bower
She leapt, awakened by the pattering shower.
Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy Poet's dream!
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestowed;
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.

O dear Deceit! I see the Maiden rise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes!

When first the lark high soaring swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
I mark her glancing mid the gleam of dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove ;
With her I list the warblings of the grove ;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone whispering Pity in each soothing note !

Spirits of Love ! ye heard her name ! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair.
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair ;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze !

Spirits ! to you the infant Maid was given
Formed by the wonderous Alchemy of Heaven !
No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire know,
No fairer Maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand Loves around her forehead fly ;
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye ;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks ! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, Fancy ! still that voice, those notes prolong.
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
Shall wake the softened echoes of Heaven's Halls !

O (have I sighed) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful God !
A flower-entangled Arbor I would seem
To shield my Love from Noontide's sultry beam :
Or bloom a Myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My Love might weave gay garlands for her brows.

When Twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my Love I'd be the Evening Gale ;
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast !
On Seraph wing I'd float a Dream by night,
To soothe my Love with shadows of delight :—
Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes !

As when the savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the Sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skyey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep :—
So tossed by storms along Life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While Hope with kisses nursed the Infant Love.

Dear native brook ! like Peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek !
Dear native brook ! where first young Poesy
Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream !
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream !
Dear native haunts ! where Virtue still is gay,
Where Friendship's fix'd star sheds a mellowed ray,
Where Love a crown of thornless Roses wears,
Where softened Sorrow smiles within her tears ;
And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy !
No more your sky-larks melting from the sight
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight—
No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between !
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on Morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my Hope! the aching eye you leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve!
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze:
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the Garden's pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glowed his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest:
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile
And stamped his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy!
He gazed! he thrilled with deep delight!
Then clapped his wings for joy.
"And O!" he cried—"of magic kind
What charms this Throne endear!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix my empire here."

THE KISS.

One kiss, dear maid! I said and sighed—
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss?
Can danger lurk within a kiss?
Yon viewless Wanderer of the vale,
The Spirit of the Western Gale,
At Morning's break, at Evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the Rose,
And hovers o'er the uninjured Bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigor to the Zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing Kisses fling;
And He the glitter of the Dew
Scatters on the Rose's hue.
Bashful lo! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper Red!

Too well those lovely lips disclose
The triumphs of the opening Rose;
O fair! O graceful! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of Love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleased I hear the whispered "No!"
The whispered "No"—how little meant!
Sweet Falsehood that endears Consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of Joy.

TO A YOUNG ASS.

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

Poor little Foal of an oppressed Race!
I love the languid Patience of thy face;
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged Coat, and pat thy head.

But what thy dulled Spirits hath dismayed,
That never thou dost sport along the glade ?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung ?
Do thy prophetic Fears anticipate,
Meek Child of Misery ! thy future fate ?
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
" Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes ?"
Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain
To see thy wretched Mother's shortened Chain ?
And, truly very piteous is her Lot—
Chained to a Log within a narrow spot,
Where the close-eaten Grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting Green !
Poor Ass ! thy master should have learnt to show
Pity—best taught by fellowship of Woe !
For much I fear me that He lives like thee,
Half famished in a land of Luxury !
How askingly its footsteps hither bend,
It seems to say, " And have I then one Friend ?"
Innocent Foal ! thou poor despised Forlorn !
I hail thee Brother—spite of the fool's scorn !
And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell
Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side !
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay !
Yea ! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast !

HAPPINESS.

On wide, or narrow scale shall Man
Most happily describe life's plan ?
Say, shall he bloom and wither there,
Where first his infant buds appear ;

Or upwards dart with soaring force,
And tempt some more ambitious course ?
Obedient now to Hope's command,
I bid each humble wish expand,
And fair and bright Life's prospects seem,
While Hope displays her cheering beam,
And Fancy's vivid colorings stream,
While Emulation stands me nigh
The Goddess of the eager eye.
With foot advanc'd and anxious heart
Now for the fancied goal I start :—
Ah ! why will Reason intervene
Me and my promised joys between !
She stops my course, she chains my speed,
While thus her forceful words proceed.
" Ah ! listen, youth, ere yet too late,
What evils on thy course may wait !
To bow the head, to bend the knee
A minion of Servility,
At low Pride's frequent frowns to sigh,
And watch the glance in Folly's eye ;
To toil intense, yet toil in vain,
And feel with what a hollow pain
Pale Disappointment hangs her head
O'er darling Expectation dead !
" The scene is changed and Fortune's gale
Shall belly out each prosperous sail.
Yet sudden wealth full well I know
Did never Happiness bestow.
That wealth, to which we were not born
Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn.
Behold yon flock which long had trod
O'er the short grass of Devon's sod,
To Lincoln's rank rich meads transferr'd,
And in their fate thy own be fear'd ;
Through every limb contagions fly,
Deform'd and chok'd they burst and die.
" When Luxury opens wide her arms,
And smiling woos thee to those charms,

Whose fascination thousands own,
Shall thy brows wear the stoic frown?
And when her goblet she extends
Which madd'ning myriads press around,
What power divine thy soul befriends
That thou shouldst dash it to the ground?—
No, thou shalt drink, and thou shalt know
Her transient bliss, her lasting woe,
Her maniac joys, that know no measure,
And riot rude and painted pleasure;—
Till (sad reverse!) the Enchantress vile
To frowns converts her magic smile;
Her train impatient to destroy,
Observe her frown with gloomy joy;
On thee with harpy fangs they seize
The hideous offspring of Disease,
Swoll'n Dropsy ignorant of Rest,
And Fever garb'd in scarlet vest,
Consumption driving the quick hearse,
And Gout that howls the frequent curse,
With Apoplex of heavy head
That surely aims his dart of lead.
"But say, Life's joys unmix'd were given
To thee some favorite of Heaven:
Within, without, tho' all were health—
Yet what e'en thus are Fame, Power, Wealth,
But sounds that variously express,
What's thine already—Happiness!
'Tis thine the converse deep to hold
With all the famous sons of old;
And thine the happy waking dream
While Hope pursues some favorite theme,
As oft when Night o'er Heaven is spread,
Round this maternal seat you tread,
Where far from splendor, far from riot,
In silence wrapt sleeps careless quiet.
'Tis thine with fancy oft to talk,
And thine the peaceful evening walk;
And what to thee the sweetest are—
The setting sun, the evening star—

The tints, which live along the sky,
And Moon that meets thy raptur'd eye,
Where oft the tear shall grateful start,
Dear silent pleasures of the Heart!
Ah! Being blest, for Heaven shall lend
To share thy simple joys a friend!
Ah! doubly blest, if Love supply
His influence to complete thy joy,
If chance some lovely maid thou find
To read thy visage in thy mind.
"One blessing more demands thy care:—
Once more to Heaven address the prayer:
For humble independence pray
The guardian genius of thy way;
Whom (sages say) in days of yore
Meek competence to wisdom bore,
So shall thy little vessel glide
With a fair breeze adown the tide,
And Hope, if e'er thou 'ginst to sorrow
Remind thee of some fair to-morrow,
Till death shall close thy tranquil eye
While Faith proclaims 'thou shalt not die!'"

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found—
Halcyon Daughter of the skies!
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptered State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate,
In a cottaged vale She dwells
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

THE SIGH.

When Youth his faery reign began
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely Prospect smiled;
Then Mary! 'mid my lightsome glee
I heav'd the painless Sigh for thee.

And when, along the waves of woe,
My harassed Heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst of Outrage keen,
And the slow Pang that gnaws unseen;
Then shipwrecked on Life's stormy sea
I heaved an anguished Sigh for thee!

But soon Reflection's power imprest
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly hope with waning eye
Was well content to droop and die:
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid Sigh for thee!

And though in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of Care,
And lull to sleep the Joys that were,
Thy Image may not banished be—
Still, Mary! still I sigh for thee.

June, 1794.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

ON IMITATION.

All are not born to soar—and ah! how few
In tracks, where Wisdom leads, their paths pursue!
Contagious when to wit or wealth allied,
Folly and Vice diffuse their venom wide.
On Folly every fool his talent tries;
It asks some toil to imitate the wise;
Tho' few like Fox can speak—like Pitt can think—
Yet all like Fox can game—like Pitt can drink.

O, Curas hominum! O, quantum est in rebus inane!

The fervid Sun had more than halv'd the day,
When gloomy on his couch Philedon lay;
His feeble frame consumptive as his purse,
His aching head did wine and women curse;
His fortune ruin'd and his wealth decay'd,
Clamorous his Duns, his gaming debts unpaid,
The youth indignant seiz'd his tailor's bill,
And on its back thus wrote with moral quill:
"Various as colors in the rainbow shown,
Or similar in emptiness alone,
How false, how vain are Man's pursuits below!
Wealth, Honor, Pleasure—what can ye bestow?
Yet see, how high and low, and young and old
Pursue the all delusive power of Gold.
Fond man! should all Peru thy empire own,
For thee tho' all Golconda's jewels shone,
What greater bliss could all this wealth supply?
What, but to eat and drink and sleep and die?
Go, tempt the stormy sea, the burning soil—
Go, waste the night in thought, the day in toil,
Dark frowns the rock, and fierce the tempests rave—
Thy ingots go the unconscious deep to pave!
Or thunder at thy door the midnight train,
Or death shall knock that never knocks in vain.
Next Honor's sons come bustling on amain;
I laugh with pity at the idle train.

Infirm of soul ! who think'st to lift thy name
Upon the waxen wings of human fame,—
Who for a sound, articulated breath—
Gazest undaunted in the face of death !
What art thou but a Meteor's glaring light—
Blazing a moment and then sunk in night ?
Caprice which rais'd thee high shall hurl thee low,
Or envy blast the laurels on thy brow.
To such poor joys could ancient Honor lead
When empty fame was toiling Merit's mead ;
To Modern Honor other lays belong ;
Profuse of joy and Lord of right and wrong,
Honor can game, drink, riot in the stew,
Cut a friend's throat ;—what can not Honor do ?
Ah me—the storm within can Honor still
For Julio's death, whom Honor made me kill ?
Or will this lordly Honor tell the way
To pay those debts, which Honor makes me pay ?
Or if with pistol and terrific threats
I make some traveller pay my Honor's debts,
A med'cine for this wound can Honor give ?
Ah, no ! my Honor dies to make my Honor live.
But see ! young Pleasure and her train advance,
And joy and laughter wake the inebriate dance ;
Around my neck she throws her fair white arms,
I meet her loves, and madden at her charms.
For the gay grape can joys celestial move,
And what so sweet below as Woman's love ?
With such high transport every moment flies,
I curse experience, that he makes me wise ;
For at his frown the dear deliriums flew,
And the chang'd scene now wears a gloomy hue.
A hideous hag th' Enchantress Pleasure seems,
And all her joys appear but feverous dreams
The vain Resolve still broken and still made,
Disease and loathing and remorse invade ;
The charm is vanish'd and the bubble's broke,—
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke !"
Such lays repentant did the Muse supply ;
When as the Sun was hastening down the sky,

In glittering state twice fifty guineas come,—
His Mother's plate antique had rais'd the sum.
Forth leap'd Philedon of new life possest :—
'Twas Brookes's all till two,—'twas Hackett's all the rest!

PROGRESS OF VICE.

Deep in the gulf of Vice and Woe
Leaps man at once with headlong throw ?
Him inborn Truth and Virtue guide,
Whose guards are shame and conscious pride ;
In some gay hour Vice steals into the breast ;
Perchance she wears some softer Virtue's vest.
By unperceiv'd degrees she tempts to stray,
Till far from Virtue's path she leads the feet away.

Then swift the soul to disenthrall
Will Memory the past recall,
And fear before the Victim's eyes
Bid future ills and dangers rise.
But hark ! the voice, the lyre, their charms combine—
Gay sparkles in the cup the generous wine ;
Th' inebriate dance—the fair frail nymph inspires,
And Virtue vanquish'd—scorn'd—with hasty flight retires.

But soon to tempt the pleasures cease ;
Yet shame forbids return to peace,
And stern necessity will force
Still to urge on the desperate course.
The drear black paths of Vice the wretch must try,
Where Conscience flashes horror on each eye,
Where Hate—where Murder scowl—where starts Affright :
Ah ! close the scene,—ah ! close—for dreadful is the sight.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS, FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF THE "MAN OF ROSS."

Richer than Miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than Kings, or king-polluted Lords,

Here dwelt the Man of Ross ! O Traveller, hear !
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth ;
He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
He marked the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow shrivelled captive lay,
Pour'd the bright blaze of Freedom's noon-tide ray.
Beneath this roof if thy cheered moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass :
To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,
And Virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, through life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been ;
And if thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tossed in thought ;
Here cheat thy cares ! in generous visions melt,
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt !

DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILE.

I.

Heard'st thou yon universal cry,
And dost thou linger still on Gallia's shore ?
Go, Tyranny ! beneath some barbarous sky
Thy terrors lost, and ruin'd power deplore !
What tho' through many a groaning age
Was felt thy keen suspicious rage,
Yet Freedom rous'd by fierce Disdain
Has wildly broke thy triple chain,
And like the storm which earth's deep entrails hide,
At length has burst its way and spread the ruins wide.

* * * * *

IV.

In sighs their sickly breath was spent ; each gleam
Of Hope had ceas'd the long long day to cheer ;
Or if delusive, in some flitting dream,
It gave them to their friends and children dear—

Awak'd by lordly Insult's sound
To all the doubled horrors round,
Oft shrunk they from Oppression's band
While anguish rais'd the desperate hand
For silent death ; or lost the mind's control,
Thro' every burning vein would tides of Frenzy roll.

V.

But cease, ye pitying bosoms, cease to bleed !
Such scenes no more demand the tear humane ;
I see, I see ! glad Liberty succeed
With every patriot virtue in her train !
And mark yon peasant's raptured eyes ;
Secure he views his harvests rise ;
No fetter vile the mind shall know,
And Eloquence shall fearless glow.
Yes ! Liberty the soul of Life shall reign,
Shall throb in every pulse, shall flow thro' every vein !

VI.

Shall France alone a Despot spurn ?
Shall she alone, O Freedom, boast thy care ?
Lo, round thy standard Belgia's heroes burn,
Tho' Power's blood-stain'd streamers fire the air,
And wider yet thy influence spread,
Nor e'er recline thy weary head,
Till every land from pole to pole
Shall boast one independent soul !
And still, as erst, let favor'd Britain be
First ever of the first and freest of the free !

LINES

TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

Once more, sweet Stream ! with slow foot wandering near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours,
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude ;

Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!
Pride of the Vale! thy useful streams supply
The scattered cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper-navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve with pensive look
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
Or starting pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-loved maid's accustomed tread:
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-filled pitcher in her hand.

Unboastful Stream! thy fount with pebbled falls
The faded form of past delight recalls,
What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
And all was joy; save when another's woes
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
Or silvery stole beneath the pensive Moon:
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!

LINES ON A FRIEND

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER INDUCED BY CALUMNIOUS REPORTS.

Edmund! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast—Man!
'Tis tempest all or gloom: in early youth
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth
We force to start amid her feigned caress
Vice, siren-hag! in native ugliness;
A Brother's fate will haply rouse the tear,
And on we go in heaviness and fear!
But if our fond hearts call to Pleasure's bower
Some pigmy Folly in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp the enchanted ground,

And mingled forms of Misery rise around :
Heart-fretting Fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past ;
Remorse, the poisoned arrow in his side,
And loud lewd Mirth, to Anguish close allied :
Till Frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping pain,
Darts her hot lightning-flash athwart the brain.
Rest, injur'd shade ! Shall Slander squatting near
Spit her cold venom in a dead Man's ear ?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe ;
Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,
The zoneless Cares, and smiling Courtesies.
Nursed in thy heart the firmer Virtues grew,
And in thy heart they withered ! Such chill dew
Wan Indolence on each young blossom shed ;
And Vanity her filmy net-work spread,
With eye that rolled around in asking gaze,
And tongue that trafficked in the trade of praise.
Thy follies such ! the hard world marked them well !
Were they more wise, the proud who never fell ?
Rest, injured shade ! the poor man's grateful prayer
On heaven-ward wing the wounded soul shall bear.
As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
And sit me down upon its recent grass,
With introverted eye I contemplate
Similitude of soul, perhaps of—fate ;
To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assigned
Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart.
Sloth-jaundiced all ! and from my graspless hand
Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
I weep, yet stoop not ! the faint anguish flows,
A dreamy pang in Morning's feverous doze.

Is this piled earth our Being's passless mound ?
Tell me, cold grave ! is death with poppies crowned ?
Tired Sentinel ! mid fitful starts I nod,
And fain would sleep, though pillowed on a clod !

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A POEM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Much on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
I heard of guilt and wondered at the tale!
Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of Sorrow would I sing.
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
Mourned with the breeze, O Lee Boo!* o'er thy tomb.
Where'er I wandered, Pity still was near,
Breathed from the heart and glistened in the tear:
No knell that tolled, but filled my anxious eye,
And suffering Nature wept that one should die!†

Thus to sad sympathies I soothed my breast,
Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping West:
When slumbering Freedom roused by high Disdain
With giant fury burst her triple chain!
Fierce on her front the blasting Dog-star glowed;
Her banners, like a midnight meteor, flowed;
Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies
She came, and scattered battles from her eyes!
Then Exultation waked the patriot-fire
And swept with wild hand the Tyrtæan lyre:
Red from the Tyrant's wound I shook the lance,
And strode in joy the reeking plains of France!

Fallen is the oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,
And my heart aches, though Mercy struck the blow.
With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,
Where peaceful Virtue weaves the myrtle braid.

* Lee Boo, the son of Abba Thule, Prince of the Pelew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich church-yard. See Keate's Account.

† Southey's Retrospect.

And O! if Eyes whose holy glances roll,
Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul;
If Smiles more winning, and a gentler Mien
Than the love-wildered Maniac's brain hath seen
Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,
If these demand the impassioned Poet's care—
If Mirth and softened Sense and Wit refined,
The blameless features of a lovely mind;
Then haply shall my trembling hand assign
No fading wreath to Beauty's saintly shrine.
Nor, Sara! thou these early flowers refuse—
Ne'er lurked the snake beneath their simple hues;
No purple bloom the Child of Nature brings
From Flattery's night-shade: as he feels he sings.

September, 1792.

SONNET I.

"Content, as random Fancies might inspire,
If his weak harp at times or lonely lyre
He struck with desultory hand, and drew
Some softened tones to Nature not untrue."

BOWLES.

My heart has thanked thee, Bowles! for those soft strains
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring!
For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
Through Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went:
And when the mightier throes of mind began,
And drove me forth, a thought-bewildered man,
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent
A mingled charm, such as the pang consigned
To slumber, though the big tear it renewed;
Bidding a strange mysterious Pleasure brood
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,
As the great Spirit erst with plastic sweep
Moved on the darkness of the unformed deep.

SONNET II.

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise,
I saw the sainted form of Freedom rise:
She spake! not sadder moans the autumnal gale—
"Great Son of Genius! sweet to me thy name,
Ere in an evil hour with altered voice
Thou bad'st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice
Blasting with wizard spell my laurelled fame.
Yet never, Burke! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!
Thee stormy Pity and the cherished lure
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul
Wildered with meteor fires. Ah Spirit pure!
That error's mist had left thy purged eye:
So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy!"

SONNET III.

Though roused by that dark Vizir Riot rude
Have driven our Priestley o'er the ocean swell;
Though Superstition and her wolfish brood
Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;
Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell!
For lo! Religion at his strong behest
Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
And flings to earth her tinsel-glittering vest,
Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy;
And Justice wakes to bid the Oppressor wail
Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly:
And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won
Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil
To smile with fondness on her gazing son!

SONNET IV.

When British Freedom for a happier land
Spread her broad wings, that fluttered with affright,
Erskine! thy voice she heard, and paused her flight
Sublime of hope! For dreadless thou didst stand

(Thy censer glowing with the hallowed flame)
A hireless Priest before the insulted shrine,
And at her altar pour the stream divine
Of unmatched eloquence. Therefore thy name
Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
With blessings heaven-ward breathed. And when the doom
Of nature bids thee die, beyond the tomb
Thy light shall shine: as sunk beneath the West
Though the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,
Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze.

SONNET V.

It was some Spirit, Sheridan! that breathed
O'er thy young mind such wildly various power!
My soul hath marked thee in her shaping hour,
Thy temples with Hymmettian flow'rets wreathed:
And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
Sad music trembled through Vauclusa's glade;
Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn Serenade
That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's listening ear.
Now patriot rage and indignation high
Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beams dance
Meanings of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry!
Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance
The Apostate by the brainless rout adored,
As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's sword.

SONNET VI.

O what a loud and fearful shriek was there,
As though a thousand souls one death-groan poured!
Ah me! they saw beneath a hireling's sword
Their Kosciusko fall! Through the swart air
(As pauses the tired Cossac's barbarous yell
Of triumph) on the chill and midnight gale
Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell
The dirge of murdered Hope! while Freedom pale
Bends in such anguish o'er her destined bier,

As if from eldest time some Spirit meek
Had gathered in a mystic urn each tear
That ever on a Patriot's furrowed cheek
Fit channel found, and she had drained the bowl
In the mere wilfulness, and sick despair of soul!

SONNET VII.

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
That soar on Morning's wing the vales among,
Within his cage the imprisoned matin bird
Swells the full chorus with a generous song:
He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight;
His fellows' freedom soothes the captive's cares!
Thou, Fayette! who didst wake with startling voice
Life's better sun from that long wintry night,
Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice,
And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might:
For lo! the morning struggles into day,
And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray!

SONNET VIII.

Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
Revisit my sad heart, auspicious Smile!
As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:
What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
I lay me down and think of happier years;
Of Joys, that glimmered in Hope's twilight ray,
Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
O pleasant days of hope—forever gone!—
Could I recall you!—But that thought is vain.
Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
To lure the fleet-winged Travellers back again:
Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright Rainbow on a willowy stream.

SONNET IX.

Pale Roamer through the night! thou poor Forlorn!
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
Betrayed, then cast thee forth to want and scorn!
The world is pitiless: the chaste one's pride
Mimic of Virtue scowls on thy distress:
Thy Loves and they, that envied thee, deride:
And Vice alone will shelter wretchedness!
O! I could weep to think, that there should be
Cold-bosomed lewd ones, who endure to place
Foul offerings on the shrine of misery,
And force from famine the caress of Love;
May He shed healing on the sore disgrace,
He, the great Comforter that rules above!

SONNET X.

Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor Old Man! and thy gray hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast: while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
My Father! throw away this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering! take my garment—use
A young man's arm! I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.
My Sara too shall tend thee, like a Child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fireside's recess,
Of purple pride, that scowls on wretchedness.
He did not so, the Galilean mild,
Who met the Lazars turned from rich men's doors,
And called them Friends, and healed their noisome sores!

SONNET XI.

Thou bleedest, my poor Heart! and thy distress
Reasoning I ponder with a scornful smile,
And probe thy sore wound sternly, though the while
Swoln be mine eye and dim with heaviness.

Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland?
Or, listening, why forget the healing tale,
When Jealousy with feverous fancies pale
Jarred thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand?
Faint was that Hope, and rayless!—Yet 'twas fair,
And soothed with many a dream the hour of rest:
Thou shouldst have loved it most, when most opprest,
And nursed it with an agony of care,
Even as a Mother her sweet infant heir
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast!

SONNET XII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "ROBBERS."

SCHILLER! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famished Father's cry—
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering scene!
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood:
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy.

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY COOMB, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY, 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft-reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
Far off the unvarying Cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the Flock

That on green plots o'er precipices browse:
From the deep fissures of the naked rock
The Yew tree bursts! Beneath its dark green boughs
(Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
I rest:—and now have gained the topmost site.
Ah! what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze! Proud towers, and cots more dear to me,
Elm-shadow'd fields, and prospect-bounding sea!
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop the tear:
Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!

LINES

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

O Peace, that on a lilied bank dost love
To rest thine head beneath an olive tree,
I would, that from the pinions of thy dove
One quill withouten pain yplucked might be!
For O! I wish my Sara's frowns to flee,
And fain to her some soothing song would write,
Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,
Who vowed to meet her ere the morning light,
But broke my plighted word—ah! false and recreant wight!

Last night as I my weary head did pillow
With thoughts of my dissevered Fair engrost,
Chill Fancy drooped wreathing herself with willow,
As though my breast entombed a pining ghost.
"From some blest couch, young Rapture's bridal boast,
Rejected Slumber! hither wing thy way;
But leave me with the matin hour, at most!
As night-closed floweret to the orient ray,
My sad heart will expand, when I the Maid survey."

But Love, who heard the silence of my thought,
Contrived a too successful wile, I ween:
And whispered to himself, with malice fraught—
"Too long our Slave the Damsel's smiles hath seen:
To-morrow shall he ken her altered mien!"

He spake, and ambushed lay, till on my bed
The morning shot her dewy glances keen,
When as I 'gan to lift my drowsy head—
"Now, Bard! I'll work thee woe!" the laughing Elfin said.

Sleep, softly-breathing God! his downy wing
Was fluttering now, as quickly to depart;
When twanged an arrow from Love's mystic string,
With pathless wound it pierced him to the heart.
Was there some magic in the Elfin's dart?
Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance?
For straight so fair a Form did upwards start
(No fairer decked the bowers of old Romance)
That Sleep enamored grew, nor moved from his sweet trance!

My Sara came, with gentlest look divine;
Bright shone her eye, yet tender was its beam:
I felt the pressure of her lip to mine!
Whispering we went, and Love was all our theme—
Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
He sprang from Heaven! Such joys with Sleep did 'bide
That I the living image of my dream,
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd—
"O! how shall I behold my Love at even-tide!"

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.

The stream with languid murmur creeps,
In Lumin's flowery vale:
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps
Slow-waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless gale! it seems to say,
Nor wake me with thy sighing!
The honors of my vernal day
On rapid wing are flying.

"To-morrow shall the Traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming:
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful Maiden! thou shalt seek
The Youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
The voice of feeble power;
And dwell, the Moon-beam of thy soul,
In Slumber's nightly hour.

THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHOMA.

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the sea?
Not always in caves was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the tree.
Through the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma
In the steps of my beauty I strayed;
The warriors beheld Ninathóma,
And they blessed the white-bosomed Maid!

A Ghost! by my cavern it darted!
In moon-beams the Spirit was drest—
For lovely appear the departed
When they visit the dreams of my rest!
But disturbed by the tempest's commotion
Fleet the shadowy forms of delight—
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the Ocean!
To howl through my cavern by night.

IMITATED FROM THE WELSH.

If, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart—
Feel how it throbs for you!

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim
In pity to your Lover!
That thrilling touch would aid the flame,
It wishes to discover.

TO AN INFANT.

Ah! cease thy tears and sobs, my little Life!
I did but snatch away the unclasped knife:
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry!
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,
Tutored by pain each source of pain to know!
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire;
Alike the Good, the Ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright!
Untaught, yet wise! mid all thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest!
Man's breathing Miniature! thou mak'st me sigh—
A Babe art thou—and such a Thing am I!
To anger rapid and as soon appeased,
For trifles mourning and by trifles pleased,
Break Friendship's mirror with a tetchy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow!

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future Seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy!

LINES

WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, NEAR BRIDGEWATER, SEPTEMBER, 1795, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM BRISTOL.

Good verse most good, and bad verse then seems better
Received from absent friend by way of Letter.
For what so sweet can labored lays impart
As one rude rhyme warm from a friendly heart?—ANON.

Nor travels my meandering eye
The starry wilderness on high;

Nor now with curious sight
I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,
Move with "green radiance" through the grass,
An emerald of light.

O ever present to my view!
My wafted spirit is with you,
And soothes your boding fears:
I see you all oppressed with gloom
Sit lonely in that cheerless room—
Ah me! You are in tears!

Beloved Woman! did you fly
Chilled Friendship's dark disliking eye,
Or Mirth's untimely din?
With cruel weight these trifles press
A temper sore with tenderness,
When aches the Void within.

But why with sable wand unblest
Should Fancy rouse within my breast
Dim-visaged shapes of Dread?
Untenanting its beauteous clay
My Sara's soul has winged its way,
And hovers round my head!

I felt it prompt the tender dream,
When slowly sank the day's last gleam;
You roused each gentler sense,
As sighing o'er the blossom's bloom
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfume
With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans
Through yon reft house! O'er rolling stones
In bold ambitious sweep,
The onward-surging tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark reddening from the channelled Isle*
(Where stands one solitary pile

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

Unslated by the blast)
The watchfire, like a sullen star,
Twinkles to many a dozing tar
Rude cradled on the mast.

Even there—beneath that light-house tower—
In the tumultuous evil hour
Ere Peace with Sara came,
Time was, I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vexed flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit
A sad gloom-pampered Man to sit,
And listen to the roar:
When mountain surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster leap
Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shattered bark;
Her vain distress-guns hear;
And when a second sheet of light
Flashed o'er the blackness of the night—
To see no vessel there!

But Fancy now more gaily sings;
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
As sky-larks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast:
The oblivious poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell
The opened rose! From heaven they fell,
And with the sun-beam blend.
Blest visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love
Fostering the heart they bend!

When stormy Midnight howling round
Beats on our roof with clattering sound,

To me your arms you'll stretch :
Great God ! you'll say—To us so kind,
O shelter from this loud bleak wind
The houseless, friendless wretch !

The tears that tremble down your cheek,
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek
In Pity's dew divine ;
And from your heart the sighs that steal
Shall make your rising bosom feel
The answering swell of mine !

How oft, my Love ! with shapings sweet
I paint the moment we shall meet !
With eager speed I dart—
I seize you in the vacant air,
And fancy, with a husband's care
I press you to my heart !

'Tis said, in Summer's evening hour
Flashes the golden-colored flower
A fair electric flame :
And so shall flash my love-charged eye
When all the heart's big ecstasy
Shoots rapid through the frame !

LINES

TO A FRIEND IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER.

Away, those cloudy looks, that laboring sigh,
The peevish offspring of a sickly hour !
Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,
When the blind gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting sun flashes a mournful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train :
To-morrow shall the many-colored main
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam !

Wild, as the autumnal gust, the hand of Time
Flies o'er his mystic lyre : in shadowy dance

The alternate groups of Joy and Grief advance
Responsive to his varying strains sublime!

Bears on its wing each hour a load of Fate;
The swain, who, lulled by Seine's mild murmurs, led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.

Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary despot's might,
And haply hurl the pageant from his height
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown
Round his tired limbs to wrap the purple vest;
And mixed with nails and beads, an equal jest!
Barter for food the jewels of his crown.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS;

A DESULTORY POEM, WRITTEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794.

This is the time, when most divine to hear,
The voice of adoration rouses me,
As with a Cherub's trump: and high upborne,
Yea, mingling with the choir, I seem to view
The vision of the heavenly multitude,
Who hymned the song of peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!
Yet thou more bright than all the angel blaze,
That harbingered thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes!
Despised Galilean! For the great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)
With a peculiar and surpassing light
Shines from the visage of the oppressed good man,
When heedless of himself the scourged Saint
Mourns for the oppressor. Fair the vernal mead,
Fair the high grove, the sea, the sun, the stars;
True impress each of their creating Sire!
Yet nor high grove, nor many-colored mead,
Nor the green Ocean with his thousand isles,
Nor the starred azure, nor the sovran sun,

E'er with such majesty of portraiture
Imaged the supreme beauty uncreate,
As thou, meek Saviour! at the fearful hour
When thy insulted anguish winged the prayer
Harped by Archangels, when they sing of mercy!
Which when the Almighty heard from forth his throne
Diviner light filled Heaven with ecstasy!
Heaven's hymnings paused: and Hell her yawning mouth
Closed a brief moment.

Lovely was the death
Of Him whose life was Love! Holy with power
He on the thought-benighted Skeptic beamed
Manifest Godhead, melting into day
What floating mists of dark idolatry
Broke and misshaped the omnipresent Sire:
And first by Fear uncharmed the drowsed Soul.
Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel
Dim recollections; and thence soared to Hope,
Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
The Eternal dooms for his immortal sons.
From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love
Attracted and absorbed; and centered there
God only to behold, and know, and feel,
Till by exclusive consciousness of God
All self-annihilated it shall make
God its identity; God all in all!
We and our Father one!

And blest are they,
Who in this fleshly World, the elect of Heaven,
Their strong eye darting through the deeds of men,
Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
Him Nature's essence, mind, and energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their Father's throne
Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor loved.
They nor contempt embosom nor revenge:
For they dare know of what may seem deform
The Supreme Fair sole operant: in whose sight

All things are pure, his strong controlling Love
Alike from all educing perfect good.
Their's too celestial courage, inly armed—
Dwarfing Earth's giant brood, what time they muse
On their great Father, great beyond compare!
And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
His waving banners of Omnipotence.

Who the Creator love, created might
Dread not: within their tents no terrors walk.
For they are holy things before the Lord
Aye unprofaned, though Earth should league with Hell;
God's altar grasping with an eager hand
Fear, the wild-visaged, pale, eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refuged hears his hot pursuing fiends
Yell at vain distance. Soon refreshed from Heaven
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
His countenance settles; a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised;
And Faith's whole armor glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming: yea, unmoved
Views e'en the immitigable ministers
That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
For kindling with intenser Deity
From the celestial Mercy-seat they come,
And at the renovating wells of Love
Have filled their vials with salutary wrath,
To sickly Nature more medicinal
Than what soft balm the weeping good man pours
Into the lone despoiled traveller's wounds!

Thus from the Elect, regenerate through faith,
Pass the dark Passions and what thirsty Cares
Drink up the Spirit, and the dim regards
Self-centre. Lo they vanish! or acquire
New names, new features—by supernal grace
Enrobed with Light, and naturalized in Heaven.
As when a shepherd on a vernal morn

Through some thick fog creeps timorous with slow foot,
Darkling he fixes on the immediate road
His downward eye : all else of fairest kind
Hid or deformed. But lo ! the bursting Sun !
Touched by the enchantment of that sudden beam
Straight the black vapor melteth, and in globes
Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree ;
On every leaf, on every blade it hangs !
Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
And wide around the landscape streams with glory !

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import ! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With blest outstarting ! From Himself he flies,
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation ; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good !
This is indeed to dwell with the most High !
Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
Can press no nearer to the Almighty's Throne.
But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
And that in his vast family no Cain
Injures uninjured (in her best-aimed blow
Victorious murder a blind suicide)
Haply for this some younger Angel now
Looks down on human nature : and, behold !
A sea of blood bestrewed with wrecks, where mad
Embattling interests on each other rush
With unhelmed rage !

'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole !
This fraternizes man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole :

This the worst superstition, him except
Aught to desire, Supreme Reality!
The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
O Fiends of Superstition! not that oft
The erring priest hath stained with brother's blood
Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath
Thunder against you from the Holy One!
But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,
Peopled with death; or where more hideous Trade
Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish;
I will raise up a mourning, O ye Fiends!
And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,
Hiding the present God! whose presence lost,
The moral world's cohesion, we become
An anarchy of Spirits! Toy-bewitched,
Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
No common centre Man, no common sire
Knoweth! A sordid solitary thing,
Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart
Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams
Feeling himself, his own low self the whole;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one self! self, that no alien knows!
Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel!
Self, spreading still! Oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing! This is Faith!
This the Messiah's destined victory!
But first offences needs must come! Even now*
(Black Hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff!)

* January 21st, 1794, in the debate on the address to his Majesty, on the speech from the Throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an amendment to the following effect:—"That the House hoped his Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France," &c. This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who "considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle—the preservation of the Christian Religion." May 30th, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of resolutions, with a view to the establishment of a peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these remarkable words: "The best road to Peace, my Lords, is War! and War carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength."

Thee to defend, meek Galilean! Thee
And thy mild laws of Love unutterable,
Mistrust and enmity have burst the bands
Of social peace; and listening treachery lurks
With pious fraud to snare a brother's life;
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless; and orphans weep for bread
Thee to defend, dear Saviour of mankind!
Thee, Lamb of God! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace!
From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War,—
Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,
The lustful murderess of her wedded lord!
And he, connatural mind! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feigned)
Some Fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face, and at his mouth imbreathe
Horrible sympathy! And leagued with these
Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore!
Soul-hardened barterers of human blood!
Death's prime slave-merchants! Scorpion-whips of Fate!
Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
Whom Britain erst had blushed to call her sons!
Thee to defend the Moloch priest prefers
The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd
That Deity, accomplice Deity
In the fierce jealousy of wakened wrath
Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
With blessedness!

Lord of unsleeping Love,*
From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.
These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
Teachers of Good through Evil, by brief wrong
Making Truth lovely, and her future might

* Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, my God, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for judgment, &c. *Habakkuk.*

Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.
In the primeval age a dateless while
The vacant Shepherd wandered with his flock,
Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.
But soon Imagination conjured up
A host of new desires: with busy aim,
Each for himself, Earth's eager children toiled.
So Property began, twy-streaming fount,
Whence Vice and Virtue flow, honey and gall.
Hence the soft couch, and many-colored robe,
The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast,
With all the inventive arts, that nursed the soul
To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
Unsensualized the mind, which in the means
Learnt to forget the grossness of the end,
Best pleasured with its own activity.
And hence Disease that withers manhood's arm,
The daggered Envy, spirit-quenching Want,
Warriors, and Lords, and Priests—all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life.
Wide-wasting ills! yet each the immediate source
Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
To ceaseless action goading human thought
Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord;
And the pale-featured Sage's trembling hand
Strong as a host of armed Deities,
Such as the blind Ionian fabled erst.

From avarice thus, from luxury and war
Sprang heavenly science; and from science freedom.
O'er wakened realms Philosophers and Bards
Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls,
Conscious of their high dignities from God,
Brook not wealth's rivalry! and they who long
Enamored with the charms of order hate
The unseemly disproportion: and whoe'er
Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car
And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
On that blest triumph, when the Patriot Sage
Called the red lightnings from the o'er-rushing cloud

And dashed the beauteous terrors on the earth
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
Measured firm paces to the calming sound
Of Spartan flute! These on the fated day,
When, stung to rage by pity, eloquent men
Have roused with pealing voice the unnumbered tribes
That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind,—
These hushed awhile with patient eye serene
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm;
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame the outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont,—bright visions of the day!—
To float before them, when, the summer noon,
Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclined
They felt the sea breeze lift their youthful locks;
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet inhaled
The wafted perfumes, and the flocks and woods
And many-tinted streams and setting sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds
Ecstatic gazed! then homeward as they strayed
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mused
Why there was misery in a world so fair.
Ah! far removed from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles Man,
The wretched Many! Bent beneath their loads
They gape at pageant Power, nor recognize
Their cots' transmuted plunder! From the tree
Of Knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen
Rudely disbranched! Blest Society!
Fitliest depictured by some sun-scorched waste,
Where oft majestic through the tainted noon
The Simoom sails, before whose purple pomp
Who falls not prostrate dies! And where by night,
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
The lion couches; or hyæna dips
Deep in the lucid stream his bloody jaws;
Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk,

Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth* yells,
His bones loud-crashing!

O ye numberless,
Whom foul oppression's ruffian gluttony
Drives from life's plenteous feast! O thou poor wretch
Who nursed in darkness and made wild by want,
Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed form,
The victim of seduction, doomed to know
Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;
Who in loathed orgies with lewd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remembered home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel tossed by law-forced charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder!
O loathly suppliants! ye, that unreceived
Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full Lazar-house: or, gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to glory's field
Forced or ensnared, who, as ye gasp in death,
Bleed with new wounds beneath the vulture's beak!
O thou poor widow, who in dreams dost view
Thy husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
Start'st with a shriek; or in thy half-thatched cot
Waked by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold
Cow'rst o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile
Children of wretchedness! More groans must rise,
More blood must stream, or ere your wrongs be full.
Yet is the day of retribution nigh:
The Lamb of God hath opened the fifth seal:
And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
The innumerable multitude of Wrongs
By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
Children of wretchedness! The hour is nigh;
And lo! the great, the rich, the mighty Men,

* Behemoth, in Hebrew, signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the elephant, some the hippopotamus; some affirm it is the wild bull. Poetically it designates any large quadruped.

The Kings and the chief Captains of the World,
With all that fixed on high like stars of Heaven
Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.
Even now the storm begins :* each gentle name,
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
Tremble far-off—for lo ! the giant Frenzy
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm
Mocketh high Heaven ; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge,
Creation's eyeless drudge, black ruin, sits
Nursing the impatient earthquake.

O return !
Pure Faith ! meek Piety ! The abhorred Form
Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
Hath met the horrible judgment ! Whence that cry ?
The mighty army of foul Spirits shrieked
Disherited of earth ! For she hath fallen
On whose black front was written Mystery ;
She that reeled heavily, whose wine was blood ;
She that worked whoredom with the Demon Power,
And from the dark embrace all evil things
Brought forth and nurtured : mitred atheism !
And patient Folly who on bended knee
Gives back the steel that stabbed him ; and pale Fear
Haunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
Moon-blasted Madness when he yells at midnight !
Return pure Faith ! return meek Piety !
The kingdoms of the world are yours : each heart
Self-governed, the vast family of Love
Raised from the common earth by common toil
Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants !
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown

* Alluding to the French Revolution.

Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatched from beds of amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!
The favored good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven.
And such delights, such strange beatitudes
Seize on my young anticipating heart
When that blest future rushes on my view!
For in his own and in his Father's might
The Saviour comes! While as the Thousand Years
Lead up their mystic dance, the Desert shouts!
Old Ocean claps his hands! The mighty Dead
Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time
With conscious zeal had urged Love's wondrous plan,
Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump
The high groves of the renovated Earth
Unbosom their glad echoes; inly hushed,
Adoring Newton his serener eye
Raises to heaven: and he of mortal kind
Wisest, he* first who marked the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres through the sentient brain.
Lo! Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage,
Him, full of years, from his loved native land
Statesmen blood-stained and priests idolatrous
By dark lies maddening the blind multitude
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retired,
And mused expectant on these promised years.

O Years! the blest pre-eminence of Saints!
Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly bright,
The wings that veil the adoring Seraphs' eyes,
What time they bend before the Jasper Throne†
Reflect no lovelier hues! Yet ye depart,
And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange,

* David Hartley.

† Rev. chap. iv. v. 2 and 3:—And immediately I was in the Spirit: and behold, a Throne was set in Heaven and one sat on the Throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone, &c.

Whence Fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
For who of woman born may paint the hour,
When seized in his mid course, the Sun shall wane
Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
May image in the workings of his thought,
How the black-visaged, red-eyed Fiend outstretched*
Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
In feverous slumbers—destined then to wake,
When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name
And Angels shout, Destruction! How his arm
The last great Spirit lifting high in air
Shall swear by Him, the ever-living One,
Time is no more!

Believe thou, O my soul,
Life is a vision shadowy of Truth;
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,
And lo! the Throne of the redeeming God
Forth flashing unimaginable day
Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
With untired gaze the immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity!
And ye of plastic power, that interfused
Roll through the grosser and material mass
In organizing surge! Holies of God!
(And what if Monads of the infinite mind)
I haply journeying my immortal course
Shall sometime join your mystic choir. Till then
I discipline my young and novice thought
In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
And aye on Meditation's heaven-ward wing
Soaring aloft I breathe the empyreal air
Of Love, omnific, omnipresent Love,
Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
As the great Sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream
Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

* The final destruction impersonated.

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS.

A VISION.

Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
Ere we the deep preluding strain have poured
To the great Father, only Rightful King,
Eternal Father! King Omnipotent!
To the Will Absolute, the One, the Good!
The I AM, the Word, the Life, the Living God!

Such symphony requires best instrument.
Seize, then, my soul! from Freedom's trophied dome
The harp which hangeth high between the shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas! With that
Strong music, that soliciting spell, force back
Man's free and stirring spirit that lies entranced.

For what is freedom, but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?
But chiefly this, him first, him last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil his blaze.
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
For infant minds; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
The substance from its shadow. Infinite Love,
Whose latence is the plenitude of all,
Thou with retracted beams, and self-eclipse
Veiling, revealest thine eternal Sun.

But some there are who deem themselves most free
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent,
Proud in their meanness: and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
Those blind omniscients, those almighty slaves,
Untenanting creation of its God.

But properties are God: the naked mass
(If mass there be, fantastic guess or ghost)
Acts only by its inactivity.
Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier think
That as one body seems the aggregate
Of atoms numberless, each organized;
So by a strange and dim similitude
Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
Are one all-conscious Spirit, which informs
With absolute ubiquity of thought
(His one eternal self-affirming act!)
All his involved Monads, that yet seem
With various province and apt agency
Each to pursue its own self-centring end.
Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine;
Some roll the genial juices through the oak;
Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air,
And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed,
Yoke the red lightnings to their volleying car.
Thus these pursue their never-varying course,
No eddy in their stream. Others, more wild,
With complex interests weaving human fates,
Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,
Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious o'er dark realms
Arrogate power? yet these train up to God,
And on the rude eye, unconfirmed for day,
Flash meteor-lights better than total gloom.
As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapory head
The Laplander beholds the far-off sun
Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam,
Guiding his course or by Niemi lake
Or Balda Zhiok,* or the mossy stone
Of Solfar-kapper,† while the snowy blast

* Balda Zhiok; *i. e.* mons altitudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.
† Solfar Kapper; capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium quotquot veterum

Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,
Making the poor babe at its mother's back*
Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while
Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
He marks the streamy banners of the North,
Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join
Who there in floating robes of rosy light
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the power
That first unsensualizes the dark mind,
Giving it new delights; and bids it swell
With wild activity; and peopling air,
By obscure fears of beings invisible,
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching self-control,
Till Superstition with unconscious hand
Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
Nor yet without permitted power impressed,
I deem those legends terrible, with which
The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng:
Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan
O'er slaughtered infants, or that giant bird
Vuokho, of whose rushing wings the noise
Is tempest, when the unutterable† shape
Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once
That shriek, which never murderer heard, and lived.

Lapponum superstitio sacrificiis religiosoque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs semimilliaris spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiositatis gratia aliquando me invisisse memini, duabus prealtis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat.—*Leemius de Lapponibus.*

* The Lapland women carry their infants at their back in a piece of excavated wood, which serves them for a cradle. Opposite to the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe through.—Mirandum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui vidisse contigit. Lappones hyeme iter facientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et invia tesqua, eo presertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus obtecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse, lactantem autem infantem si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in excavato ligno (Gieed'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur: in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet.—*Leemius de Lapponibus.*

† Jaibme Aibmo.

Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance
Pierces the untravelled realms of Ocean's bed
Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave
By mis-shaped prodigies beleaguered, such
As earth ne'er bred, nor air, nor the upper sea:
Where dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard name
With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,
And lips half-opening with the dread of sound,
Unsleeping Silence guards, worn out with fear
Lest haply 'scaping on some treacherous blast
The fateful word let slip the elements
And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
Armed with Torngarsuck's* power, the Spirit of Good,
Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
Of the Ocean stream;—thence thro' the realm of Souls,
Where live the Innocent, as far from cares
As from the storms and overwhelming waves
That tumble on the surface of the Deep,
Returns with far-heard pant, hotly pursued
By the fierce Warders of the Sea, once more,
Ere by the frost foreclosed, to repossess
His fleshly mansion, that had staid the while
In the dark tent within a cow'ring group
Untenanted.—Wild phantasies! yet wise,
On the victorious goodness of high God
Teaching reliance, and medicinal hope,
Till from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth
With gradual steps, winning her difficult way,
Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be beings of higher class than Man,
I deem no nobler province they possess,
Than by disposal of apt circumstance

* They call the Good Spirit Torngarsuck. The other great but malignant spirit is a nameless Female; she dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth befalls the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician must undertake a journey thither. He passes through the kingdom of souls, over a horrible abyss into the Palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.—*See Crantz's History of Greenland*, vol. i. 206.

To rear up kingdoms: and the deeds they prompt,
Distinguishing from mortal agency,
They choose their human ministers from such states
As still the Epic song half fears to name,
Repelled from all the minstrelsies that strike
The palace-roof and soothe the monarch's pride.

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words
Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our faith)
Held commune with that warrior-maid of France
Who scourged the Invader. From her infant days,
With Wisdom, mother of retired thoughts,
Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to mark
The good and evil thing, in human lore
Undisciplined. For lowly was her birth,
And Heaven had doomed her early years to toil
That pure from tyranny's least deed, herself
Unfear'd by fellow-natures, she might wait
On the poor laboring man with kindly looks,
And minister refreshment to the tired
Way-wanderer, when along the rough hewn bench
The sweltry man had stretched him, and aloft
Vacantly watched the rudely pictured board
Which on the mulberry-bough with welcome creak
Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the Maid
Learnt more than schools could teach: Man's shifting mind,
His vices and his sorrows! And full oft
At tales of cruel wrong and strange distress,
Had wept and shivered. To the tottering eld
Still as a daughter would she run: she placed
His cold limbs at the sunny door, and loved
To hear him story, in his garrulous sort,
Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

So twenty seasons past. The Virgin's form,
Active and tall, nor sloth nor luxury
Had shrunk or paled. Her front sublime and broad,
Her flexile eye-brows wildly haired and low,
And her full eye, now bright, now unillumed,
Spake more than Woman's thought; and all her face

Was moulded to such features as declared
That pity there had oft and strongly worked,
And sometimes indignation. Bold her mien,
And like a haughty huntress of the woods
She moved: yet sure she was a gentle maid!
And in each motion her most innocent soul
Beamed forth so brightly, that who saw would say
Guilt was a thing impossible in her!
Nor idly would have said—for she had lived
In this bad World, as in a place of tombs,
And touched not the pollutions of the dead.

'Twas the cold season when the rustic's eye
From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields
Rolls for relief to watch the skyey tints
And clouds slow varying their huge imagery;
When now, as she was wont, the healthful Maid
Had left her pallet ere one beam of day
Slanted the fog-smoke. She went forth alone
Urged by the indwelling angel-guide, that oft,
With dim inexplicable sympathies
Disquieting the heart, shapes out Man's course
To the predoomed adventure. Now the ascent
She climbs of that steep upland, on whose top
The Pilgrim-man, who long since eve had watched
The alien shine of unconcerning stars,
Shouts to himself, there first the Abbey-lights
Seen in Neufchatel's vale; now slopes adown
The winding sheep-track vale-ward: when, behold
In the first entrance of the level road
An unattended team! The foremost horse
Lay with stretched limbs; the others, yet alive
But stiff and cold, stood motionless, their manes
Hoar with the frozen night dews. Dismally
The dark-red dawn now glimmered; but its gleams
Disclosed no face of man. The maiden paused,
Then hailed who might be near. No voice replied.
From the thwart wain at length there reached her ear
A sound so feeble that it almost seemed
Distant: and feebly, with slow effort pushed,

A miserable man crept forth : his limbs
The silent frost had eat, scathing like fire.
Faint on the shafts he rested. She, mean time,
Saw crowded close beneath the coverture
A mother and her children—lifeless all,—
Yet lovely! not a lineament was marred—
Death had put on so slumber-like a form!
It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,
The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
Stretched on her bosom

Mutely questioning,
The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.
He, his head feebly turning, on the group
Looked with a vacant stare, and his eye spoke
The drowsy calm that steals on worn-out anguish.
She shuddered; but, each vainer pang subdued,
Quick disentangling from the foremost horse
The rustic bands, with difficulty and toil
The stiff cramped team forced homeward. There arrived,
Anxiously tends him she with healing herbs,
And weeps and prays—but the numb power of Death
Spreads o'er his limbs; and ere the noontide hour,
The hovering spirits of his wife and babes
Hail him immortal! Yet amid his pangs,
With interruptions long from ghastly throes,
His voice had faltered out this simple tale.

The village, where he dwelt a husbandman,
By sudden inroad had been seized and fired
Late on the yester-evening. With his wife
And little ones he hurried his escape.
They saw the neighboring hamlets flame, they heard
Uproar and shrieks! and terror-struck drove on
Through unfrequented roads a weary way!
But saw nor house nor cottage. All had quenched
Their evening hearth-fire : for the alarm had spread.
The air clipped keen, the night was fanged with frost,
And they provisionless! The weeping wife

Ill hushed her children's moans; and still they moaned,
Till fright and cold and hunger drank their life.
They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas death.
He only, lashing his o'er-wearied team,
Gained a sad respite, till beside the base
Of the high hill his foremost horse dropped dead.
Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of food,
He crept beneath the coverture, entranced,
Till wakened by the maiden.—Such his tale.

Ah! suffering to the height of what was suffered
Stung with too keen a sympathy, the Maid
Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark!
And now her flushed tumultuous features shot
Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye
Of misery fancy-crazed! and now once more
Naked, and void, and fixed, and all within
The unquiet silence of confused thought
And shapeless feelings. For a mighty hand
Was strong upon her, till in the heat of soul
To the high hill-top tracing back her steps,
Aside the beacon, up whose smouldered stones
The tender ivy-trails crept thinly, there,
Unconscious of the driving element,
Yea, swallowed up in the ominous dream, she sate
Ghastly as broad-eyed Slumber! a dim anguish
Breathed from her look! and still with pant and sob,
Inly she toil'd to flee, and still subdued,
Felt an inevitable Presence near.

Thus as she toiled in troublous ecstasy,
A horror of great darkness wrapt her round,
And a voice uttered forth unearthly tones,
Calming her soul,—"O Thou of the Most High
Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven
Behold expectant ——

[The following fragments were intended to form part of the poem when finished.]

"Maid beloved of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Power exclaimed)

Of Chaos the adventurous progeny
Thou seest ; foul missionaries of foul sire,
Fierce to regain the losses of that hour
When Love rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings
Over the abyss fluttered with such glad noise,
As what time after long and pestful calms,
With slimy shapes and miscreated life
Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
Wakens the merchant-sail uprising. Night
A heavy unimaginable moan
Sent forth, when she the Protoplast beheld
Stand beauteous on confusion's charmed wave.
Moaning she fled, and entered the Profound
That leads with downward windings to the cave
Of darkness palpable, desert of Death
Sunk deep beneath Gehenna's massy roots.
There many a dateless age the beldam lurked
And trembled ; till engendered by fierce Hate,
Fierce Hate and gloomy Hope, a Dream arose,
Shaped like a black cloud marked with streaks of fire.
It roused the Hell-Hag : she the dew damp wiped
From off her brow, and through the uncouth maze
Retraced her steps ; but ere she reached the mouth
Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,
Nor dared re-enter the diminished Gulf.
As through the dark vaults of some mouldered tower
(Which, fearful to approach, the evening hind
Circles at distance in his homeward way)
The winds breathe hollow, deemed the plaining groan
Of prisoned spirits ; with such fearful voice
Night murmured, and the sound thro' Chaos went.
Leaped at her call her hideous-fronted brood !
A dark behest they heard, and rushed on earth ;
Since that sad hour, in camps and courts adored,
Rebels from God, and tyrants o'er Mankind !"

From his obscure haunt
Shrieked Fear, of Cruelty the ghastly dam,
Feverous yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,

As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds,
Ague, the biform hag! when early Spring
Beams on the marsh-bred vapors.

"Even so (the exulting Maiden said)
The sainted heralds of good tidings fell,
And thus they witnessed God! But now the clouds
Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
Loud songs of triumph! O ye spirits of God,
Hover around my mortal agonies!"
She spake, and instantly faint melody
Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,
Such measures, as at calmest midnight heard
By aged hermit in his holy dream,
Foretell and solace death; and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-robed* multitude of slaughtered saints
At Heaven's wide-opened portals gratulant
Receive some martyr'd patriot. The harmony
Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:
And through a mist, the relique of that trance
Still thinning as she gazed, an Isle appeared,
Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs,
Glassed on the subject ocean. A vast plain
Stretched opposite, where ever and anon
The plough-man following sad his meagre team
Turned up fresh skulls unstartled, and the bones
Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there
All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
Death's gloomy reconcilement! O'er the fields

* Revelations, vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them, and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.

Stept a fair Form, repairing all she might,
Her temples olive-wreathed; and where she trod,
Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.
But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
And anxious pleasure beamed in her faint eye,
As she had newly left a couch of pain,
Pale convalescent! (yet some time to rule
With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
That blest prophetic mandate then fulfilled—
Peace be on Earth!) A happy while, but brief,
She seemed to wander with assiduous feet,
And healed the recent harm of chill and blight,
And nursed each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

But soon a deep precursive sound moaned hollow:
Black rose the clouds, and now (as in a dream)
Their reddening shapes, transformed to warrior-hosts,
Coursed o'er the sky, and battled in mid-air.
Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from heaven
Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,
Like hideous features booming on the mist,
Wan stains of ominous light! Resigned, yet sad,
The fair Form bowed her olive-crowned brow,
Then o'er the plain with oft reverted eye
Fled till a place of tombs she reached, and there
Within a ruined sepulchre obscure
Found hiding-place.

The delegated Maid
Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones exclaimed;—
"Thou mild-eyed Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?
The power of Justice lik a name all light,
Shone from thy brow; but all they, who unblamed
Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee Happiness.
Ah! why, uninjured and unprofited,
Should multitudes against their brethren rush?
Why sow they guilt, still reaping misery?
Lenient of care, thy songs, O Peace! are sweet,
As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,
That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek;
And gay thy grassy altar piled with fruits.

But boasts the shrine of demon War one charm,
Save that with many an orgie strange and foul,
Dancing around with interwoven arms,
The maniac Suicide and giant Murder
Exult in their fierce union ! I am sad,
And know not why the simple peasants crowd
Beneath the Chieftains' standard !" Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit said :
" When luxury and lust's exhausted stores
No more can rouse the appetites of kings ;
When the low flattery of their reptile lords
Falls flat and heavy on the accustomed ear ;
When eunuchs sing, and fools buffoonery make,
And dancers writhe their harlot-limbs in vain ;
Then War and all its dread vicissitudes
Pleasingly agitate their stagnant hearts ;
Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
Insipid royalty's keen condiment !
Therefore uninjured and unprofited,
(Victims at once and executioners)
The congregated husbandmen lay waste
The vineyard and the harvest. As along
The Bothnic coast, or southward of the Line,
Though hushed the winds and cloudless the high noon,
Yet if Leviathan, weary of ease,
In sports unwieldy toss his island-bulk,
Ocean behind him billows, and before
A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand.
And hence, for times and seasons bloody and dark,
Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,
And War, his strained sinews knit anew,
Still violate the unfinished works of Peace
But yonder look ! for more demands thy view !"
He said : and straightway from the opposite Isle
A vapor sailed, as when a cloud, exhaled
From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,
Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
Till o'er some death-doomed land, distant in vain,
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the plain,

Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose,
And steered its course which way the vapor went.

The Maiden paused, musing what this might mean.
But long time passed not, ere that brighter cloud
Returned more bright; along the plain it swept;
And soon from forth its bursting sides emerged
A dazzling form, broad-bosomed, bold of eye,
And wild her hair, save where with laurels bound.
Not more majestic stood the healing God,
When from his bow the arrow sped that slew
Huge Python. Shriek'd Ambition's giant throng,
And with them hissed the locust-fiends that crawled
And glittered in Corruption's slimy track.
Great was their wrath, for short they knew their reign;
And such commotion made they, and uproar,
As when the mad tornado bellows through
The guilty islands of the western main,
What time departing from their native shores,
Eboe, or *Koromantyn's plain of palms,

* The Slaves in the West Indies consider death as a passport to their native country. This sentiment is thus expressed in the introduction to a Greek Prize-Ode on the Slave-Trade, of which the thoughts are better than the language in which they are conveyed.

Ὦ σκότου πύλας Θάνατε, προλείπων
Ἐς γένος σπεύδοις ὑποζευχθὲν Ἀτᾳ·
Οὐ ξενισθήσῃ γενύων σπαραγμοῖς,
Οὐδ' ὀλολύγμῳ,

Ἀλλὰ καὶ κύκλοισι χοροιτύποισι,
Κ'ἀσμάτων χαρᾷ· φοβερὸς μὲν ἐσσὶ
Ἀλλ' ὁμῶς Ἐλευθερίᾳ συνοικεῖς,
Στυγνὲ Τύραννε!

Δασκίοις ἐπὶ πτερύγεσσι σῇσι
Ἄ! θαλάσσιον καθορῶντες οἶδμα
Αἰθεροπλάγκτοις ὑπὸ ποσσ' ἀνεῖσι
Πατρίδ' ἐπ' αἶαν.

Ἔνθα μὰν Ἔρασαι Ἐρωμενῆσιν
Ἀμφὶ πηγῆσιν κιτρίνων ὑπ' ἄλσων,
Ὅσσ' ὑπὸ βροτοῖς ἔπαθον βροτοὶ, τὰ
Δεινὰ λέγοντι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the gates of darkness, O Death! hasten thou to a race yoked

The infuriate spirits of the murdered make
Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.
Warmed with new influence, the unwholesome plain
Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the morn :
The Sun that rose on Freedom, rose in blood !

" Maiden beloved, and Delegate of Heaven !
(To her the tutelary Spirit said)
Soon shall the morning struggle into day,
The stormy morning into cloudless noon.
Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand—
But this be thy best omen—Save thy Country !"
Thus saying, from the answering Maid he passed,
And with him disappeared the heavenly Vision.

" Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven !
All conscious presence of the Universe !
Nature's vast ever-acting energy !
In will, in deed, impulse of All to All !
Whether thy Love with unrefracted ray
Beam on the Prophet's purged eye, or if
Diseasing realms the enthusiast, wild of thought,
Scatter new frenzies on the infected throng,
Thou both inspiring and predooming both,
Fit instruments and best, of perfect end :
Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven !"

And first a landscape rose
More wild and waste and desolate than where
The white bear, drifting on a field of ice,
Howls to her sundered cubs with piteous rage
And savage agony.

with misery ! Thou wilt not be received with lacerations of cheeks, nor with funeral ululation—but with circling dances and the joy of songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwellest with Liberty, stern-Genius ! Borne on thy dark pinions over the swelling of Ocean, they return to their native country. There, by the side of fountains beneath citron-groves, the lovers tell to their beloved what horrors, being men, they had endured from men.

KISSES.

Cupid, if storying Legends tell aright,
Once framed a rich Elixir of Delight.
A Chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:
With these the magic dews, which Evening brings,
Brush'd from the Idalian Star by faery wings:
Each tender pledge of sacred Faith he joined,
Each gentler pleasure of th' unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
And Hope, the blameless Parasite of Woe.
The eyeless Chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy Chalice bubbled up in sighs;
Sweet sounds transpired, as when th' enamored Dove
Pours the soft murm'rings of responsive love.
The finished work might Envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name;
With half the God his Cyprian Mother blest,
And breathed on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sister of love-lorn poets, Philomel!
How many bards in city garret pent,
While at their window they with downward eye
Mark the faint lamp-beam on the kennell'd mud,
And listen to the drowsy cry of watchmen,
Those hoarse, unfeathered nightingales of time!
How many wretched bards address thy name,
And her's, the full-orbed queen, that shines above,
But I *do* hear thee, and the high bough mark,
Within whose mild moon-mellowed foliage hid,
Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.
O, I have listened, till my working soul,
Waked by those strains to thousand fantasies,
Absorbed, hath ceased to listen! Therefore oft
I hymn thy name; and with a proud delight
Oft will I tell thee, minstrel of the moon,

"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
That all thy soft diversities of tone,
Though sweeter far than the delicious airs
That vibrate from a white-armed lady's harp,
What time the languishment of lonely love
Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow,
Are not so sweet, as is the voice of her,
My Sara—best beloved of human kind!
When breathing the pure soul of tenderness,
She thrills me with the husband's promised name!

1794.

TO CHARLES LAMB.

WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM.

Thus far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
Elaborate and swelling;—yet the heart
Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers
I ask not now, my friend! the aiding verse
Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious thought
Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)
From business wand'ring far and local cares,
Thou creepest round a dear-loved sister's bed
With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,
Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,
And tenderest tones medicinal of love.
I, too, a sister had, an only sister—
She loved me dearly, and I doted on her;
To her I poured forth all my puny sorrows,
(As a sick patient in a nurse's arms,)
And of the heart those hidden maladies
That e'en from friendship's eye will shrink ashamed.
O! I have waked at midnight, and have wept
Because she was not!—Cheerily, dear Charles!
Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year;
Such warm presages feel I of high hope!
For not uninterested the dear maid
I've view'd—her soul affectionate yet wise,
Her polished wit as mild as lambent glories
That play around a sainted infant's head.
He knows, (the Spirit that in secret sees,

Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love
Aught to implore were impotence of mind !)*
That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,—
Prepared, when He his healing rays vouchsafes,
Thanksgiving to pour forth with lifted heart,
And praise him gracious with a brother's joy !

1794.

CASIMIR.

If we except Lucretius and Statius, I know no Latin Poet, ancient or modern, who has equalled Casimir in boldness of conception, opulence of fancy, or beauty of versification. The Odes of this illustrious Jesuit were translated into English about 150 years ago, by a G. Hils, I think.† I never saw the translation. A few of the Odes have been translated in a very animated manner by Watts. I have subjoined the third Ode of the Second Book, which, with the exception of the first line, is an effusion of exquisite elegance. In the imitation attempted, I am sensible that I have destroyed the effect of suddenness, by translating into two stanzas what is one in the original.

AD LYRAM.

Sonora buxi filia sutilis,
Pendebis alta, barbite, populo,
Dum ridet aer, et supinas
Sollicitat levis aura frondes.

Te sibilantis lenior halitus
Perflabit Euri : me juvet interim
Collum reclinasse, et virenti
Sic temere‡ jacuisse ripa.

* "I utterly recant the recant the sentiment contained in the lines

Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love
Aught to *implore* were impotence of mind,—

it being written in Scripture, *Ask*, and it shall be given to you ! and my human reason being convinced, moreover, of the propriety of offering *petitions* as well as thanksgivings to Deity. S. T. C., 1797.

† The Odes of Casimir, translated by G. H. (G. Hils.) London, 1646, 12mo. H. N. C.

‡ Had Casimir any better authority for this quantity than *Tertullian's* line,—

Immemor ille Dei temere committere tale—?

In the classic poets, the last syllable is, I believe, uniformly cut off. H. N. C.

Eheu! serenum quæ nebulæ tegunt
Repente cœlum! quis sonus imbrium!
Surgamus—heu semper fugaci
Gaudia præteritura passu.

IMITATION.

The solemn-breathing air is ended—
Cease, O Lyre! thy kindred lay!
From the poplar branch suspended,
Glitter to the eye of day!

On thy wires, hovering, dying,
Softly sighs the summer wind;
I will slumber, careless lying,
By yon waterfall reclined.

In the forest, hollow-roaring,
Hark! I hear a deep'ning sound—
Clouds rise thick with heavy lowering!
See! the horizon blackens round!

Parent of the soothing measure,
Let me seize thy wetted string!
Swiftly flies the flatterer, Pleasure,
Headlong, ever on the wing!

DARWINIANA.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

(*Composed during Illness and in Absence.*)

Dim Hour! that sleep'st on pillowed clouds afar,
O rise, and yoke the turtles to thy car!
Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,
And give me to the bosom of my Love!
My gentle love! caressing and carest,
With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest;
Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
Lull with fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs;
While finely-flushing float her kisses meek,
Like melted rubies, o'er my pallid cheek.

Chill'd by the night, the drooping rose of May
Mourns the long absence of the lovely Day:
Young Day, returning at her promised hour,
Weeps o'er the sorrows of the fav'rite flower,—
Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
New life and joy th' expanding flow'ret feels:
His pitying mistress mourns, and mourning heals!

1796.

EPIGRAM.

Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse
To all, and at all times;
And finds them both divinely smooth,
His voice as well as rhymes.

Yet folks say—"Mævius is no ass;"
But Mævius makes it clear,
That he's a monster of an ass—
An ass without an ear.

1797.

ON THE CHRISTENING OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

I.

This day among the faithful placed,
And fed with fontal manna,
O with maternal title graced—
Dear Anna's dearest Anna!—

II.

While others wish thee wise and fair,
A maid of spotless fame,
I'll breathe this more compendious prayer—
May'st thou deserve thy name!

III.

Thy mother's name—a potent spell,
That bids the virtues hie
From mystic grove and living cell
Confess'd to fancy's eye—

IV.

Meek quietness without offence ;
Content in homespun kirtle ;
True love ; and true love's innocence,
White blossom of the myrtle !

V.

Associates of thy name, sweet child !
These virtues mayst thou win ;
With face as eloquently mild,
To say, they lodge within.

VI.

So, when her tale of days all flown,
Thy mother shall be mist here ;
When Heaven at length shall claim its own,
And angels snatch their sister ;

VII.

Some hoary-headed friend, perchance,
May gaze with stifled breath ;
And oft, in momentary trance,
Forget the waste of death.

VIII.

E'en thus a lovely rose I view'd,
In summer-swelling pride ;
Nor mark'd the bud that, green and rude,
Peep'd at the rose's side.

IX.

It chanced, I pass'd again that way,
In autumn's latest hour,
And wond'ring saw the selfsame spray
Rich with the selfsame flower.

X.

Ah, fond deceit ! the rude green bud,
Alike in shape, place, name,
Had bloom'd, where bloom'd its parent stud,
Another and the same !

1796.

LINES

WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, NEAR BRIDGE-WATER, SEPTEMBER, 1795, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM BRISTOL.

Good verse most good, and bad verse then seems better
Received from absent friend by way of Letter,
For what so sweet can labored lay impart
As one rude rhyme warm from a friendly heart?—ANON.

NOR travels my meandering eye
The starry wilderness on high;
  Nor now with curious sight
I mark the glow-worm as I pass,
Move with "green radiance" through the grass,
  An emerald of light.

O ever present to my view!
My wafted spirit is with you,
  And soothes your boding fears:
I see you all oppressed with gloom
Sit lonely in that cheerless room—
  Ah me! You are in tears!

Beloved Woman! did you fly
Chilled Friendship's dark disliking eye,
  Or Mirth's untimely din?
With cruel weight these trifles press
A temper sore with tenderness,
  When aches the Void within.

But why with sable wand unblest
Should Fancy rouse within my breast
  Dim-visaged shapes of Dread?
Untenanting its beauteous clay
My Sara's soul has winged its way,
  And hovers round my head!

I felt it prompt the tender dream,
When slowly sank the day's last gleam;
  You roused each gentler sense,
As sighing o'er the blossom's bloom
Meek evening wakes its soft perfume
  With viewless influence.

And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans
Through yon reft house! O'er rolling stones
  In bold ambitious sweep,
The onward-surging tide supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
  With mimic thunders deep.

Dark reddening from the channell'd Isle*
(Where stands one solitary pile
  Unslated by the blast)
The watch-fire, like a sullen star,
Twinkles to many a dozing tar
  Rude cradled on the mast.

Even there—beneath that light-house tower—
In the tumultuous evil hour
  Ere Peace with Sara came,
Time was, I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
  And watch the storm-vexed flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit
A sad gloom-pampered Man to sit,
  And listen to the roar:
When mountain surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster leap
  Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shattered bark;
  Her vain-distress guns hear;
And when a second sheet of light
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night—
  To see no vessel there!

But Fancy now more gaily sings;
Or if a while she droop her wings

---

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

As sky-larks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast:
The oblivious poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell
The opened rose! From heaven they fell,
And with the sun-beam blend.
Blest visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love
Fostering the heart they bend!

When stormy Midnight howling round
Beats on our roof with clattering sound,
To me your arms you'll stretch:
Great God! you'll say—To us so kind,
O shelter from this loud bleak wind
The houseless, friendless wretch!

The tears that tremble down your cheek
Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek
In Pity's dew divine;
And from your heart the sighs that steal
Shall make your rising bosom feel
The answering swell of mine!

How oft, my Love! with shapings sweet
I paint the moment we shall meet!
With eager speed I dart—
I seize you in the vacant air,
And fancy, with a husband's care
I press you to my heart!

'Tis said, in Summer's evening hour
Flashes the golden-colored flower
A fair electric flame:
And so shall flash my love-charged eye,
When all the heart's big ecstasy
Shoots rapid through the frame!

SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

I. POEMS OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS OR FEELINGS CONNECTED WITH THEM.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my country! Am I to be blamed!
But, when I think of Thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled.
What wonder if a poet, now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child.

WORDSWORTH.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.*

Ἰοὺ, ἰοὺ, ὦ ὦ κακά.
Ὑπ' αὖ μὲ δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος
Στροβεῖ, ταράσσων φροιμίοις ἐφημίοις.
* * * * *
Τὸ μέλλον ἥξει. Καὶ σύ μ' ἐν τάχει ταρὼν
Ἄγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτείρας ἐρεῖς.

Æschyl. Agam. 1225.

ARGUMENT.

The Ode commences with an address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the Departing Year, &c. as in a vision. The second Epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

I.

Spirit who sweepest the wild harp of Time!
  It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
  Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime,
Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
  With inward stillness, and a bowed mind;
  When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing Year!
  Starting from my silent sadness
  Then with no unholy madness
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

* This Ode was composed on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December, 1796: and was first published on the last day of that year.

II.

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From distemper's midnight anguish ;
And thence, where poverty doth waste and languish !
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze ;
Or where o'er cradled infants bending
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze ;
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes ! ye young-eyed Joys ! advance !

By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band !
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour ;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
Weep and rejoice !
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell :
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth ! They too have heard thy spell,
They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty !

III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array !
I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—
" Ah ! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay !
Groans not her chariot on its onward way ?"
Fly, mailed Monarch, fly !
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye !
Manes of the unnumbered slain !
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain !

Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb!
Then with the prophetic song relate,
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardors glancing,
From the choired gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng,
Hushed were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven,
(The mystic Words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake!
"Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!

By peace with proffered insult scared,
Masked hate and envying scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies!'
By wealth's insensate laugh! by torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
Forever shall the thankless Island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven O speak aloud!
And on the darkling foe
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature! rise."

VI.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of death!
No stranger agony confounds
The soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!
(The strife is o'er, the daylight fled,
And the night-wind clamors hoarse!
See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillowed on a brother's corse!)

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
  Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
  Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his island-child,
  Hence for many a fearless age
  Has social Quiet loved thy shore;
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven! mad avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the wild yelling of famine and blood!
The nations curse thee! They with eager wondering
  Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
  Strange-eyed Destruction! who with many a dream
Of central fires through nether seas upthundering
  Soothes her fierce solitude; yet as she lies
By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,
  If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
  O Albion! thy predestined ruins rise,
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Muttering distempered triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX.

Away, my soul, away!
  In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!
Away, my soul, away!
  I unpartaking of the evil thing,

With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wailed my country with a loud Lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

FRANCE. AN ODE.

I.

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:

And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoll'n the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream!
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!"
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own."

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils,
Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey:
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee)
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,

Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

February, 1797.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF AN INVASION.

A GREEN and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal cornfield, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at evē,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly, as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,)
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark;
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

My God! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would full fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren—O my God!
It weighs upon the heart, that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
And all the crash of onset; fear and rage,
And undetermined conflict—even now,
Even now, perchance, and in his native isle:
Carnage and groans beneath this blessed sun!
We have offended, Oh! my countrymen!
We have offended very grievously,
And been most tyrannous. From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
The wretched plead against us; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the sons of God,
Our brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,
Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence
Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
With slow perdition murders the whole man,
His body and his soul! Meanwhile, at home,
All individual dignity and power
Ingulfed in courts, committees, institutions,
Associations and societies,
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting guild,
One benefit-club for mutual flattery,
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honorable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction, were they wisely preached,
Are muttered o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent

To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
Oh! blasphemous! the book of life is made
A superstitious instrument, on which
We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
For all must swear—all and in every place,
College and wharf, council and justice-court;
All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;
All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
That faith doth reel; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy,
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

Thankless too for peace,
(Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas)
Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings, (famine or blue plague,
Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry-snows,)
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
Spectators and not combatants! No guess
Anticipate of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation or contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause; and forth,
(Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,
And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,

The best amusement for our morning-meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to Heaven, translated and not killed;
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days
Are coming on us, O my countrymen!
And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings!

Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God! O! spare us yet awhile!
Oh! let not the English women drag their flight
Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes,
Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
Laughed at the breast! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
Who ever gazed with fondness on the forms
Which grew up with you round the same fire-side,
And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells
Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!
Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe,
Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
With deeds of murder; and still promising
Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,
Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart

Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes
And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth;
Render them back upon the insulted ocean,
And let them toss as idly on its waves
As the vile sea-weed which some mountain blast
Swept from our shores! And oh! may we return
Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung
So fierce a foe to frenzy!

I have told,
O Britons! O my brethren! I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
Nor deem my zeal or factious or mistimed;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
Groaning with restless enmity, expect
All change from change of constituted power;
As if a Government had been a robe,
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagged
Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
Pulled off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
From our own folly and rank wickedness,
Which gave them birth and nursed them. Others, meanwhile,
Dote with a mad idolatry; and all
Who will not fall before their images,
And yield them worship, they are enemies
Even of their country!

Such have I been deemed—
But, O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle!
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband, and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all

Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature.
All lovely and all honorable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country. O divine
And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!

May my fears,
My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menace of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roared and died away
In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
The light has left the summit of the hill,
Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recalled
From bodings that have well nigh wearied me
I find myself upon the brow, and pause
Startled! And after lonely sojourning
In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich

And elmy fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
And close behind them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful, that by nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

Nether Stowey,
April 28th, 1798.

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.

A WAR ECLOGUE. WITH AN APOLOGETIC PREFACE.*

The Scene a desolated Tract in La Vendée. FAMINE *is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter* FIRE *and* SLAUGHTER.

Fam. SISTERS! sisters! who sent you here?
Slau. [*to Fire.*] I will whisper it in her ear.
Fire. No! no! no!
Spirits hear what spirits tell;
'Twill make a holiday in Hell.
No! no! no!
Myself, I named him once below,
And all the souls that damned be,
Leaped up at once in anarchy,
Clapped their hands and danced for glee.
They no longer heeded me;
But laughed to hear Hell's burning rafters
Unwillingly re-echo laughters!
No! no! no!

* Printed on page 217.

Spirits hear what spirits tell :
'Twill make a holiday in Hell !
Fam. Whisper it, sister ! so and so !
In a dark hint, soft and slow.
Slau. Letters four do form his name—
And who sent you ?
Both. The same ! the same !
Slau. He came by stealth and unlocked my den,
And I have drunk the blood since then
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.
Both. Who bade you do it ?
Slau. The same ! the same !
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo !
To him alone the praise is due.
Fam. Thanks, sister, thanks ! the men have bled,
Their wives and their children faint for bread.
I stood in a swampy field of battle ;
With bones and skulls I made a rattle,
To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow
And the homeless dog—but they would not go,
So off I flew ; for how could I bear
To see them gorge their dainty fare ?
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
And through the chink of a cottage-wall—
Can you guess what I saw there ?
Both. Whisper it, sister ! in our ear.
Fam. A baby beat its dying mother :
I had starved the one and was starving the other !
Both. Who bade you do't ?
Fam. The same ! the same !
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo !
To him alone the praise is due.
Fire. Sisters ! I from Ireland came !
Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,
I triumphed o'er the setting sun !
And all the while the work was done,
On as I strode with my huge strides,
I flung back my head and I held my sides,

It was so rare a piece of fun
To see the sweltered cattle run
With uncouth gallop through the night,
Scared by the red and noisy light!
By the light of his own blazing cot
Was many a naked rebel shot:
The house-stream met the flame and hissed,
While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,
On some of those old bed-rid nurses,
That deal in discontent and curses.
Both. Who bade you do't?
Fire. The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.
He let me loose, and cried Halloo!
To him alone the praise is due.
All. He let us loose, and cried Halloo!
How shall we yield him honor due?
Fam. Wisdom comes with lack of food.
I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,
Till the cup of rage o'erbrim:
They shall seize him and his brood—
Slau. They shall tear him limb from limb!
Fire. O thankless beldames and untrue!
And is this all that you can do
For him, who did so much for you?
Ninety months he, by my troth!
Hath richly catered for you both;
And in an hour would you repay
An eight years' work?—Away! away!
I alone am faithful! I
Cling to him everlastingly.

1796.

II. LOVE POEMS.

Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo,
Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acuta
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus.
Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor:
Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis, imago,
Voxque aliud sonat—
Pectore nunc gelido calidos miseremur amantes,
Jamque arsisse pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus
Mens horret, relegensque alium putat ista locutum.

PETRARCH.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;

And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve.
My bright and beauteous Bride.

INTRODUCTION TO THE TALE OF THE DARK LADIE.

O LEAVE the lily on its stem ;
O leave the rose upon the spray ,
O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids !
And listen to my lay,

A cypress and a myrtle-bough
This morn around my harp you twined,
Because it fashioned mournfully
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of love and woe,
A woful tale of love I sing ;
Hark, gentle maidens ! hark, it sighs
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee !
O come and hear the cruel wrongs,
Befell the Dark Ladie !*

* * * *

* Here followed the stanzas, afterwards published separately under the title "Love," (see this vol. p. 126,) and after them came the other three stanzas printed above ; the whole forming the introduction to the intended Dark Ladie, of which all that exists is to be found on next page. *Late Ed.*

And now once more, a tale of woe,
A woful tale of love I sing;
For thee, my Genevieve, it sighs,
And trembles on the string.

When last I sang the cruel scorn,
That crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And how he roamed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day or night;

I promised thee a sister tale,
Of man's perfidious cruelty;
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
Befell the Dark Ladie.

THE BALLAD OF THE DARK LADIE.

A FRAGMENT.

Beneath yon birch with silver bark
And boughs so pendulous and fair,
The brook falls scattered down the rock:
And all is mossy there!

And there upon the moss she sits,
The Dark Ladie in silent pain;
The heavy tear is in her eye;
And drops and swells again.

Three times she sends her little page
Up to the castled mountain's breast,
If he might find the Knight that wears
The Griffin for his crest.

The sun was sloping down the sky,
And she had lingered there all day,
Counting moments, dreaming fears—
O wherefore can he stay?

She hears a rustling o'er the brook,
She sees far off a swinging bough!

"'Tis He! 'Tis my betrothed Knight!
Lord Falkland, it is Thou!"

She springs, she clasps him round the neck,
She sobs a thousand hopes and fears,
Her kisses glowing on his cheeks
She quenches with her tears.

* * * * *

"My friends with rude ungentle words
They scoff and bid me fly to thee!
O give me shelter in thy breast!
O shield and shelter me!

"My Henry, I have given thee much,
I gave what I can ne'er recall,
I gave my heart, I gave my peace,
O Heaven! I gave thee all!"

The Knight made answer to the Maid,
While to his heart he held her hand,
"Nine castles hath my noble sire,
None statelier in the land.

"The fairest one shall be my love's,
The fairest castle of the nine!
Wait only till the stars peep out,
The fairest shall be thine:

"Wait only till the hand of eve
Hath wholly closed yon western bars,
And through the dark we two will steal
Beneath the twinkling stars!"—

"The dark? the dark? No! not the dark?
The twinkling stars? How, Henry? How?
O God! 'twas in the eye of noon
He pledged his sacred vow!

"And in the eye of noon, my love,
Shall lead me from my mother's door
Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white
Strewing flow'rs before:

"But first the nodding minstrels go
With music meet for lordly bow'rs,
The children next in snow-white vests,
Strewing buds and flow'rs!

"And then my love and I shall pace,
My jet-black hair in pearly braids,
Between our comely bachelors
And blushing bridal maids."

* * * * *

LEWTI,

OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHANT.

At midnight by the stream I roved,
To forget the form I loved.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

The Moon was high, the moonlight gleam
And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far,
The rock half sheltered from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew—
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.
I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the moon it passed;
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colors not a few,
Till it reached the moon at last:
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light!
And so with many a hope I seek,
And with such joy I find my Lewti;
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!

Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
Away it goes; away so soon?
Alas! it has no power to stay;
Its hues are dim, its hues are gray—
Away it passes from the moon!
How mournfully it seems to fly,
Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
And now 'tis whiter than before!
As white as my poor cheek will be,
When, Lewti! on my couch I lie,
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
And yet, thou did'st not look unkind.

I saw a vapor in the sky,
Thin, and white, and very high;
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud:
Perhaps the breezes that can fly
Now below and now above,
Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud
Of Lady fair—that died for love.
For maids, as well as youths, have perished
From fruitless love too fondly cherished.
Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
Slip the crumbling banks forever:
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
They plunge into the gentle river.
The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon,

I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
When silent night has closed her eyes:
  It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
The nightingale sings o'er her head:
  Voice of the night! had I the power
That leafy labyrinth to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
  And dreamt that I had died for care;
All pale and wasted I would seem,
  Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1795.

THE PICTURE,

OR THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

Through weeds and thorns, and matted underwood
I force my way; now climb, and now descend
O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot
Crushing the purple whorts; while oft unseen,
Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil
I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate, or guide! The master-passion quelled,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark

The fir-trees, and the unfrequent slender oak,
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake
Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.

Here Wisdom might resort, and here Remorse;
Here too the love-lorn man, who, sick in soul,
And of this busy human heart aweary,
Worships the spirit of unconscious life
In tree or wild-flower.—Gentle lunatic!
If so he might not wholly cease to be,
He would far rather not be that, he is;
But would be something, that he knows not of,
In winds or waters, or among the rocks!

But hence, fond wretch! breathe not contagion here,
No myrtle-walks are these: these are no groves
Where Love dare loiter! If in sullen mood
He should stray hither, the low stumps shall gore
His dainty feet, the brier and the thorn
Make his plumes haggard. Like a wounded bird
Easily caught, ensnare him, O ye Nymphs,
Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryades!
And you, ye Earth-winds! you that make at morn
The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs!
You, O ye wingless Airs! that creep between
The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,
Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon,
The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—
Ye, that now cool her fleece with dropless damp,
Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb.
Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin Gnomes!
With prickles sharper than his darts bemock
His little Godship, making him perforce
Creep through a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's back.

This is my hour of triumph! I can now
With my own fancies play the merry fool,
And laugh away worse folly, being free.
Here will I seat myself, beside this old,

Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
Clothes as with net-work: here will I couch my limbs,
Close by this river, in this silent shade,
As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
And listening only to the pebbly brook
That murmurs with a dead, yet tinkling sound;
Or to the bees, that in the neighboring trunk
Make honey-hoards. The breeze, that visits me
Was never Love's accomplice, never raised
The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek;
Ne'er played the wanton—never half disclosed,
The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence
Eye-poisons for some love-distempered youth,
Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove
Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
That swells its little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me, on the mountain-ash.
And thou too, desert stream! no pool of thine,
Though clear as lake in latest summer-eve,
Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
The face, the form divine, the downcast look
Contemplative! Behold! her open palm
Presses her cheek and brow! her elbow rests
On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree,
That leans towards its mirror! Who erewhile
Had from her countenance turned, or looked by stealth
(For fear is true love's cruel nurse), he now
With steadfast gaze and unoffending eye,
Worships the watery idol, dreaming hopes
Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
E'en as that phantom-world on which he gazed,
But not unheeded gazed: for see, ah! see,
The sportive tyrant with her left hand plucks
The heads of tall flowers that behind her grow,

Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells:
And suddenly, as one that toys with time,
Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth, who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes,
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays:
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror; and behold
Each wild-flower on the marge inverted there,
And there the half-uprooted tree—but where,
O where the virgin's snowy arm, that leaned
On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone!
Homeward she steals through many a woodland maze
Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!
Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime
In mad love-yearning by the vacant brook,
Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,
The Naiad of the mirror!

Not to thee,
O wild and desert stream! belongs this tale:
Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
Spire from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
Making thee doleful as a cavern-well:
Save when the shy king-fishers build their nest
On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

This be my chosen haunt—emancipate
From passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,
Lead me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms.
Lo! stealing through the canopy of firs,
How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,
Isle of the river, whose disparted waves
Dart off asunder with an angry sound,

How soon to re-unite! And see! they meet,
Each in the other lost and found: and see
Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun
Throbbing within them, heart at once and eye!
With its soft neighborhood of filmy clouds,
The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
Dimness o'erswum with lustre! Such the hour
Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief feuds;
And hark, the noise of a near waterfall!
I pass forth into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest-trees, the lady of the woods),
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-locked, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and gray-stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet,
The whortle-berries are bedewed with spray,
Dashed upwards by the furious waterfall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass
Swings in its winnow; all the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage-chimneys, tinged with light,
Rises in columns; from this house alone,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is this?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney-smoke,
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillowed on a sleeping dog—
One arm between its fore-legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild-flowers,
Unfilletted, and of unequal lengths.
A curious picture, with a master's haste
Sketched on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peeled from the birched bark! Divinest maid!
Yon bark her canvass, and those purple berries
Her pencil! See, the juice is scarcely dried
On the fine skin! She has been newly here;
And lo! yon patch of heath has been her couch—

The pressure still remains! O blessed couch!
For this mayst thou flower early, and the sun,
Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel!
Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids!
More beautiful than whom Alcæus wooed
The Lesbian woman of immortal song!
O child of genius! stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only me,
And not ungentle e'en to me! My heart,
Why beats it thus? Through yonder coppice-wood
Needs must the pathway turn, that leads straightway
On to her father's house. She is alone!
The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—
And fit it is I should restore this sketch,
Dropt unawares no doubt. Why should I yearn
To keep the relique? 'twill but idly feed
The passion that consumes me. Let me haste!
The picture in my hand which she has left:
She can not blame me that I followed her:
And I may be her guide the long wood through.

THE NIGHT-SCENE:

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

Sandoval You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?
Earl Henry. Loved?
Sandoval. Did you not say you wooed her?
Earl Henry. Once I loved
Her whom I dared not woo!
Sandoval. And wooed, perchance,
One whom you loved not!
Earl Henry. Oh! I were most base,
Not loving Oropeza. True, I wooed her,
Hoping to heal a deeper wound; but she
Met my advances with impassioned pride,
That kindled love with love. And when her sire,
Who in his dream of hope already grasped
The golden circlet in his hand, rejected

My suit with insult, and in memory
Of ancient feuds poured curses on my head,
Her blessings overtook and baffled them!
But thou art stern, and with unkindly countenance
Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.
Sandoval. Anxiously, Henry! reasoning anxiously.
But Oropeza—
Earl Henry. Blessings gather round her!
Within this wood there winds a secret passage,
Beneath the walls, which opens out at length
Into the gloomiest covert of the garden.—
The night ere my departure to the army,
She, nothing trembling, led me through that gloom,
And to that covert by a silent stream,
Which, with one star reflected near its marge,
Was the sole object visible around me.
No leaflet stirred; the air was almost sultry;
So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!
No leaflet stirred;—yet pleasure hung upon
The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.
A little further on an arbor stood,
Fragrant with flowering trees—I well remember
What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness
Their snow-white blossoms made—thither she led me,
To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled—
I heard her heart beat—if 'twere not my own.
Sandoval. A rude and scaring note, my friend.
Earl Henry. Oh! no!
I have small memory of aught but pleasure.
The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams
Still flowing, still were lost in those of love:
So love grew mightier from the fear, and Nature,
Fleeing from pain, sheltered herself in joy.
The stars above our heads were dim and steady,
Like eyes suffused with rapture.—Life was in us:
We were all life, each atom of our frames
A living soul—I vowed to die for her:
With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,
Relapses into blessedness, I vowed it:
That solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,

A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.
Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,
Deep self-possession, an intense repose.
Sandoval [*with a sarcastic smile*]. No other than as eastern sages paint,
The God, who floats upon a lotos leaf,
Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,
Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
Relapses into bliss.
Earl Henry. Ah! was that bliss
Feared as an alien, and too vast for man?
For suddenly, impatient of its silence,
Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.
I caught her arms; the veins were swelling on them.
Through the dark bower she sent a hollow voice;—
"Oh! what if all betray me? what if thou?"
I swore, and with an inward thought that seemed
The purpose and the substance of my being,
I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,
I would exchange my unblenched state with hers.—
Friend! by that winding passage, to that bower
I now will go—all objects there will teach me
Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.
Go, Sandoval! I am prepared to meet her—
Say nothing of me—I myself will seek her—
Nay, leave me, friend! I can not bear the torment
And keen inquiry of that scanning eye.—
[*Earl Henry retires into the wood.*]
Sandoval [*alone*]. O Henry! always striv'st thou to be great
By thine own act—yet art thou never great
But by the inspiration of great passion.
The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
And shape themselves: from earth to heaven they stand,
As though they were the pillars of a temple,
Built by Omnipotence in its own honor!
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand,
And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins!

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER INNOCENCE.

Myrtle-leaf, that, ill besped,
Pinest in the gladsome ray,
Soiled beneath the common tread,
Far from thy protecting spray!

When the partridge o'er the sheaf
Whirred along the yellow vale,
Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf!
Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer, on his wing,
Wooed and whispered thee to rise,

Gaily from thy mother-stalk
Wert thou danced and wafted high—
Soon on this unsheltered walk
Flung to fade, to rot and die.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN AT THE THEATRE.

Maiden, that with sullen brow
Sitt'st behind those virgins gay,
Like a scorched and mildewed bough,
Leafless 'mid the blooms of May!

Him who lured thee and forsook,
Oft I watched with angry gaze,
Fearful saw his pleading look,
Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

Soft the glances of the youth,
Soft his speech, and soft his sigh;
But no sound like simple truth,
But no true love in his eye.

Loathing thy polluted lot,
  Hie thee, Maiden, hie thee hence!
Seek thy weeping Mother's cot,
  With a wiser innocence.

Thou hast known deceit and folly,
  Thou hast felt that vice is woe:
With a musing melancholy
  Inly armed, go, Maiden! go.

Mother sage of self-dominion,
  Firm thy steps, O Melancholy!
The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion
  Is the memory of past folly.

Mute the sky-lark and forlorn,
  While she moults the firstling plumes,
That had skimmed the tender corn,
  Or the beanfield's odorous blooms.

Soon with renovated wing
  Shall she dare a loftier flight,
Upward to the day-star spring,
  And embathe in heavenly light.

LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

Nor cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest
  These scented rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast
  In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not Music's genuine power, nor deign
  To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint;
But when the long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain
  Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

Hark! the deep buzz of vanity and hate!
  Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing sneer
My lady eyes some maid of humbler state,
  While the pert captain, or the primmer priest,
  Prattles accordant scandal in her ear.

O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and gray,
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kissed,)
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees,
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
Makes the cock shrilly on the rain-storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of shipwrecked sailor floating dead,
Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!
Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice re-measures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of Nature utter; birds or trees
Or moan of ocean gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

THE KEEPSAKE.

The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Show summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the upspringing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,

The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not !*
So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has worked, (the flowers which most she knew I loved,)
And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
There, in that bower where first she owned her love,
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretched
The silk upon the frame, and worked her name
Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not—
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair !
That forced to wander till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice, (that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away and weep,)
Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promised, that when spring returned,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own thenceforth no other name but mine !

* One of the names (and meriting to be the only one) of the *Myosotis Scorpioides Palustris*, a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has the same name over the whole Empire of Germany (*Vergissmein nicht*), and, I believe, in Denmark and Sweden.

TO A LADY.

WITH FALCONER'S "SHIPWRECK."

Ah! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams
In arched groves, the youthful poet's choice;
Nor while half-listening, mid delicious dreams,
To harp and song from lady's hand and voice;

Nor yet while gazing in sublimer mood
On cliff, or cataract, in Alpine dell;
Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strewed,
Framing wild fancies to the ocean's swell;

Our sea-bard sang this song! which still he sings,
And sings for thee, sweet friend! Hark, Pity, hark!
Now mounts, now totters on the tempest's wings,
Now groans, and shivers, the replunging bark!

"Cling to the shrouds!" In vain! The breakers roar—
Death shrieks! With two alone of all his clan
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
No classic roamer, but a shipwrecked man!

Say then, what muse inspired these genial strains
And lit his spirit to so bright a flame?
The elevating thought of suffered pains,
Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but chief, the name

Of gratitude! remembrances of friend,
Or absent or no more! shades of the Past,
Which Love makes substance! Hence to thee I send,
O dear as long as life and memory last!

I send with deep regards of heart and head,
Sweet maid, for friendship formed! this work to thee:
And thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed
A tear for Falconer, wilt remember me.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

Why need I say, Louisa dear!
How glad I am to see you here,
A lovely convalescent;
Risen from the bed of pain and fear,
And feverish heat incessant.

The sunny showers, the dappled sky
The little birds that warble high,
Their vernal loves commencing,
Will better welcome you than I
With their sweet influencing.

Believe me, while in bed you lay,
Your danger taught us all to pray:
You made us grow devouter!
Each eye looked up and seemed to say,
How can we do without her?

Besides, what vexed us worse, we knew,
They have no need of such as you
In the place where you were going:
This World has angels all too few,
And Heaven is overflowing!

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids :
So I love to wake ere break of day :
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week
Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
Sincere, affectionate and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round,
To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
Who having long been doomed to roam,
Throws off the bundle from his back,
Before the door of his own home ?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang ;
This feel I hourly more and more :
There's healing only in thy wings,
Thou Breeze that play'st on Albion's shore !

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say ? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, " I love and I love !"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong :
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings ; and forever sings he—
" I love my Love, and my Love loves me !"

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God! preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And, O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And, O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother:
And still, O Lord, to me impart,
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day!

Amen.

THE VISIONARY HOPE.

SAD lot, to have no hope! Though lowly kneeling
He fain would frame a prayer within his breast,
Would fain entreat for some sweet breath of healing,
That his sick body might have ease and rest;
He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his chest
Against his will the stifling load revealing,
Though Nature forced; though like some captive guest,
Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast,
An alien's restless mood but half concealing,
The sternness on his gentle brow confessed,
Sickness within and miserable feeling:
Though obscure pangs made curses of his dreams,
And dreaded sleep, each night repelled in vain,
Each night was scattered by its own loud screams:
Yet never could his heart command, though fain,
One deep full wish to be no more in pain.

That Hope, which was his inward bliss and boast,
Which waned and died, yet ever near him stood,
Though changed in nature, wander where he would—
For Love's despair is but Hope's pining ghost!
For this one hope he makes his hourly moan,
He wishes and can wish for this alone!
Pierced, as with light from Heaven, before its gleams
(So the love-stricken visionary deems)
Disease would vanish, like a summer shower,
Whose dews fling sunshine from the noontide bower!
Or let it stay! yet this one Hope should give
Such strength that he would bless his pains and live.

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

Oft, oft methinks, the while with Thee
I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
And dedicated name, I hear
A promise and a mystery,
A pledge of more than passing life,
Yea, in that very name of Wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!
A feeling that upbraids the heart
With happiness beyond desert,
That gladness half requests to weep!
Nor bless I not the keener sense
And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys that ask no sting
From jealous fears, or coy denying;
But born beneath Love's brooding wing,
And into tenderness soon dying,
Wheel out their giddy moment, then
Resign the soul to love again;—

A more precipitated vein,
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
And leave their sweeter understrain
Its own sweet self—a love of Thee
That seems, yet can not greater be!

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

I.

How warm this woodland wild Recess!
Love surely hath been breathing here;
And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,
As if to have you yet more near.

II.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
On seaward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'er head the sky-lark shrills.

III.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name; yet why
That asking look? that yearning sigh?
That sense of promise everywhere?
Beloved! flew your spirit by?

IV.

As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long lost child,
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before—
So deeply, had I been beguiled.

V.

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remembered in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
O Greta, dear domestic stream!

VI.

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
Has not Love's whisper evermore

Been ceaseless as thy gentle roar ?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in clamor's hour.

ON REVISITING THE SEA-SHORE,

AFTER LONG ABSENCE, UNDER STRONG MEDICAL RECOMMENDATION NOT TO BATHE.

God be with thee, gladsome ocean !
How gladly greet I thee once more !
Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild physician,
"Those briny waves for thee are death !"
But my soul fulfilled her mission,
And lo ! I breathe untroubled breath !

Fashion's pining sons and daughters,
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters ;
And what cares Nature, if they die ?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,
Revisit on thy echoing strand :

Dreams, (the soul herself forsaking,)
Tearful raptures, boyish mirth ;
Silent adorations, making
A blessed shadow of this Earth !

O ye hopes, that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above !
God is with me, God is in me !
I can not die, if Life be Love.

III. MEDITATIVE POEMS.

IN BLANK VERSE.

Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking Man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead:
Naught sinks into the bosom's silent depth.
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame. SCHILLER.

HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Besides the Rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST.

I STOOD on Brocken's* sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragged through fir groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood:† for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the Life within;—
Fair ciphers else: fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!

* The highest mountain in the Hartz, and indeed in North Germany.

† .....When I have gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales,
And cots and villages embowered below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scenes so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest, and call it home.
Southey's Hymn to the Penates.

My native Land!
Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, 1796.

Sweet Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem
Unfoldest timidly, (for in strange sort
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering Month
Hath borrowed Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee
With blue voluptuous eye) alas, poor Flower!
These are but flatteries of the faithless year.
Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,
E'en now the keen North-East is on its way.
Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee
To some sweet girl of too too rapid growth
Nipped by consumption mid untimely charms?
Or to Bristowa's bard,* the wondrous boy!
An amaranth, which Earth scarce seemed to own,
Till disappointment came, and pelting wrong
Beat it to Earth? or with indignant grief
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,
Bright flower of Hope killed in the opening bud?
Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine
And mock my boding! Dim similitudes
Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour
From anxious self, Life's cruel task-master!
And the warm wooings of this sunny day

* Chatterton.

Tremble along my frame, and harmonize
The attempered organ, that even saddest thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jasmin, and the broad-leaved myrtle,
(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field! and the world so hushed!
The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence.

And that simplest lute,
Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—

Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst through my half-closed eyelids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts
Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
For never guiltless may I speak of him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable man,
Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess
Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honored Maid!

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propriora.—HOR.

Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calmed
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings; for he paused, and looked
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our Cottage, and gazed round again,
And sighed, and said, it was a Blessed Place.
And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings) in whispered tones
I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed,
And the heart listens!"

But the time when first,
From that low dell, steep up the stony mount
I climbed with perilous toil, and reached the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;

And seats, and lawns, the Abbey and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire ;
The Channel there, the Islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless Ocean—
It seemed like Omnipresence ! God, methought,
Had built him there a temple : the whole World
Seemed imaged in its vast circumference,
No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Blest hour ! It was a luxury,—to be !

Ah ! quiet dell ! dear cot, and mount sublime !
I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use ?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth :
And he that works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half : he chills me while he aids,
My benefactor, not my brother man !
Yet even this, this cold beneficence
Praise, praise it, O my Soul ! oft as thou scann'st
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe !
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies !
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honorable toil
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot !
Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode !
Ah !—had none greater ! And that all had such !
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father ! Let thy kingdom come !

TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE

OF OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON. WITH SOME POEMS.

Notus in fratres animi paterni.
HOR. Carm. lib. 1. 2.

A BLESSED lot hath he, who having passed
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the heart,
To the same dwelling where his father dwelt;
And haply views his tottering little ones
Embrace those aged knees and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own infancy
Lisped its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest Friend!
Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy.
At distance did ye climb life's upland road,
Yet cheered and cheering: now fraternal love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!

To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and more different mind—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fixed
Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while
Some have preserved me from life's pelting ills;
But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, and a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once
Dropped the collected shower; and some most false,
False and fair foliaged as the Manchineel,
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E'en mid the storm; then breathing subtlest damps,
Mixed their own venom with the rain from Heaven,
That I woke poisoned! But, all praise to Him
Who gives us all things, more have yielded me
Permanent shelter; and beside one friend,
Beneath the impervious covert of one oak,

I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names
Of husband and of father; not unhearing
Of that divine and mighty-whispering voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colors!

Yet at times
My soul is sad, that I have roamed through life
Still most a stranger, most with naked heart
At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly then,
When I remember thee, my earliest friend!
Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my youth;
Didst trace my wanderings with a father's eye;
And boding evil yet still hoping good,
Rebuked each fault, and over all my woes
Sorrowed in silence! He who counts alone
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That being knows, how I have loved thee ever,
Loved as a brother, as a son revered thee!
Oh! 'tis to me an ever new delight,
To talk of thee and thine: or when the blast
Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,
Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl;
Or when as now, on some delicious eve,
We in our sweet sequestered orchard-plot
Sit on the tree crooked earth-ward; whose old boughs,
That hang above us in an arborous roof,
Stirred by the faint gale of departing May,
Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads!

Nor dost not thou sometimes recall those hours,
When with the joy of hope thou gav'est thine ear
To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my song
Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem
Or that sad wisdom folly leaves behind,
Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,
Cope with the tempest's swell!

These various strains,
Which I have framed in many a various mood,

Accept, my brother! and (for some perchance
Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
If aught of error or intemperate truth
Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age
Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it!

INSCRIPTION

FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here; Here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy Spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees!

A TOMBLESS EPITAPH.

'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane!
(So call him, for so mingling blame with praise,
And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,
Masking his birth-name, wont to character
His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal,)
'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths,
And honoring with religious love the great
Of elder times, he hated to excess,

With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,
The hollow puppets of a hollow age,
Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
Its worthless idols! learning, power, and time,
(Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war
Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 'tis true,
Whole years of weary days, besieged him close,
Even to the gates and inlets of his life!
But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,
And with a natural gladness, he maintained
The citadel unconquered, and in joy
Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.
For not a hidden path, that to the shades
Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,
Lurked undiscovered by him; not a rill
There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,
But he had traced it upward to its source,
Through open lgade, dark glen, and secret dell,
Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and culled
Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,
Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,
The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,
He bade with lifted torch its starry walls
Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame
Of odorous lamps tended by Saint and Sage.
O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher! contemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love!
Here, rather than on monumental stone,
This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes,
Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.

THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON.

In the June of 1797, some long-expected Friends paid a visit to the author's cottage; and on the morning of their arrival, he met with an accident, which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the garden-bower.

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,
This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost
Beauties and feelings, such as would have been
Most sweet to my remembrance even when age
Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,
Friends, whom I never more may meet again,
On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,
To that still roaring dell, of which I told;
The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
And only speckled by the mid-day sun;
Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock
Flings arching like a bridge;—that branchless ash,
Unsunned and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
Fanned by the waterfall! and there my friends
Behold the dark green file of long lank weeds,*
That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge
Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my friends emerge
Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and view again
The many-steepled tract magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two Isles
Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on
In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most glad,
My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined

* *Of long lank weeds.*] The asplenium scolopendrium, called in some countries the Adder's Tongue, in others the Hart's Tongue; but Withering gives the Adder's Tongue as the trivial name of the ophioglossum only.

And hungered after Nature, many a year,
In the great City pent, winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
Behind the western ridge, thou glorious sun!
Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,
Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
And kindle, thou blue ocean! So my Friend
Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight
Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
As I myself were there! Nor in this bower,
This little lime-tree bower, have I not marked
Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath the blaze
Hung the transparent foliage; and I watched
Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
The shadow of the leaf and stem above
Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut-tree
Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay
Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass
Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
Through the late twilight: and though now the bat
Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,
Yet still the solitary humble bee
Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know
That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure;
No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to Love and Beauty! and sometimes
'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,
That we may lift the Soul, and contemplate

With lively joy the joys we can not share.
My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last rook
Beat its straight path along the dusky air
Homewards, I blest it! deeming, its black wing
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
Had crossed the mighty orb's dilated glory,
While thou stood'st gazing; or when all was still,
*Flew creeking o'er thy head, and had a charm
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING NO MORE POETRY.

Dear Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween
That Genius plunged thee in that wizard fount
Hight Castalie: and (sureties of thy faith)
That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
And promised for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
The world's low cares and lying vanities,
Steadfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,
And washed and sanctified to Poesy.
Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful hand
Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior son:
And with those recreant unbaptized heels
Thou'rt flying from thy bounden minist'ries—
So sore it seems and burthensome a task
To weave unwithering flowers! But take thou heed:
For thou art vulnerable, wild-eyed boy,
And I have arrows† mystically dipt,
Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy Burns dead?
And shall he die unwept, and sink to earth

* *Flew creeking.*] Some months after I had written this line, it gave me pleasure to find that Bartram had observed the same circumstance of the Savannah Crane. "When these birds move their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate and regular; and even when at a considerable distance or high above us, we plainly hear the quill-feathers; their shafts and webs upon one another creek as the joints or working of a vessel in a tempestuous sea."

† Pind. Olymp. ii. 1. 150.

"Without the meed of one melodious tear?"
Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved bard,
Who to the "Illustrious* of his native Land
So properly did look for patronage."
Ghost of Mæcenas! hide thy blushing face!
They snatched him from the sickle and the plough—
To gauge ale-firkins.

Oh! for shame return!
On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian mount,
There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
Whose aged branches to the midnight blast
Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough,
Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be exhaled,
And weeping wreathe it round thy Poet's tomb.
Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,
Pick the rank henbane and the dusky flowers
Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit,
These with stopped nostril and glove-guarded hand
Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine,
The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility.

1796.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND.

Friend of the wise! and teacher of the good!
Into my heart have I received that lay
More than historic, that prophetic lay
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)
Of the foundations and the building up
Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell
What may be told, to the understanding mind
Revealable; and what within the mind
By vital breathings secret as the soul
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart
Thoughts all too deep for words!—

* Verbatim from Burns' dedication of his Poem to the Nobility and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

Theme hard as high
Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears,
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth)
Of tides obedient to external force,
And currents self-determined, as might seem,
Or by some inner power; of moments awful,
Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,
When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received
The light reflected, as a light bestowed—
Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,
Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought
Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens
Native or outland, lakes and famous hills!
Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars
Were rising; or by secret mountain-streams,
The guides and the companions of thy way!

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
Distending wide, and man beloved as man,
Where France in all her towns lay vibrating
Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst
Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud
Is visible, or shadow on the main.
For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,
Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,
Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
When from the general heart of human kind
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
——Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,
So summoned homeward, thenceforth calm and sure
From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,
With light unwaning on her eyes, to look
Far on—herself a glory to behold,
The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain)
Of Duty, chosen laws controlling choice,
Action and joy!—An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted!

O great Bard!
Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,

With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir
Of ever-enduring men. The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
Nor less a sacred roll, than those of old,
And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
Among the archives of mankind, thy work
Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all,
Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,
Singing of glory and futurity,
To wander back on such unhealthful road,
Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill
Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strewed before thy advancing!

Nor do thou,
Sage Bard! impair the memory of that hour
Of thy communion with my nobler mind
By pity or grief, already felt too long!

Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
The tumult rose and ceased: for peace is nigh
Where wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
The halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hailed
And more desired, more precious for thy song,
In silence listening, like a devout child,
My soul lay passive, by thy various strain
Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,
With momentary stars of my own birth,
Fair constellated foam,* still darting off
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon.

And when—O Friend! my comforter and guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—
Thy long sustained Song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces—
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
I sate, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?)
Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

* "A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it: and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness."—*The Friend.*

THE NIGHTINGALE;

A CONVERSATION POEM. APRIL, 1798.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently,
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!*
A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,

* "*Most musical, most melancholy.*"] This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the melancholy man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton.

A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perched giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream.—)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven

Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me

With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My playmate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops fall

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

THE THREE GRAVES.

A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE.

[The Author has published the following humble fragment, encouraged by the decisive recommendation of more than one of our most celebrated living Poets. The language was intended to be dramatic; that is, suited to the narrator; and the metre corresponds to the homeliness of the diction. It is therefore presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a common Ballad-tale. Whether this is sufficient to justify the adoption of such a style, in any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous, the Author is himself in doubt. At all events, it is not presented as poetry, and it is in no way connected with the author's judgment concerning poetic diction. Its merits, if any, are exclusively psychological. The story which must be supposed to have been narrated in the first and second parts is as follows.

Edward, a young farmer, meets at the house of Ellen her bosom-friend Mary, and commences an acquaintance, which ends in a mutual attachment. With her consent, and by the advice of their common friend Ellen, he announces his hopes and intentions to Mary's mother, a widow-woman bordering on her fortieth year, and from constant health, the possession of a competent property, and from having had no other children but Mary and another daughter (the father died in their infancy), retaining for the greater part, her personal attractions and comeliness of appearance; but a woman of low education and violent temper. The answer which she at once returned to Edward's application was remarkable—"Well, Edward! you are a handsome young fellow, and you shall have my daughter." From this time all their wooing passed under the mother's eye; and, in fine, she became herself enamored of her future son-in-law, and practised every art, both of endearment and of calumny, to transfer his affections from her daughter to herself. (The outlines of the Tale are positive facts, and of no very distant date, though the author has purposely altered the names and the scene of action, as well as invented the characters of the parties and the detail of the incidents.) Edward, however, though perplexed by her strange detractions from her daughter's good qualities, yet in the innocence of his own heart still mistaking her increasing fondness for motherly affection; she at length, overcome by her miserable passion, after much abuse of Mary's temper and moral tendencies, exclaimed with violent emotion—"O Edward! indeed, indeed, she is not fit for you—she has not a heart to love you as you deserve. It is I that love you! Marry me, Edward! and I will this very day settle all my property on you." The Lover's eyes were now opened; and thus taken by surprise, whether from the effect of the

horror which he felt, acting as it were hysterically on his nervous system, or that at the first moment he lost the sense of guilt of the proposal in the feeling of its strangeness and absurdity, he flung her from him and burst into a fit of laughter. Irritated by this almost to frenzy, the woman fell on her knees, and in a loud voice that approached to a scream, she prayed for a curse both on him and on her own child. Mary happened to be in the room directly above them, heard Edward's laugh, and her mother's blasphemous prayer, and fainted away. He, hearing the fall, ran up stairs, and taking her in his arms, carried her off to Ellen's home; and after some fruitless attempts on her part toward a reconciliation with her mother, she was married to him.—And here the third part of the Tale begins.

I was not led to choose this story from any partiality to tragic, much less to monstrous events (though at the time that I composed the verses, somewhat more than twelve years ago, I was less averse to such subjects than at present), but from finding in it a striking proof of the possible effect on the imagination, from an Idea violently and suddenly impressed on it. I had been reading Bryan Edwards's account of the effect of the Oby witchcraft on the Negroes in the West Indies, and Hearne's deeply interesting anecdotes of similar workings on the imagination of the Copper Indians (those of my readers who have it in their power will be well repaid for the trouble of referring to those works for the passages alluded to) and I conceived the design of showing that instances of this kind are not peculiar to savage or barbarous tribes, and of illustrating the mode in which the mind is affected in these cases, and the progress and symptoms of the morbid action on the fancy from the beginning.

The Tale is supposed to be narrated by an old Sexton, in a country churchyard, to a traveller whose curiosity had been awakened by the appearance of three graves, close by each other, to two only of which there were gravestones. On the first of these was the name, and dates, as usual: on the second, no name, but only a date, and the words, "The Mercy of God is infinite.] 1818.

THE grapes upon the Vicar's wall
Were ripe as ripe could be;
And yellow leaves in sun and wind
Were falling from the tree.

On the hedge-elms in the narrow lane
Still swung the spikes of corn:
Dear Lord! it seems but yesterday—
Young Edward's marriage morn.

Up through that wood behind the church,
There leads from Edward's door

A mossy track, all over boughed,
For half a mile or more.

And from their house-door by that track
The bride and bridegroom went;
Sweet Mary, though she was not gay,
Seemed cheerful and content.

But when they to the church-yard came,
I've heard poor Mary say,
As soon as she stept into the sun,
Her heart it died away.

And when the Vicar joined their hands,
Her limbs did creep and freeze;
But when they prayed, she thought she saw
Her mother on her knees.

And o'er the church-path they returned—
I saw poor Mary's back,
Just as she stepped beneath the boughs
Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track
The married maiden set:
That moment—I have heard her say—
She wished she could forget.

The shade o'er-flushed her limbs with heat—
Then came a chill like death:
And when the merry bells rang out,
They seemed to stop her breath.

Beneath the foulest mother's curse
No child could ever thrive:
A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

So five months passed: the mother still
Would never heal the strife;
But Edward was a loving man,
And Mary a fond wife.

"My sister may not visit us,
My mother says her nay:
O Edward! you are all to me,
I wish for your sake I could be
More lifesome and more gay.

"I'm dull and sad! indeed, indeed
I know I have no reason!
Perhaps I am not well in health,
And 'tis a gloomy season."

'Twas a drizzly time—no ice, no snow!
And on the few fine days
She stirred not out lest she might meet
Her mother in the ways.

But Ellen, spite of miry ways
And weather dark and dreary,
Trudged every day to Edward's house,
And made them all more cheery.

Oh! Ellen was a faithful friend,
More dear than any sister!
As cheerful too as singing lark;
And she ne'er left them till 'twas dark,
And then they always missed her.

And now Ash-Wednesday came—that day
But few to church repair:
For on that day you know we read
The Commination prayer.

Our late old Vicar, a kind man,
Once, Sir, he said to me,
He wished that service was clean out
Of our good liturgy.

The mother walked into the church—
To Ellen's seat she went:
Though Ellen always kept her church
All church days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcomed her
With courteous looks and mild:
Thought she "what if her heart should melt,
And all be reconciled!"

The day was scarcely like a day—
The clouds were black outright:
And many a night with half a moon,
I've seen the church more light.

The wind was wild; against the glass
The rain did beat and bicker;
The church-tower swinging over head,
You scarce could hear the Vicar!

And then and there the mother knelt,
And audibly she cried—
"Oh! may a clinging curse consume
This woman by my side!

O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,
Although you take my life—
O curse this woman, at whose house
Young Edward woo'd his wife.

By night and day, in bed and bower,
O let her cursed be!"
So having prayed, steady and slow,
She rose up from her knee,
And left the church, nor e'er again
The church-door entered she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still,
So pale, I guessed not why:
When she stood up, there plainly was
A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all
Came round and asked her why:
Giddy she seemed, and sure, there was
A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepped
She smiled and told us why:
"It was a wicked woman's curse,"
Quoth she, "and what care I?"

She smiled, and smiled, and passed it off
Ere from the door she stept—
But all agree it would have been
Much better had she wept.

And if her heart was not at ease,
This was her constant cry—
"It was a wicked woman's curse
God's good, and what care I?"

There was a hurry in her looks,
Her struggles she redoubled:
"It was a wicked woman's curse—
And why should I be troubled?"

These tears will come—I dandled her
When 'twas the merest fairy—
Good creature! and she hid it all:
She told it not to Mary.

But Mary heard the tale: her arms
Round Ellen's neck she threw;
"O Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me,
And now she hath cursed you!"

I saw young Edward by himself
Stalk fast adown the lea,
He snatched a stick from every fence,
A twig from every tree.

He snapped them still with hand or knee,
And then away they flew!
As if with his uneasy limbs
He knew not what to do!

You see, good sir! that single hill?
His farm lies underneath;

He heard it there, he heard it all,
And only gnashed his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love
In all his joys and cares:
And Ellen's name and Mary's name
Fast-linked they both together came,
Whene'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his prayers
He loved them both alike:
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy
Upon his heart did strike!

He reach'd his home, and by his looks
They saw his inward strife:
And they clung round him with their arms,
Both Ellen and his wife.

And Mary could not check her tears,
So on his breast she bowed;
Then frenzy melted into grief,
And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,
But closelier did she cling,
And turned her face and looked as if
She saw some frightful thing.

THE THREE GRAVES.

PART IV.

To see a man tread over graves
I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark!

You see that grave? The Lord he gives,
The Lord he takes away:
O Sir! the child of my old age
Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one
That was not dug by me;
I'd rather dance upon 'em all
Than tread upon these three!

"Ay, Sexton! 'tis a touching tale."
You, Sir! are but a lad;
This month I'm in my seventieth year,
And still it makes me sad.

And Mary's sister told it me,
For three good hours and more;
Though I had heard it, in the main,
From Edward's self before.

Well! it passed off! the gentle Ellen
Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more:
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,
To church on Sundays came;
All seemed the same: all seemed so, Sir!
But all was not the same!

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!
But she was seldom cheerful;
And Edward looked as if he thought
That Ellen's mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself
Must sing some merry rhyme;
She could not now be glad for hours,
Yet silent all the time.

And when she soothed her friend, through all
Her soothing words 'twas plain
She had a sore grief of her own,
A haunting in her brain.

And oft she said, I'm not grown thin!
And then her wrist she spanned;

And once when Mary was downcast,
She took her by the hand,
And gazed upon her, and at first
She gently pressed her hand;

Then harder, till her grasp at length
Did gripe like a convulsion!
Alas! said she, we ne'er can be
Made happy by compulsion!

And once her both arms suddenly
Round Mary's neck she flung,
And her heart panted, and she felt
The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power
Had she the words to smother;
And with a kind of shriek she cried,
"Oh Christ! you're like your mother!"

So gentle Ellen now no more
Could make this sad house cheery;
And Mary's melancholy ways
Drove Edward wild and weary.

Lingering he raised his latch at eve,
Though tired in heart and limb:
He loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him.

One evening he took up a book,
And nothing in it read;
Then flung it down, and groaning cried,
"Oh! Heaven! that I were dead."

Mary looked up into his face,
And nothing to him said;
She tried to smile, and on his arm
Mournfully leaned her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell
Upon his knees in prayer:

"Her heart is broke! O God! my grief,
It is too great to bear!"

'Twas such a foggy time as makes
Old sextons, Sir! like me,
Rest on their spades to cough; the spring
Was late uncommonly.

And then the hot days, all at once,
They came, we knew not how;
You looked about for shade, when scarce
A leaf was on a bough.

It happened then ('twas in the bower
A furlong up the wood:
Perhaps you know the place, and yet
I scarce know how you should,—)

No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh
To any pasture-plot;
But clustered near the chattering brook,
Lone hollies marked the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape
As of an arbor took,
A close, round arbor; and it stands
Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbor, which was still
With scarlet berries hung,
Were these three friends, one Sunday morn
Just as the first bell rung.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell.

His limbs along the moss, his head
Upon a mossy heap,

With shut-up senses, Edward lay:
That brook e'en on a working day
Might chatter one to sleep.

And he had passed a restless night,
And was not well in health;
The women sat down by his side,
And talked as 'twere by stealth.

"The sun peeps through the close thick leaves,
See, dearest Ellen! see!
'Tis in the leaves, a little sun,
No bigger than your ee;

"A tiny sun, and it has got
A perfect glory too;
Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,
Make up a glory, gay and bright,
Round that small orb, so blue."

And then they argued of those rays,
What color they might be;
Says this, "they're mostly green;" says that,
"They're amber-like to me."

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts
Were troubling Edward's rest;
But soon they heard his hard quick pants,
And the thumping in his breast.

"A mother too!" these self-same words
Did Edward mutter plain;
His face was drawn back on itself,
With horror and huge pain.

Both groaned at once, for both knew well
What thoughts were in his mind;
When he waked up, and stared like one
That had been just struck blind.

He sat upright; and ere the dream
Had had time to depart,

"O God, forgive me! (he exclaimed)
I have torn out her heart."

Then Ellen shrieked, and forthwith burst
Into ungentle laughter;
And Mary shivered, where she sat,
And never she smiled after.

Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow! and To-morrow! and To-morrow!——

ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DEJECTION: AN ODE.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

I.

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now, perhaps, their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,

Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent Moon as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavor,
Though I should gaze forever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V.

O pure of heart; thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
  Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
  A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
    We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
  All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
  Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
    But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
  My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
  But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
  From my own nature all the natural man—
  This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that ravest without,
Bare craig, or mountain-tairn,* or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,
'Tis of a little child,
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

* Tairn is a small lake, generally if not always applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the Storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep;
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

ODE TO GEORGIANA,

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA IN HER "PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD."

"And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,
Then aimed the arrow at the tyrant's heart."

SPLENDOR'S fondly fostered child!
And did you hail the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,
From all that teaches brotherhood to Man
Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lulled your infant ear,
Obeisance, praises soothed your infant heart:
Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
Detained your eye from nature: stately vests,

That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands and the pleasurable wine,
Were yours unearned by toil; nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the chapel and the platform wild.
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

There crowd your finely fibred frame,
All living faculties of bliss;
And Genius to your cradle came,
His forehead wreathed with lambent flame,
And bending low, with godlike kiss
Breath'd in a more celestial life;
But boasts not many a fair compeer,
A heart as sensitive to joy and fear?
And some, perchance, might wage an equal strife,
Some few, to nobler being wrought,
Corrivals in the nobler gift of thought.
Yet these delight to celebrate
Laurelled war and plumy state;
Or in verse and music dress
Tales of rustic happiness—
Pernicious tales! insidious strains!
That steel the rich man's breast,
And mock the lot unblest,
The sordid vices and the abject pains,
Which evermore must be
The doom of ignorance and penury!
But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the chapel and the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

You were a mother! That most holy name,
Which Heaven and Nature bless,

I may not vilely prostitute to those
Whose infants owe them less
Than the poor caterpillar owes
Its gaudy parent fly.
You were a mother! at your bosom fed
The babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
Each twilight thought, each nascent feeling read,
Which you yourself created. Oh! delight!
A second time to be a mother,
Without the mother's bitter groans:
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch or taste, by looks or tones
O'er the growing sense to roll,
The mother of your infant's soul!
The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides
His chariot-planet round the goal of day,
All trembling gazes on the eye of God,
A moment turned his awful face away;
And as he viewed you, from his aspect sweet
New influences in your being rose,
Blest intuitions and communions fleet,
With living Nature, in her joys and woes!
Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see
The shrine of social Liberty!
O beautiful! O Nature's child!
'Twas thence you hailed the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Thence learn'd you that heroic measure.

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage;
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,

And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
Ere yet the tempest rose, and scared me with its roar.
Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, Power divine,
Thy spirit rests! Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle hope
And dire remembrance interlope,
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustomed mead:
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of Autumn crowds,
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR. COMPOSED IN 1796.

A MOUNT, not wearisome and bare and steep,
But a green mountain variously up-piled,
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
Or colored lichens with slow oozing weep;
Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;
And 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash
Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash;

Beneath whose boughs, by those still sounds beguiled,
Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep;
Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
That rustling on the bushy cliff above,
With melancholy bleat of anxious love,
Made meek inquiry for her wandering lamb:
Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness—
How more than sweet, if some dear friend should bless
The adventurous toil, and up the path sublime
Now lead, now follow: the glad landscape round
Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
The berries of the half-uprooted ash
Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash,—
Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark,
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;
In social silence now, and now to unlock
The treasured heart; arm linked in friendly arm,
Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag;
Till high o'er head his beckoning friend appears
And from the forehead of the topmost crag
Shouts eagerly: for haply there uprears
That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,
Which latest shall detain the enamored sight
Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
Tinged yellow with the rich departing light;
And haply, basoned in some unsunned cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
While west-winds fanned our temples toil-bedewed:
Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,
To some lone mansion, in some woody dale,

Where smiling with blue eye, domestic bliss
Gives this the husband's, that the brother's kiss!

Thus rudely versed in allegoric lore,
The Hill of Knowledge I essayed to trace;
That verdurous hill with many a resting-place,
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad and fertilize the subject plains;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
Low murmuring, lay; and starting from the rocks
Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage!
O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,
Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime;
And from the stirring world up-lifted high,
(Whose noises, faintly wafted on the wind,
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy theme supply)
There, while the prospect through the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
We'll smile at wealth, and learn to smile at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,
As neighboring fountains image, each the whole:
Then when the mind hath drunk its fill of truth
We'll discipline the heart to pure delight,
Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame.
They whom I love shall love thee, honored youth!
Now may Heaven realize this vision bright!

LINES TO W. L.

WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC.

While my young cheek retains its healthful hues,
And I have many friends who hold me dear;
L——! methinks, I would not often hear
Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose

All memory of the wrongs and sore distress,
For which my miserable brethren weep!
But should uncomforted misfortunes steep
My daily bread in tears and bitterness;
And if at death's dread moment I should lie
With no beloved face at my bed-side,
To fix the last glance of my closing eye,
Methinks, such strains, breathed by my angel-guide,
Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died!

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE

WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS MELANCHOLY.

Hence that fantastic wantonness of woe,
O Youth to partial Fortune vainly dear!
To plundered want's half-sheltered hovel go,
Go, and some hunger-bitten infant hear
Moan haply in a dying mother's ear:
Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood
O'er the rank church-yard with sere elm-leaves strewed,
Pace round some widow's grave, whose dearer part
Was slaughtered, where o'er his uncoffined limbs
The flocking flesh-birds screamed! Then, while thy heart
Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow dims,
Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young mind)
What nature makes thee mourn, she bids thee heal!
O abject! if, to sickly dreams resigned,
All effortless thou leave life's common-weal
A prey to tyrants, murderers of mankind.

SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER.

Dear native brook! wild streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy, and what mournful hours, since last
I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep imprest

Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows gray,
And bedded sand that, veined with various dyes,
Gleamed through thy bright transparence! On my way,
Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs
Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

SONNET.

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD; THE AUTHOR HAVING RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF A SON, SEPT. 20, 1796.

Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past
Mixed with such feelings, as perplex the soul
Self-questioned in her sleep; and some have said
We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.
O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,
If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead,
(As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear)
I think that I should struggle to believe
Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere
Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve;
Did'st scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
While we wept idly o'er thy little bier!

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED, HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be!

* Ἦν που ἡμῶν ἡ ψύχη πρὶν ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ εἴδει γενέσθαι.—*Plat. in Phædon.*

But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss: and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN, IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN GERMANY.

Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH.

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling:
Mother sits beside thee smiling;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Its balmy lips the infant blest
Relaxing from its mother's breast,
How sweet it heaves the happy sigh
Of innocent satiety!

And such my infant's latest sigh!
O tell, rude stone! the passer-by,
That here the pretty babe doth lie,
Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.

MELANCHOLY.

A FRAGMENT.

STRETCH'D on a mouldered Abbey's broadest wall,
Where ruining ivies propped the ruins steep—
Her folded arms wrapping her tattered pall,
Had melancholy mus'd herself to sleep.
The fern was press'd beneath her hair,
The dark green adder's tongue was there;
And still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,
The long lank leaf bowed fluttering o'er her cheek.

That pallid cheek was flushed: her eager look
Beamed eloquent in slumber! Inly wrought,
Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,
And her bent forehead worked with troubled thought.
Strange was the dream——

TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.

I.

MARK this holy chapel well!
The birth-place, this, of William Tell.
Here, where stands God's altar dread,
Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

II.

Here, first, an infant to her breast,
Him his loving mother prest;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed as mothers used to pray.

III.

"Vouchsafe him health, O God! and give
The child thy servant still to live!"
But God had destined to do more
Through him, than through an armed power.

IV.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!

V.

To Nature and to Holy Writ
Alone did God the boy commit:
Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft
His soul found wings, and soared aloft!

VI.

The straining oar and chamois chase
Had formed his limbs to strength and grace:
On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was!

VII.

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of Slavery—the which he broke!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

II.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night!
While sweeter than a mother's song,

Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

III.

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she prest;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine!
The milk rushed faster to her breast:
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn;
Peace, Peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

IV.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate!
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,——
Did'st thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

V.

And is not war a youthful king,
A stately hero clad in mail?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their friend, their playmate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

VI.

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child!

VII.

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the sire and starves the son;
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won;

Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

VIII.

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease:
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born."

HUMAN LIFE,

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom
Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
But are their whole of being! If the breath
Be life itself, and not its task and tent,
If even a soul like Milton's can know death;
O Man! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!
Surplus of nature's dread activity,
Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She formed with restless hands unconsciously!
Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,
The counter-weights!—Thy laughter and thy tears
Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
And to repay the other! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?
Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood,
Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold?
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold

These costly shadows of thy shadowy self?
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!
Thou hast no reason why! Thou can'st have none;
Thy being's being is contradiction.

MOLES.

—They shrink in, as Moles
(Nature's mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground)
Creep back from Light—then listen for its sound;—
See but to dread, and dread they know not why—
The natural alien of their negative eye.

THE VISIT OF THE GODS.

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone:
Scarce had I welcomed the sorrow-beguiler,
Iacchus! but in came boy Cupid the smiler;
Lo! Phœbus the glorious descends from his throne!
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all!
With divinities fills my
Terrestrial hall!

How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial quire?
Me rather, bright guests! with your wings of up-buoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!
Hah! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my soul!
O give me the nectar!
O fill me the bowl!
Give him the nectar!
Pour out for the poet,
Hebe! pour free!

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! Io Pæan, I cry!
The wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die!

ELEGY,

IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK-VERSE INSCRIPTIONS.

NEAR the lone pile with ivy overspread,
Fast by the rivulet's sleep-persuading sound,
Where "sleeps the moonlight" on yon verdant bed—
O humbly press that consecrated ground!

For there does Edmund rest, the learned swain!
And there his spirit most delights to rove:
Young Edmund! famed for each harmonious strain,
And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.

Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,
And loads the west-wind with its soft perfume,
His manhood blossomed: till the faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.

But soon did righteous Heaven her guilt pursue!
Where'er with wildered step she wandered pale,
Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,
Still Edmund's voice accused her in each gale.

With keen regret, and conscious guilt's alarms,
Amid the pomp of affluence she pined;
Nor all that lured her faith from Edmund's arms
Could lull the wakeful horror of her mind.

Go, Traveller! tell the tale with sorrow fraught:
Some tearful maid perchance, or blooming youth,
May hold it in remembrance; and be taught
That riches can not pay for Love or Truth.

SEPARATION.

A SWORDED man whose trade is blood,
In grief, in anger, and in fear,
Thro' jungle, swamp, and torrent flood,
I seek the wealth you hold so dear!

The dazzling charm of outward form,
The power of gold, the pride of birth,
Have taken Woman's heart by storm—
Usurped the place of inward worth.

Is not true Love of higher price
Than outward Form, tho' fair to see,
Wealth's glittering fairy-dome of ice,
Or echo of proud ancestry?—

O! Asra, Asra! couldst thou see
Into the bottom of my heart,
There's such a mine of Love for thee,
As almost might supply desert!

(This separation is, alas!
Too great a punishment to bear;
O! take my life, or let me pass
That life, that happy life, with her!)

The perils, erst with steadfast eye
Encounter'd, now I shrink to see—
Oh! I have heart enough to die—
Not half enough to part from Thee!

ON TAKING LEAVE OF ——, 1817.

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!
O for some dear abiding-place of Love,
O'er which my spirit, like the mother dove,
Might brood with warming wings!—O fair as kind,
Were but one sisterhood with you combined,
(Your very image they in shape and mind)

Far rather would I sit in solitude,
The forms of memory all my mental food,
And dream of you, sweet sisters, (ah, not mine !)
And only dream of you (ah dream and pine !)
Than have the presence, and partake the pride,
And shine in the eye of all the world beside !

THE PANG MORE SHARP THAN ALL.

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

He too has flitted from his secret nest,
Hope's last and dearest Child without a name !—
Has flitted from me, like the warmthless flame,
That makes false promise of a place of rest
To the tir'd Pilgrim's still believing mind ;—
Or like some Elfin Knight in kingly court,
Who having won all guerdons in his sport,
Glides out of view, and whither none can find !

II.

Yes ! He hath flitted from me—with what aim,
Or why, I know not ! 'Twas a home of bliss,
And He was innocent, as the pretty shame
Of babe, that tempts and shuns the menaced kiss,
From its twy-cluster'd hiding-place of snow !
Pure as the babe, I ween, and all aglow
As the dear hopes, that swell the mother's breast—
Her eyes down gazing o'er her clasped charge ;—
Yet gay as that twice happy father's kiss,
That well might glance aside, yet never miss,
Where the sweet mark emboss'd so sweet a targe—
Twice wretched he who hath been doubly blest !

III.

Like a loose blossom on a gusty night
He flitted from me—and has left behind
(As if to them his faith he ne'er did plight)
Of either sex and answerable mind

Two playmates, twin-births of his foster-dame :—
The one a steady lad (Esteem he hight)
And Kindness is the gentler sister's name.
Dim likeness now, tho' fair she be and good
Of that bright Boy who hath us all forsook ;—
But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood,
And while her face reflected every look,
And in reflection kindled—she became
So like Him, that almost she seem'd the same !

IV.

Ah ! He is gone, and yet will not depart !—
Is with me still, yet I from Him exil'd !
For still there lives within my secret heart
The magic image of the magic Child,
Which there He made up-grow by his strong art
As in that crystal* orb—wise Merlin's feat,—
The wondrous "World of Glass," wherein inisl'd
All long'd for things their beings did repeat ;—
And there he left it, like a Sylph beguiled,
To live and yearn and languish incomplete !

V.

Can wit of man a heavier grief reveal ?
Can sharper pang from hate or scorn arise ?—
Yes ! one more sharp there is that deeper lies,
Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would heal.
Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,
But sad compassion and atoning zeal !
One pang more blighting-keen than hope betray'd !
And this it is my woful hap to feel,
When at her Brother's hest, the twin-born Maid
With face averted and unsteady eyes,
Her truant playmate's faded robe puts on ;
And inly shrinking from her own disguise
Enacts the faery Boy that's lost and gone.
O worse than all ! O pang all pangs above
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love !

* Faerie Queene, b. iii. c. ii. s. 19.

KUBLA KHAN: OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage:" "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter:

> Then all the charm
> Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
> Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
> And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
> Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
> The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
> The visions will return! And lo! he stays,
> And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
> Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
> The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. Αὔριον ἄδιον ἄσω: but the to-morrow is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease —1816.

KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
  Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

  The shadow of the dome of pleasure
  Floated midway on the waves;
  Where was heard the mingled measure
  From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
  A damsel with a dulcimer
  In a vision once I saw:
  It was an Abyssinian maid,
  And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
Only a sense of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere
Eternal strength and wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!

Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffered, or I did:
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed: the night's dismay
Saddened and stunned the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stained with sin,—
For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

LIMBO.

'Tis a strange place, this Limbo!—not a Place,
Yet name it so;—where Time and weary Space
Fettered from flight, with night-mare sense of fleeing,
Strive for their last crepuscular half-being;—
Lank Space, and scytheless Time with branny hands
Barren and soundless as the measuring sands,

Not mark'd by flit of Shades,—unmeaning they
As moonlight on the dial of the day!
But that is lovely—looks like human Time,—
An old man with a steady look sublime,
That stops his earthly task to watch the skies;
But he is blind—a statue hath such eyes;—
Yet having moonward turn'd his face by chance,
Gazes the orb with moon-like countenance,
With scant white hairs, with foretop bald and high,
He gazes still,—his eyeless face all eye;—
As 'twere an organ full of silent sight,
His whole face seemeth to rejoice in light!—
Lip touching lip, all moveless, bust and limb—
He seems to gaze at that which seems to gaze on him!
No such sweet sights doth Limbo den immure,
Wall'd round, and made a spirit-jail secure,
By the mere horror of blank Naught-at-all,
Whose circumambience doth these ghosts enthrall.
A lurid thought is growthless, dull Privation,
Yet that is but a Purgatory curse;
Hell knows a fear far worse,
A fear—a future state;—'tis positive Negation!

NE PLUS ULTRA.

Sole Positive of Night!
Antipathist of Light!
Fate's only essence! primal scorpion rod—
The one permitted opposite of God!—
Condensed blackness and abysmal storm
Compacted to one sceptre
Arms the Grasp enorm—
The Intercepter—
The Substance that still casts the shadow Death!—
The Dragon foul and fell—
The unrevealable,
And hidden one, whose breath
Gives wind and fuel to the fires of Hell!—
Ah! sole despair
Of both th' eternities in Heaven!

Sole interdict of all-bedewing prayer,
The all-compassionate!
Save to the Lampads Seven
Reveal'd to none of all th' Angelic State,
Save to the Lampads Seven,
That watch the throne of Heaven!

APOLOGETIC PREFACE

TO "FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER."*

At the house of a gentleman, who, by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian, consecrates a cultivated genius and the favorable accidents of birth, opulence, and splendid connections, it was my good fortune to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature, than are commonly found collected round the same table. In the course of conversation, one of the party reminded an illustrious poet, then present, of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper under the name of a War-Eclogue, in which Fire, Famine, and Slaughter were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that none of us should have noticed or heard of the poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed, that my feelings were at this moment not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only knew, or suspected me to be the author; a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living poets, if the Genius of our country had not decreed that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its philosophers and scientific benefactors. It appeared the general wish to hear the lines. As my friend chose to remain silent, I chose to follow his example, and Mr. ***** recited the poem. This he could do with the better grace, being known to have ever been not only a firm and active Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican, but likewise a zealous admirer of Mr. Pitt, both as a good man and a great statesman. As a poet exclusively, he had been amused with the Eclogue; as a poet he recited it; and in a spirit, which made it evident, that he would have read and repeated it with the same pleasure, had his own name been attached to the imaginary object or agent.

After the recitation, our amiable host observed, that in his opinion Mr. ***** had overrated the merits of the poetry; but had they been tenfold greater, they could not have compensated for that malignity of heart, which could alone have prompted sentiments so atrocious. I perceived that my illustrious friend became greatly distressed on my account; but fortunately I was able to preserve fortitude and presence of mind enough to take up the subject without exciting even a suspicion how nearly and painfully it interested me.

* See page 123.

What follows, is the substance of what I then replied, but dilated and in language less colloquial. It was not my intention, I said, to justify the publication, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent, and unprincipled readers. Could it be supposed, though for a moment, that the author seriously wished what he had thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to the hearers. But it seemed to me worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind, and the general state of sensations, in which a poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to co-exist, or is even compatible with, that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to realize them would pre-suppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general, all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame, and mild. The mind under so direful and fiend-like an influence seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings, with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy and association, and by the specific joyousness combined with it, would assuredly themselves preclude such activity. Passion, in its own quality, is the antagonist of action; though in an ordinary and natural degree the former alternates with the latter, and thereby revives and strengthens it. But the more intense and insane the passion is, the fewer and the more fixed are the correspondent forms and notions. A rooted hatred, an inveterate thirst of revenge, is a sort of madness, and still eddies round its favorite object, and exercises as it were a perpetual tautology of mind in thoughts and words, which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty circumference, which it can not leave without losing its vital element.

There is a second character of such imaginary representations as spring from a real and earnest desire of evil to another, which we often see in real life, and might even anticipate from the nature of the mind. The images, I mean, that a vindictive man places before his imagination, will most often be taken from the realities of life: they will be images of pain and suffering which he has himself seen inflicted on other men, and which he can fancy himself as inflicting on the object of his hatred. I will suppose that we had heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended him: that the first with apparent violence had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrid phantoms and fantastic places that ever Quevedo dreamt of, and this in a rapid flow of those outrageous and wildly combined execrations, which too often with our lower classes serve for escape-valves to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much superfluous steam that would endanger the

vessel if it were retained. The other on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone which is to the ear what the paleness of anger is to the eye, shall simply say, "If I chance to be made boatswain, as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand (and I shall be upon the watch for him), I'll tickle his pretty skin! I won't hurt him! oh no! I'll only cut the — — to the liver!" I dare appeal to all present, which of the two they would regard as the least deceptive symptom of deliberate malignity? nay, whether it would surprise them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterwards, cordially shaking hands with the very man, the fractional parts of whose body and soul he had been so charitably disposing of; or even perhaps risking his life for him. What language Shakspeare considered characteristic of malignant disposition, we see in the speech of the good-natured Gratiano, who spoke "an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice;"

—"Too wild, too rude and bold of voice!"

the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

——"O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused!"

and the wild fancies that follow, contrasted with Shylock's tranquil "I stand here for Law."

Or, to take a case more analogous to the present subject, should we hold it either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish, that all the persons mentioned by him (many recently departed, and some even alive at the time), should actually suffer the fantastic and horrible punishments, to which he has sentenced them in his Hell and Purgatory? Or what shall we say of the passages in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those who, vicious themselves, have been the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures. Could we endure for a moment to think that a spirit, like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindliness; who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness, as makes the very words seem beauties and fragments of poetry from Euripides or Simonides;—can we endure to think, that a man so natured and so disciplined, did at the time of composing this horrible picture, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases? or that he would have described in the same tone of justification, in the same luxuriant flow of phrases, the tortures about to be inflicted on a living individual by a verdict of the Star-Chamber? or the still more atrocious sentences executed on the Scotch anti-prelatists and schismatics, at the command, and in some instances under the very eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, and of that wretched bigot who afterwards dishonored and forfeited the throne of Great Britain? Or do we not rather feel and understand, that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes and electrical apparitions, from the magic cauldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language.

Were I now to have read by myself for the first time the poem in question, my conclusion, I fully believe, would be, that the writer must have been some man of warm feelings and active fancy; that he had painted to himself the circumstances that accompany war in so many vivid and yet fantastic forms, as proved that neither the images nor the feelings were the result of observation, or in any way derived from realities. I should judge, that they were the product of his own seething imagination, and therefore impregnated with that pleasurable exultation which is experienced in all energetic exertion of intellectual power; that in the same mood he had generalized the causes of the war, and then personified the abstract and christened it by the name which he had been accustomed to hear most often associated with its management and measures. I should guess that the minister was in the author's mind at the moment of composition as completely *ἀπαθής*, *ἀναιμόσαρκος*, as Anacreon's grasshopper, and that he had as little notion of a real person of flesh and blood,

"Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,"

as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantoms (half person, half allegory) which he has placed at the gates of Hell. I concluded by observing, that the poem was not calculated to excite passion in any mind, or to make any impression except on poetic readers: and that from the culpable levity, betrayed at the close of the eclogue by the grotesque union of epigrammatic wit with allegoric personification, in the allusion to the most fearful of thoughts, I should conjecture that the "rantin' Bardie," instead of really believing, much less wishing, the fate spoken of in the last line, in application to any human individual, would shrink from passing the verdict even on the Devil himself, and exclaim with poor Burns,

But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upon you den,
Ev'n for your sake!

I need not say that these thoughts, which are here dilated, were in such a company only rapidly suggested. Our kind host smiled, and with a courteous compliment observed, that the defence was too good for the cause. My voice faltered a little, for I was somewhat agitated; though not so much on my own account as for the uneasiness that so kind and friendly a man would feel from the thought that he had been the occasion of distressing me. At length I brought out these words; "I must now confess, Sir! that I am author of that poem. It was written some years ago. I do not attempt to justify my past self, young as I then was; but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I even then from imagining, that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risk of my own."

I have prefaced the poem with this anecdote, because to have printed it without any remark might well have been understood as implying an unconditional approbation on my part, and this after many years' consideration. But if it be asked why I re-published it at all, I answer, that the poem had been attributed at different times to different other persons; and what I had dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honorable not to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two poems, the one entitled The Devil's Thoughts, and the other, The Two round Spaces on the Tomb-Stone,* but that the first three stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the best stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend of deserved celebrity; and because there are passages in both, which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions, and absurd conceptions that deform the pure faith of a Christian, should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head; and I would rather reason with this weakness than offend it.

The passage from Jeremy Taylor to which I referred, is found in his second Sermon on Christ's Advent to Judgment; which is likewise the second in his year's course of sermons. Among many remarkable passages of the same character in those discourses, I have selected this as the most so. "But when this Lion of the tribe of Judah shall appear, then Justice shall strike, and Mercy shall not hold her hands; she shall strike sore strokes, and Pity shall not break the blow. As there are treasures of good things, so hath God a treasure of wrath and fury, and scourges and scorpions; and then shall be produced the shame of lust and the malice of envy, and the groans of the oppressed and the persecutions of the saints, and the cares of covetousness and the troubles of ambition, and the indolence of traitors and the violences of rebels, and the rage of anger and the uneasiness of impatience, and the restlessness of unlawful desires; and by this time the monsters and diseases will be numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press the sanies and the intolerableness, the obliquity and the unreasonableness, the amazement and the disorder, the smart and the sorrow, the guilt and the punishment, out from all our sins, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink off all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats with the violence of devils and accursed spirits."

That this Tartarean drench displays the imagination rather than the discretion of the compounder; that, in short, this passage and others of the same kind are in a bad taste, few will deny at the present day. It would, doubtless, have more behooved the good bishop not to be wise beyond what is written on a subject in which Eternity is opposed to Time, and a death threatened, not the negative, but the positive Opposite of Life; a subject, therefore, which must of necessity be indescribable to the human under-

* See pp, 289 292.

standing in our present state. But I can neither find nor believe, that it ever occurred to any reader to ground on such passages a charge against Bishop Taylor's humanity, or goodness of heart. I was not a little surprised therefore to find, in the Pursuits of Literature and other works, so horrible a sentence passed on Milton's moral character, for a passage in his prose writings, as nearly parallel to this of Taylor's as two passages can well be conceived to be. All his merits, as a poet, forsooth—all the glory of having written the Paradise Lost, are light in the scale, nay, kick the beam, compared with the atrocious malignity of heart, expressed in the offensive paragraph. I remembered, in general, that Milton had concluded one of his works on Reformation, written in the fervor of his youthful imagination, in a high poetic strain, that wanted metre only to become a lyrical poem. I remembered that in the former part he had formed to himself a perfect ideal of human virtue, a character of heroic, disinterested zeal and devotion for Truth, Religion, and public Liberty, in act and in suffering, in the day of triumph and in the hour of martyrdom. Such spirits, as more excellent than others, he describes as having a more excellent reward, and as distinguished by a transcendent glory; and this reward and this glory he displays and particularizes with an energy and brilliance that announced the Paradise Lost as plainly, as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the coming of the Sun. Milton then passes to the gloomy contrast, to such men as from motives of selfish ambition and the lust of personal aggrandizement should, against their own light, persecute truth and the true religion, and wilfully abuse the powers and gifts intrusted to them, to bring vice, blindness, misery and slavery, on their native country, on the very country that had trusted, enriched and honored them. Such beings, after that speedy and appropriate removal from their sphere of mischief which all good and humane men must of course desire, will, he takes for granted by parity of reason, meet with a punishment, an ignominy, and a retaliation, as much severer than other wicked men, as their guilt and its consequences were more enormous. His description of this imaginary punishment presents more distinct pictures to the fancy than the extract from Jeremy Taylor, but the thoughts in the latter are incomparably more exaggerated and horrific. All this I knew; but I neither remembered, nor by reference and careful re-perusal could discover, any other meaning, either in Milton or Taylor, but that good men will be rewarded, and the impenitent wicked punished, in proportion to their dispositions and intentional acts in this life; and that if the punishment of the least wicked be fearful beyond conception, all words and descriptions must be so far true, that they must fall short of the punishment that awaits the transcendently wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not. Is this representation worded historically, or only hypothetically? Assuredly the latter. Does he express it as his own wish, that after death they should suffer these tortures? or as a general consequence, deduced from reason and revelation, that such will be their fate? Again, the latter only. His wish is expressly confined to a speedy stop being put

by Providence to their power of inflicting misery on others. But did he name or refer to any persons living or dead? No. But the calumniators of Milton dare say (for what will calumny not dare say?) that he had Laud and Strafford in his mind, while writing of remorseless persecution, and the enslavement of a free country, from motives of selfish ambition. Now, what if a stern anti-prelatist should dare say, that in speaking of the insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels, Bishop Taylor must have individualized in his mind, Hampden, Hollis, Pym, Fairfax, Ireton, and Milton? And what if he should take the liberty of concluding, that, in the after-description, the Bishop was feeding and feasting his party-hatred, and with those individuals before the eyes of his imagination enjoying, trait by trait, horror after horror, the picture of their intolerable agonies? Yet this bigot would have an equal right thus to criminate the one good and great man, as these men have to criminate the other. Milton has said, and I doubt not but that Taylor with equal truth could have said it, "that in his whole life he never spake against a man even that his skin should be grazed." He asserted this when one of his opponents (either Bishop Hall or his nephew) had called upon the women and children in the streets to take up stones and stone him (Milton). It is known that Milton repeatedly used his interest to protect the royalists; but even at a time when all lies would have been meritorious against him, no charge was made, no story pretended that he had ever directly or indirectly engaged or assisted in their persecution. Oh! methinks there are other and far better feelings, which should be acquired by the perusal of our great elder writers. When I have before me on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter: when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other: it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the human too-much on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce. "The tangle of delusions which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away; the parasite weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remains only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious unhazardous labors of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext. We ante-date the feelings, in order to criminate the authors, of our present liberty, light and toleration."*

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both.

* The Friend, Works. II. p. 68.

Milton's next work was then against the Prelacy and the then existing Church-Government—Taylor's in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was called republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more skeptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to all forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Roman-Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any; hence he availed himself, in his popular writings, of opinions and representations which stand often in striking contrast with the doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears, indeed, not too severely to have blamed that management of truth (istam falsitatem dispensativam) authorized and exemplified by almost all the fathers: Integrum omnino doctoribus et cœtus Christiani antistitibus esse, ut dolos versent, falsa veris intermisceant et imprimis religionis hostes fallant, dummodo veritatis commodis et utilitati inserviant.

The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) agglomerative; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the schoolmen in subtlety, agility, and logic wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still interfused here and there, we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In genius, in learning, in unfeigned piety, in blameless purity of life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general toleration, and the liberty both of the pulpit and the press! In the writings of neither shall we find a single sentence, like those meek deliverances to God's mercy, with which Laud accompanied his votes for the mutilations and loathsome dungeoning of Leighton and others!—nowhere such a pious prayer as we find in Bishop Hall's memoranda of his own life, concerning the subtle and witty atheist that so grievously perplexed and gravelled him at Sir Robert Drury's till he prayed to the Lord to remove him, and behold! his prayers were heard: for shortly afterward this Philistine-combatant went to London, and there perished of the plague in great misery! In short, nowhere shall we find the least approach, in the lives and writings of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, to that guarded gentleness, to that sighing reluctance, with which the holy brethren of the Inquisition deliver over a condemned heretic to the civil magistrate, recommending him to mercy, and hoping that the magistrate will treat the erring brother with all possible mildness!—the magistrate, who too well knows what would be his own fate, if he dared offend them by acting on their recommendation.

The opportunity of diverting the reader from myself to characters more worthy of his attention, has led me far beyond my first intention; but it is not unimportant to expose the false zeal which has occasioned these attacks on our elder patriots. It has been too much the fashion, first to personify the Church of England, and then to speak of different individuals, who in different ages have been rulers in that church, as if in some strange way they constituted its personal identity. Why should a clergyman of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partisan of our establishment, that he can assert with truth,—when our Church persecuted, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and at all events, far less culpable was this intolerance in the Bishops, who were maintaining the existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shown by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case. We can say, that our Church, apostolical in its faith, primitive in its ceremonies, unequalled in its liturgical forms; that our Church, which has kindled and displayed more bright and burning lights of genius and learning, than all other Protestant churches since the Reformation, was (with the single exception of the times of Laud and Sheldon) least intolerant, when all Christians unhappily deemed a species of intolerance their religious duty; that Bishops of our Church were among

the first that contended against this error; and finally, that since the Reformation, when tolerance became a fashion, the Church of England in a tolerating age, has shown herself eminently tolerant, and far more so, both in spirit and in fact, than many of her most bitter opponents, who profess to deem toleration itself an insult on the rights of mankind! As to myself, who not only know the Church-Establishment to be tolerant, but who see in it the greatest, if not the sole safe bulwark of toleration, I feel no necessity of defending or palliating oppressions under the two Charleses, in order to exclaim with a full and fervent heart, Esto perpetua!

THE ANCIENT MARINER,

AND

CHRISTABEL.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

FACILE credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.

T. BURNET. ARCHÆOL. PHIL. p. 68.

PART I.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding feast, and detaineth one.

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spellbound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He can not choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he can not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:

And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beast we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

Till a great sea-bird called the Albatross, came through the snow fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returneth northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
Why look'st thou so ?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo !

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues ; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even until it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had followed them ; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

The ship-mates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner ; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! A sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
A flash of joy; Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The spectre-woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew!

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steerman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the Moon.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

His ship-mates drop down dead.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.*

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

* For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward;

and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on ;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :

The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong ; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

"Is it he ?" quoth one, "Is this the man ?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go:
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:

All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—

O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The Hermit of the wood,

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!

The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

CHRISTABEL.

PREFACE.*

The first part of the following poem was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, Cumberland. It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggerel version of two monkish Latin hexameters.

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours;
But an if this will not do;
Let it be mine, good friend! for I
Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add, that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion.

PART I.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;

* To the edition of 1816.

Tu—whit !——Tu—whoo !
And hark, again ! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud ;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full ;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray :
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle-gate ?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight ;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest misletoe :
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel !

It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she can not tell.—
On the other side, it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush! beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet:—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:

Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine:
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I can not tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine:
O well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the Lady by her side:
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine,
I can not speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!

And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :
For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying ;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath !
And now have reached her chamber door ;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.
The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet :
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.

She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?
Christabel answered—Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she—
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,

And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, so let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,

And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
Then suddenly as one defied
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's side!—
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah well-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair;
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I.

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak-tree.
Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy leafless boughs,
Kneeling in the moonlight,
To make her gentle vows;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,

Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak-tree?
And lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo! tu—whoo!
Tu—whoo! tu—whoo! from wood and fell!
And see! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light!
Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere?
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

PART II.

EACH matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead:
These words Sir Leoline will say,
Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borodale.

The air is still! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,

And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak-tree!
Nay, fairer yet! and yet more fair!
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep!
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,
"Now heaven be praised if all be well!"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine ?

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between ;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face :
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage ;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy !
" And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek

My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men !"
He spake : his eye in lightning rolls !
For the lady was ruthlessly seized ; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend !

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain !
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah, woe is me ! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid ! such sights to see ?)
Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound :
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light !
With new surprise,
"What ails then my beloved child ?"
The Baron said—His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well !"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else : so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.

Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared, she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.
"Nay!
Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array;
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam:
And by mine honor! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!—

—For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone ;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing ;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing !—
" Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell ;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me ;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest !
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir Leoline ! I saw the same
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird ;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

" And in my dream methought I went
To search out what might there be found ;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry ;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo ! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck,
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched ;

And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
I woke; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day,
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
"Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel——
Jesu Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!—
One moment—and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance

Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound ;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one !
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind ;
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate !
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view——
As far as such a look could be,
In eyes so innocent and blue !
And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed :
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
" By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away !"
She said : and more she could not say :
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline ? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild ;
The same, for whom thy lady died !
O by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child !
For her, and thee, and for no other,

She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild.
Dishonored thus in his old age;
Dishonored by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the wrong'd daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere—
"Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II.

A LITTLE child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last

Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Ἔρως ἄει λάληδρος ἑταιρος.

In many ways doth the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would show.

ALICE DU CLOS:

OR THE FORKED TONGUE. A BALLAD.

"One word with two meanings is the traitor's shield and shaft: and a slit tongue be his blazon!" *Caucasian Proverb.*

"THE Sun is not yet risen,
But the dawn lies red on the dew:
Lord Julian has stolen from the hunters away,
Is seeking, Lady, for you.
Put on your dress of green,
Your buskins and your quiver;
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Long waiting brook'd he never.
I dare not doubt him, that he means
To wed you on a day,
Your lord and master for to be,
And you his lady gay.
O Lady! throw your book aside!
I would not that my Lord should chide."

Thus spake Sir Hugh the vassal knight
To Alice, child of old Du Clos,
As spotless fair, as airy light
As that moonshiny doe,
The gold star on its brow, her sire's ancestral crest!
For ere the lark had left his nest,
She in the garden bower below
Sate loosely wrapt in maiden white,
Her face half drooping from the sight,
A snow-drop on a tuft of snow!
O close your eyes, and strive to see
The studious maid, with book on knee,—
Ah! earliest-opened flower;
While yet with keen unblunted light
The morning star shone opposite
The lattice of her bower—

Alone of all the starry host,
As if in prideful scorn
Of flight and fear he stay'd behind,
To brave th' advancing morn.

O ! Alice could read passing well,
And she was conning then
Dan Ovid's mazy tale of loves,
And gods, and beasts, and men.

The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,
It thrill'd like venom thro' her brain ;
Yet never from the book
She rais'd her head, nor did she deign
The knight a single look.

" Off, traitor friend ! how dar'st thou fix
Thy wanton gaze on me ?
And why, against my earnest suit,
Does Julian send by thee ?

" Go, tell thy Lord, that slow is sure :
Fair speed his shafts to-day !
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey."

She said : and with a baleful smile
The vassal knight reel'd off—
Like a huge billow from a bark
Toil'd in the deep sea-trough,
That shouldering sideways in mid plunge,
Is travers'd by a flash.
And staggering onward, leaves the ear
With dull and distant crash.

And Alice sate with troubled mien
A moment ; for the scoff was keen,
And thro' her veins did shiver !
Then rose and donned her dress of green,
Her buskins and her quiver.

There stands the flow'ring may-thorn tree!
From thro' the veiling mist you see
  The black and shadowy stem;—
Smit by the sun the mist in glee
Dissolves to lightsome jewelry—
  Each blossom hath its gem!

With tear-drop glittering to a smile,
The gay maid on the garden-stile
  Mimics the hunter's shout.
"Hip! Florian, hip! To horse, to horse!
  Go, bring the palfrey out.

"My Julian's out with all his clan,
  And, bonny boy, you wis,
For Julian is a hasty man,
  Who comes late, comes amiss."

Now Florian was a stripling squire,
  A gallant boy of Spain,
That tossed his head in joy and pride,
Behind his Lady fair to ride,
  But blushed to hold her train.

The huntress is in her dress of green—
And forth they go, she with her bow,
  Her buskins and her quiver!—
The squire—no younger e'er was seen—
With restless arm and laughing een,
  He makes his javelin quiver.

And had not Ellen stay'd the race,
And stopp'd to see a moment's space,
  The whole great globe of light
Give the last parting kiss-like touch
To the eastern ridge, it lack'd not much,
  They had o'erta'en the knight.

It chanced that up the covert lane,
  Where Julian waiting stood,

A neighbor knight pricked on to join
The huntsmen in the wood.

And with him must Lord Julian go,
Tho' with an anger'd mind:
Betroth'd not wedded to his bride,
In vain he sought, 'twixt shame and pride,
Excuse to stay behind.

He bit his lip, he wrung his glove,
He look'd around, he look'd above,
But pretext none could find or frame!
Alas! alas! and well-a-day!
It grieves me sore to think, to say,
That names so seldom meet with Love,
Yet Love wants courage without a name!

Straight from the forest's skirt the trees
O'er-branching, made an aisle,
Where hermit old might pace and chant
As in a minster's pile.

From underneath its leafy screen,
And from the twilight shade,
You pass at once into a green,
A green and lightsome glade.

And there Lord Julian sate on steed;
Behind him, in a round,
Stood knight and squire, and menial train;
Against the leash the greyhounds strain;
The horses paw'd the ground.

When up the alley green, Sir Hugh
Spurr'd in upon the sward,
And mute, without a word, did he
Fall in behind his lord.

Lord Julian turn'd his steed half round.—
"What! doth not Alice deign
To accept your loving convoy, knight?
Or doth she fear our woodland sleight,
And joins us on the plain?"

With stifled tones the knight replied,
And look'd askance on either side,—
" Nay, let the hunt proceed !—
The Lady's message that I bear,
I guess would scantly please your ear,
And less deserves your heed.

" You sent betimes. Not yet unbarr'd
I found the middle door ;—
Two stirrers only met my eyes,
Fair Alice, and one more.

" I came unlook'd for : and, it seemed,
In an unwelcome hour ;
And found the daughter of Du Clos
Within the lattic'd bower.

" But hush ! the rest may wait. If lost,
No great loss, I divine ;
And idle words will better suit
A fair maid's lips than mine."

" God's wrath ! speak out, man," Julian cried,
O'ermaster'd by the sudden smart ;—
And feigning wrath, sharp, blunt, and rude,
The knight his subtle shift pursued.—
" Scowl not at me ; command my skill,
To lure your hawk back, if you will,
But not a woman's heart.

" ' Go ! (said she) tell him,—slow is sure ;
Fair speed his shafts to-day !
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey.'

" The game, pardie, was full in sight,
That then did, if I saw aright,
The fair dame's eyes engage ;
For turning, as I took my ways,
I saw them fix'd with steadfast gaze
Full on her wanton page."

The last word of the traitor knight
It had but entered Julian's ear,—
From two o'erarching oaks between,
With glist'ning helm-like cap is seen,
Borne on in giddy cheer,

A youth, that ill his steed can guide;
Yet with reverted face doth ride,
As answering to a voice,
That seems at once to laugh and chide—
"Not mine, dear mistress," still he cried,
"'Tis this mad filly's choice."

With sudden bound, beyond the boy,
See! see! that face of hope and joy,
That regal front! those cheeks aglow!
Thou needed'st but the crescent sheen,
A quiver'd Dian to have been,
Thou lovely child of old Du Clos!

Dark as a dream Lord Julian stood,
Swift as a dream, from forth the wood,
Sprang on the plighted Maid!
With fatal aim, and frantic force,
The shaft was hurl'd!—a lifeless corse,
Fair Alice from her vaulting horse,
Lies bleeding on the glade.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?—
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch-tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

HYMN TO THE EARTH.

HEXAMETERS.

EARTH ! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Hail ! O Goddess, thrice hail ! Blest be thou ! and, blessing, I hymn thee !
Forth, ye sweet sounds ! from my harp, and my voice shall float on your surges—
Soar thou aloft, O my soul ! and bear up my song on thy pinions.

Travelling the vale with mine eyes—green meadows and lake with green island,
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing in brightness,
Thrilled with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope of the mountain,
Here, great mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on thy bosom !
Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft through thy tresses,
Green-haired goddess ! refresh me ; and hark ! as they hurry or linger,
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.
Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest sadness
Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly sadness
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymn of thanksgiving.
Earth ! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Sister thou of the stars, and beloved by the sun, the rejoicer !
Guardian and friend of the moon, O Earth, whom the comets forget not,
Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round and again they behold thee !
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of creation ?)
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon thee enamored !
Say, mysterious Earth ! O say, great mother and goddess,
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap was ungirdled,

Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he wooed thee and won thee!
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes of morning!
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of thy self-retention:
Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself at thy centre!
Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience; and forthwith
Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement.
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,
Filled, as a dream, the wide waters; the rivers sang on their channels;
Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas; the yearning ocean swelled upward;
Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and the echoing mountains,
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled on blossoming branches.

WRITTEN DURING A TEMPORARY BLINDNESS, IN THE YEAR 1799.

O, WHAT a life is the eye! what a strange and inscrutable essence!
Him, that is utterly blind, nor glimpses the fire that warms him;
Him that never beheld the swelling breast of his mother;
Him that smiled in his gladness as a babe that smiles in its slumber;
Even for him it exists! It moves and stirs in its prison!
Lives with a separate life: and—"Is it a spirit?" he murmurs:
"Sure, it has thoughts of its own, and to see is only a language!"

MAHOMET.

UTTER the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed,
Prophet and priest, who scatter'd abroad both evil and blessing,
Huge wasteful empires founded and hallow'd slow persecution,
Soul-withering, but crush'd the blasphemous rites of the Pagan
And idolatrous Christians.—For veiling the Gospel of Jesus,
They, the best corrupting, had made it worse than the vilest.

Wherefore Heaven decreed th' enthusiast warrior of Mecca,
Choosing good from iniquity rather than evil from goodness.
Loud the tumult in Mecca surrounding the fane of the idol ;—
Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid—the people with mad shouts
Thundering now, and now with saddest ululation
Flew, as over the channel of rock-stone the ruinous river
Shatters its waters abreast, and in mazy uproar bewilder'd,
Rushes dividuous all—all rushing impetuous onward.

CATULLIAN HENDECASYLLABLES.

Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story !—
High, and embosom'd in congregated laurels,
Glimmer'd a temple upon a breezy headland ;
In the dim distance amid the skyey billows
Rose a fair island ; the god of flocks had plac'd it.
From the far shores of the bleak resounding island
Oft by the moonlight a little boat came floating,
Came to the sea-cave beneath the breezy headland,
Where amid myrtles a pathway stole in mazes
Up to the groves of the high embosom'd temple.
There in a thicket of dedicated roses,
Oft did a priestess, as lovely as a vision,
Pouring her soul to the son of Cytherea,
Pray him to hover around the slight canoe-boat,
And with invisible pilotage to guide it
Over the dusk wave, until the nightly sailor
Shivering with ecstasy sank upon her bosom.

DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE,

THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE.

A SOLILOQUY.

Unchanged within to see all changed without
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.
Yet why at others' wanings should'st thou fret ?
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,

Hadst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight,
O wiselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,
While, and on whom, thou may'st—shine on! nor heed
Whether the object by reflected light
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite:
And though thou notest from thy safe recess
Old friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they are; nor love them less,
Because to thee they are not what they were.

PHANTOM OR FACT?

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

AUTHOR.

A LOVELY form there sate beside my bed,
And such a feeding calm its presence shed,
A tender love so pure from earthly leaven
That I unnethe the fancy might control,
'Twas my own spirit newly come from heaven,
Wooing its gentle way into my soul!
But ah! the change—It had not stirr'd, and yet—
Alas! that change how fain would I forget!
That shrinking back, like one that had mistook!
That weary, wandering, disavowing look!
'Twas all another, feature, look, and frame,
And still, methought, I knew, it was the same!

FRIEND.

This riddling tale, to what does it belong?
Is't history? vision? or an idle song?
Or rather say at once, within what space
Of time this wild disastrous change took place?

AUTHOR.

Call it a moment's work (and such it seems)
This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams;
But say, that years matur'd the silent strife,
And 'tis a record from the dream of life.

PHANTOM.

All look and likeness caught from earth,
All accident of kin and birth,
Had pass'd away. There was no trace
Of aught on that illumined face,
Uprais'd beneath the rifted stone
But of one spirit all her own ;—
She, she herself, and only she,
Shone thro' her body visibly.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1827.

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring !
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams, away !
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll :
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul ?
Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine ! Life went a maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !
When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !

This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along :—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Naught cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I liv'd in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old.
Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe, that Thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size :
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but thought : so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old :
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,

Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismist.
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut :—
I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow and a ruined hut,
And thee, and me and Mary there.
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow!

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,
And that and summer well agree :
And lo! where Mary leans her head,
Two dear names carved upon the tree!
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow :
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas day! But now few, large, and bright
The stars are round the crescent moon!
And now it is a dark warm night,
The balmiest of the month of June!
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting
Shines and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest!
For dearly, Asra, love I thee!
This brooding warmth across my breast,
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah me!
Fount, tree, and shed are gone, I know not whither,
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire-flames made ;
And now they slumber, moveless all!
And now they melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee :
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!
But let me check this tender lay
Which none may hear but she and thou!
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women!

FIRST ADVENT OF LOVE.

O FAIR is Love's first hope to gentle mind!
As Eve's first star thro' fleecy cloudlet peeping;
And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind,
O'er willowy meads and shadow'd waters creeping;
And Ceres' golden fields;—the sultry hind
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

NAMES.

I ASKED my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me Thine."*

DESIRE.

WHERE true Love burns Desire is Love's pure flame;
It is the reflex of our earthly frame,
That takes its meaning from the nobler part,
And but translates the language of the heart.

* See Lessing's Lieder. Die Namen.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OPPOSITE.

Her attachment may differ from yours in degree,
Provided they are both of one kind;
But Friendship how tender so ever it be
Gives no accord to Love, however refin'd.

Love, that meets not with Love, its true nature revealing,
Grows asham'd of itself, and demurs:
If you can not lift hers up to your state of feeling,
You must lower down your state to hers.

NOT AT HOME.

That Jealousy may rule a mind
Where Love could never be
I know; but ne'er expect to find
Love without Jealousy.

She has a strange cast in her ee,
A swart sour-visaged maid—
But yet Love's own twin-sister she
His house-mate and his shade.

Ask for her and she'll be denied:—
What then? they only mean
Their mistress has lain down to sleep,
And can't just then be seen.

TO A LADY,

OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS.

Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave?
I said, you had no soul, 'tis true!
For what you are, you can not have:
'Tis I, that have one since I first had you!

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF BERENGARIUS. OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear.—

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE.

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike through storms to steer
Right onward. What? though dread of threaten'd death
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life:
And myriads had reached Heaven, who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of recreant Berengare—
O first the age, and then the man compare!
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!

No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?

The ascending day-star with a bolder eye
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid dawn;
Lest so we tempt th' approaching noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapors of our morn.

SANCTI DOMINICI PALLIUM;

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN POET AND FRIEND,

FOUND WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF AT THE BEGINNING OF BUTLER'S BOOK OF THE CHURCH.

POET.

I NOTE the moods and feelings men betray,
And heed them more than aught they do or say;
The lingering ghosts of many a secret deed
Still-born or haply strangled in its birth;
These best reveal the smooth man's inward creed!
These mark the spot where lies the treasure Worth!

—— made up of impudence and trick,
With cloven tongue prepared to hiss and lick,
Rome's brazen serpent—boldly dares discuss
The roasting of thy heart, O brave John Huss!
And with grim triumph and a truculent glee
Absolves anew the Pope-wrought perfidy,
That made an empire's plighted faith a lie,
And fix'd a broad stare on the Devil's eye—

(Pleas'd with the guilt, yet envy-stung at heart
To stand outmaster'd in his own black art!)
Yet ——

FRIEND.

Enough of ——! we're agreed,
Who now defends would then have done the deed.
But who not feels persuasion's gentle sway,
Who but must meet the proffered hand half-way
When courteous ——

POET. (*Aside.*)

(Rome's smooth go-between!)

FRIEND.

Laments the advice that soured a milky queen—
(For "bloody" all enlighten'd men confess
An antiquated error of the press:)
Who rapt by zeal beyond her sex's bounds,
With actual cautery stanched the church's wounds!
And tho' he deems, that with too broad a blur
We damn the French and Irish massacre,
Yet blames them both—and thinks the Pope might err!
What think you now? Boots it with spear and shield
Against such gentle foes to take the field
Whose beck'ning hands the mild Caduceus wield?

POET.

What think I now? Ev'n what I thought before;—
What —— boasts tho' —— may deplore.
Still I repeat, words lead me not astray
When the shown feeling points a different way.
Smooth —— can say grace at slander's feast,
And bless each haut-gout cook'd by monk or priest;
Leaves the full lie on ——'s gong to swell,
Content with half-truths that do just as well;
But duly decks his mitred comrade's flanks,
And with him shares the Irish nation's thanks!

So much for you, my Friend! who own a Church,
And would not leave your mother in the lurch!

But when a Liberal asks me what I think—
Scar'd by the blood and soot of Cobbett's ink,
And Jeffrey's glairy phlegm and Connor's foam,
In search of some safe parable I roam—
An emblem sometimes may comprise a tome!

Disclaimant of his uncaught grandsire's mood,
I see a tiger lapping kitten's food:
And who shall blame him that he purrs applause,
When brother Brindle pleads the good old cause;
And frisks his pretty tail, and half unsheathes his claws!
Yet not the less, for modern lights unapt,
I trust the bolts and cross-bars of the laws
More than the Protestant milk all newly lapt,
Impearling a tame wild-cat's whisker'd jaws!

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

I.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm the Earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

II.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane.

III.

And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

IV.

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper
On a dung-hill hard by his own stable;

And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

V.

He saw an Apothecary on a white horse
Ride by on his vocations;
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelations.

VI.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

VII.

He peep'd into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he! "We are both of one college!
For I sate myself, like a cormorant, once
Hard by the tree of knowledge."*

* And all amid them stood the tree of life
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold (query paper money:) and next to Life
Our Death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by.—
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
So clomb this first grand thief———
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant. PAR. LOST, IV.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of various readings obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to find it noted, that for "life" Cod. quid. habent, "trade." Though indeed the trade, *i. e.* the bibliopolic, so called *κατ' ἐξόχην*, may be regarded as Life sensu eminentiori; a suggestion, which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties, country houses, &c., of the trade, exclaimed, "Ay! that's what I call Life now!"—This "Life, our Death," is thus happily contrasted with the fruits of authorship.—Sic nos non nobis mellificamus apes.

Of this poem, which with the Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, first appeared in the Morning Post, the 1st, 2d, 3d, 9th, and 16th stanzas were dictated by Mr. Southey. See Apologetic Preface, p. 221.

If any one should ask who General —— meant, the Author begs leave

VIII.

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
A pig with vast celerity;
And the Devil looked wise as he saw how the while,
It cuts its own throat. "There!" quoth he with a smile,
"Goes England's commercial prosperity."

IX.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell;
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell.

X.

He saw a Turnkey in a trice
Unfetter a troublesome blade;
"Nimbly," quoth he, "do the fingers move
If a man be but used to his trade."

XI.

He saw the same Turnkey unfetter a man
With but little expedition,
Which put him in mind of the long debate
On the Slave-trade abolition.

XII.

He saw an old acquaintance
As he passed by a Methodist meeting;—
She holds a consecrated key,
And the Devil nods her a greeting.

XIII.

She turned up her nose, and said,
"Avaunt! my name's Religion,"

to inform him, that he did once see a red-faced person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity the author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel.

And she looked to Mr. ———
And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

XIV.

He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind)
Go up into a certain House,
With a majority behind.

XV.

The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How "Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the Ark."

XVI.

He took from the poor,
And he gave to the rich,
And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
For he was not afraid of the ——
* * * *

XVII.

General ——— burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did he take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake
It was general conflagration.

THE TWO ROUND SPACES ON THE TOMB-STONE.

See the apology for the "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," p. 221. This is the first time the author ever published these lines. He would have been glad, had they perished; but they have now been printed repeatedly in magazines, and he is told that the verses will not perish. Here, therefore, they are owned, with a hope that they will be taken—as assuredly they were composed—in mere sport.

The Devil believes that the Lord will come,
Stealing a march without beat of drum,
About the same time that he came last,
On an old Christmas-day in a snowy blast:

Till he bids the trump sound, neither body nor soul stirs,
For the dead men's heads have slipt under their bolsters.

Oh! ho! brother Bard, in our church-yard,
Both beds and bolsters are soft and green;
Save one alone, and that's of stone,
And under it lies a Counsellor keen.
'Twould be a square tomb, if it were not too long,
And 'tis fenced round with irons sharp, spearlike, and strong.

This fellow from Aberdeen hither did skip,
With a waxy face, and a blubber lip,
And a black tooth in front, to show in part
What was the color of his whole heart.
This Counsellor sweet,
This Scotchman complete,
(The Devil scotch him for a snake)
I trust he lies in his grave awake.

On the sixth of January,
When all around is white with snow,
As a Cheshire yeoman's dairy;
Brother Bard, ho! ho!
Believe it, or no,
On that stone tomb to you I'll show
Two round spaces void of snow.
I swear by our Knight, and his forefathers' souls,
That in size and shape they are just like the holes
In the house of privity
Of that ancient family.
On those two places void of snow,
There have sate in the night for an hour or so,
Before sunrise and after cock-crow,
He kicking his heels, she cursing her corns,
All to the tune of the wind in their horns,
The Devil, and his Grannam,
With a snow-blast to fan 'em;
Expecting and hoping the trumpet to blow,
For they are cock-sure of the fellow below.

LINES

TO A COMIC AUTHOR, ON AN ABUSIVE REVIEW.

What though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus
From the rank swamps of murk Review-land croak :
So was it, neighbor, in the times before us,
When Momus, throwing on his Attic cloak,
Romped with the Graces ; and each tickled Muse
(That Turk, Dan Phœbus, whom bards call divine,
Was married to—at least, he kept—all nine)
Fled, but still with reverted faces ran ;
Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to excuse,
They had allur'd the audacious Greek to use,
Swore they mistook him for their own good man.
This Momus—Aristophanes on earth
Men called him—maugre all his wit and worth
Was croaked and gabbled at. How, then, should you,
Or I, friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew ?
No ! laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee,
" I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me !"

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT.

Since all that beat about in Nature's range,
Or veer or vanish ; why shouldst thou remain
The only constant in a world of change,
O yearning thought ! that liv'st but in the brain ?
Call to the hours, that in the distance play,
The faery people of the future day—
Fond thought ! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on thee with life-enkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death !
Yet still thou haunt'st me ; and though well I see,
She is not thou, and only thou art she,
Still, still as though some dear embodied good,
Some living love before my eyes there stood
With answering look a ready ear to lend,
I mourn to thee and say—" Ah ! loveliest friend !

That this the meed of all my toils might be,
To have a home, an English home, and thee !"
Vain repetition ! Home and Thou are one.
The peacefull'st cot, the moon shall shine upon,
Lulled by the thrush, and wakened by the lark,
Without thee were but a becalmed bark,
Whose helmsman on an ocean waste and wide
Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.
And art thou nothing ? Such thou art, as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
An image* with a glory round its head ;
The enamored rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows he makes the shadow he pursues !

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

Ere the birth of my life, if I wished it or no,
No question was asked me—it could not be so !
If the life was the question, a thing sent to try,
And to live on be Yes ; what can No be ? to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't returned, as 'twas sent ? Is't no worse for the wear ?
Think first, what you are ! Call to mind what you were !
I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair ?
Make out the invent'ry ; inspect, compare !
Then die—if die you dare !

* This phenomenon, which the author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, is applied figuratively in the following passage of the Aids to Reflection.

"Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music, on different characters, holds equally true of Genius ; as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognizes it as a projected form of his own being, that moves before him with a glory round its head, or recoils from it as a spectre."—*Aids to Reflection*, Works, I. p. 249.

THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE-TREE. A LAMENT.

I SEEM to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew writers, an apologue or Rabbinical tradition to the following purpose:

While our first parents stood before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or mediator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed: "Nay, Lord, in thy justice, not so! for the Man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise." And the word of the Most High answered Satan: "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Treacherous Fiend! if with guilt like thine, it had been possible for thee to have the heart of a Man, and to feel the yearning of a human soul for its counterpart, the sentence, which thou now counsellest, should have been inflicted on thyself."

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnæus, of a date-tree in a nobleman's garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from another date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting; and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the author, at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite metre.

I.

BENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the thrones of frost, through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. "What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own." The presence of a one,

> The best belov'd, who loveth me the best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from within is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without, that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and crushes it into flatness.

II.

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

III.

Imagination; honorable aims;
Free commune with the choir that can not die;
Science and song; delight in little things,
The buoyant child surviving in the man;
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
With all their voices—O dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my destiny niggard! O no! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

IV.

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for thy voice.
Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

V.

The mother with anticipated glee
Smiles o'er the child, that, standing by her chair
And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee,
Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,

VI.

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!
But should disease or chance the darling take,
What then avail those songs, which sweet of yore
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?
Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize thee:
Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me?

FROM THE GERMAN.

Know'st thou the land where the pale citrons grow,
The golden fruits in darker foliage glow?
Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue sky!
Still stands the myrtle and the laurel high!
Know'st thou it well that land, beloved Friend?
Thither with thee, O, thither would I wend!

FANCY IN NUBIBUS.

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

THE TWO FOUNTS.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY WITH UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF PAIN.

'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be,
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish shouldst endure ;
When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look
Fix'd on my heart ; and read aloud in game
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book ;
And uttered praise like one who wished to blame.

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin
Two Founts there are, of suffering and of cheer !
That to let forth, and this to keep within !
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of Pleasure only will to all dispense,
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress
Choked or turned inward, but still issue thence
Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny bow,
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,
Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below
Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly bright ;—

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Ev'n so, Eliza ! on that face of thine,
On that benignant face, whose look alone
(The soul's translucence thro' her crystal shrine !)
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own,

A beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,
But with a silent charm compels the stern

And tort'ring Genius of the bitter spring,
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found
In passion, spleen, or strife,) the fount of pain
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,
Had passed: yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream;

Till audibly at length I cried, as though
Thou had'st indeed been present to my eyes,
O sweet, sweet sufferer; if the case be so,
I pray thee, be less good, less sweet, less-wise!

In every look a barbed arrow send,
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live!
Do any thing, rather than thus, sweet friend!
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give!

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A PROSE composition, one not in metre at least, seems prima facie to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, at which place (sanctum et amabile nomen! rich by so many associations and recollections) the author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighborhood of a dear and honored friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another, whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connection with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto: I the second: and whichever had done first, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years have passed by; yet at this moment I can not without something more than a smile moot the question which of the two things was the most impracticable, for a mind so eminently original to compose another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austerely pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having despatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of humorous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up in a laugh: and the Ancient Mariner was written instead.

Years afterward, however, the draft of the plan and proposed incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favor in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realizing this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off the "Fortunate Isles" of the Muses: and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the palimpsest tablet of my memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writ-

ing for the purpose of procuring a friend's judgment on the metre, as a specimen.

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress!
A lovely Boy was plucking fruits,
By moonlight, in a wilderness.
The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew
On many a shrub and many a tree:
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more belov'd than day.
But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd,
That beauteous Boy to linger here?
Alone, by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

CANTO II.

"A LITTLE further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight." Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

"It is dark, O my father!" said Enos, "but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight."

"Lead on, my child!" said Cain: "guide me, little child!" And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. "The fir branches drip upon thee, my son." "Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir-trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leaped away from the branches,

even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me?" Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils. So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice: and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father, "Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher." And Cain said, "How knowest thou?" and the child answered—"Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him: and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: and the black

abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophesy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its points and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Woe is me! woe is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his father's robe, and raised his eyes to his father, and listening, whispered, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice? O my father! this is it:" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous, like that of a feeble slave

in misery, who despairs altogether, yet can not refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of soul, the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, "Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said:—"The Creator of our father, who had respect unto thee and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sat beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child: "I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favor in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having uttered these

words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands: and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and he walked slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground: and Cain once more sate beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered, "O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!"

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.

ALLEGORIC VISION.

A FEELING of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in spring and in autumn. But in spring it is the melancholy of hope: in autumn it is the melancholy of resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Apennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the spring and the autumn and the melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colors of April:

> Qual ramicel a ramo,
> Tal da pensier pensiero
> In lui germogliava.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I bethought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes like the flitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted doorway of a lone chapelry; and we sate face to face each on the stone bench alongside the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: even thus, said he, like two strangers

that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death! All extremes meet, I answered; but yours was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it beseem both the place and me, he replied. From a Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

> Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
> The clash hard by and the murmur all round,

he gradually sank away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm and in the duskiness of that place, he sate like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner, who is watching the waned moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furloughs from the service of the body, which the soul may sometimes obtain even in this its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountain's side in an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colors, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed

a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared now to marshal the various groups, and to direct their movements; and now with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder what these things might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head, for that the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recesses of which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awe-struck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly and earnestly entreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exorcised me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, mingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall, without window, or spiracle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial night—only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self-luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale sepulchral light, which held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read them, methought; but though each of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me—"Read and believe: these are mysteries!"—At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number, who were en-

raged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous group, and with a confused outcry of "This is the Temple of Superstition!" after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel mal-treatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile: and I, methought, joined them.

We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them: and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood not, but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. "My name," she replied, "is Religion."

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living Idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts to each other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life; though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it was, and that it was most glorious.

And now with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion. They journeyed on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we en-

tered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sate two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be Sensuality; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanor, and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster Blasphemy. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sate an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the torso of a statue which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved Nature! To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railing against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the holiest recess of the Temple of Superstition. The old man spake in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be—a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight; and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him—Who then is at the head to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, "No one." The string of blind men went on forever without any beginning; for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight. I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glimpse of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognized the dread countenance of Superstition—and in the terror I awoke.

THE IMPROVISATORE;

OR "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN."

Scene—A spacious drawing-room, with music-room adjoining.

Katharine. What are the words?

Eliza. Ask our friend, the Improvisatore; here he comes. Kate has a favor to ask of you, Sir; it is that you will repeat the ballad that Mr. —— sang so sweetly.

Friend. It is in Moore's Irish Melodies; but I do not recollect the words distinctly. The moral of them, however, I take to be this:—

> Love would remain the same if true,
> When we were neither young nor new;
> Yea, and in all within the will that came,
> By the same proofs would show itself the same.

Eliz. What are the lines you repeated from Beaumont and Fletcher, which my mother admired so much? It begins with something about two vines so close that their tendrils intermingle.

Fri. You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in "The Elder Brother."

> We'll live together, like two neighbor vines,
> Circling our souls and loves in one another!
> We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
> One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn;
> One age go with us, and one hour of death
> Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Kath. A precious boon, that would go far to reconcile one to old age—this love—if true! But is there any such true love?

Fri. I hope so.

Kath. But do you believe it?

Eliza. (*eagerly*) I am sure he does.

Fri. From a man turned of fifty, Katharine, I imagine, expects a less confident answer.

Kath. A more sincere one, perhaps.

Fri. Even though he should have obtained the nickname of Improvisatore, by perpetrating charades and extempore verses at Christmas times?

Eliz. Nay, but be serious.

Fri. Serious! Doubtless. A grave personage of my years giving a love-lecture to two young ladies, can not well be otherwise. The difficulty, I suspect, would be for them to remain so. It will be asked whether I am not the "elderly gentleman" who sate "despairing beside a clear stream," with a willow for his wig-block.

Eliz. Say another word, and we will call it downright affectation.

Kath. No! we will be affronted, drop a courtesy, and ask pardon for our presumption in expecting that Mr. —— would waste his sense on two insignificant girls.

Fri. Well, well, I will be serious. Hem! Now then commences the discourse; Mr. Moore's song being the text. Love, as distinguished from Friendship, on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

Lucius (*Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to the Friend*). But is not Love the union of both?

Fri. (*aside to Lucius*). He never loved who thinks so.

Eliz. Brother, we don't want you. There! Mrs. H. can not arrange the flower-vase without you. Thank you, Mrs. Hartman.

Luc. I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

Eliz. Off! off! Now, dear sir,—Love, you were saying—

Fri. Hush! Preaching, you mean, Eliza.

Eliz. (*impatiently*). Pshaw!

Fri. Well then, I was saying that love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo, John," in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterancy of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But above all, it supposes a soul

which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age can not take away, and which, in all our lovings, is *the* Love ;——

Eliz. There is something here (*pointing to her heart*) that seems to understand you, but wants the word that would make it understand itself.

Kath. I, too, seem to feel what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

Fri. ——I mean that willing sense of the unsufficingness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own ;—that quiet perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momently finds, and, finding, again seeks on ;—lastly, when "life's changeful orb has pass'd the full," a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience ; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same or the correspondent excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call Goodness its playfellow ; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocenee of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

Eliz. What a soothing—what an elevating thought !

Kath. If it be not only a mere fancy.

Fri. At all events, these qualities which I have enumerated, are rarely found united in a single individual. How much more rare must it be, that two such individuals should meet together in this wide world under circumstances that admit of their union as Husband and Wife. A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable as neighbor, friend, housemate—in short,

in all the concentric circles of attachment save only the last and inmost; and yet from how many causes be estranged from the highest perfection in this! Pride, coldness, or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temper,—one or the other—too often proves "the dead fly in the compost of spices," and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of unction. For some mighty good sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if you will, ursine vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on negative qualities, so they have no better means of preserving the same but by negatives—that is, by not doing or saying any thing, that might be put down for fond, silly, or nonsensical;—or (to use their own phrase) by never forgetting themselves, which some of their acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.

Eliz. (*in answer to a whisper from Katharine*). To a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save me from such folks! But they are out of the question.

Fri. True! but the same effect is produced in thousands by the too general insensibility to a very important truth; this, namely, that the misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life, are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

Kath. Well, Sir; you have said quite enough to make me despair of finding a "John Anderson, my Jo, John," with whom to totter down the hill of life.

Fri. Not so! Good men are not, I trust, so much scarcer than good women, but that what another would find in you, you may

hope to find in another. But well, however, may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the rarest virtue.

Eliz. Surely, he, who has described it so well, must have possessed it ?

Fri. If he were worthy to have possessed it, and had believingly anticipated and not found it, how bitter the disappointment ! (Then, after a pause of a few minutes),

ANSWER, *ex improviso.*

Yes, yes ! that boon, life's richest treat,
He had, or fancied that he had ;
Say, 'twas but in his own conceit—
The fancy made him glad !
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish,
The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish,
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
When his young heart first yearn'd for sympathy !

But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain
Unnourished wane ;
Faith asks her daily bread,
And Fancy must be fed.
Now so it chanced—from wet or dry,
It boots not how—I know not why—
She missed her wonted food ; and quickly
Poor Fancy stagger'd and grew sickly.
Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea and nay,
His faith was fix'd, his heart all ebb and flow ;
Or like a bark, in some half-shelter'd bay,
Above its anchor driving to and fro.

That boon, which but to have possest
In a belief, gave life a zest—
Uncertain both what it had been,
And if by error lost, or luck ;
And what it was ;—an evergreen
Which some insidious blight had struck,
Or annual flower, which, past its blow,
No vernal spell shall e'er revive ;

Uncertain, and afraid to know,
  Doubts tossed him to and fro :
Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive,
Like babes bewildered in the snow,
That cling and huddle from the cold
In hollow tree or ruin'd fold.

Those sparkling colors, once his boast
  Fading, one by one away,
Thin and hueless as a ghost,
  Poor Fancy on her sick bed lay ;
Ill at distance, worse when near,
Telling her dreams to jealous Fear !
Where was it then, the sociable sprite
That crown'd the poet's cup and deck'd his dish ?
Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish,
Itself a substance by no other right
But that it intercepted Reason's light ;
It dimm'd his eye, it darken'd on his brow,
A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow !
    Thank Heaven ! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours !
The boon of Heaven's decreeing,
While yet in Eden's bowers
Dwelt the first husband and his sinless mate !
The one sweet plant, which, piteous Heaven agreeing,
They bore with them thro' Eden's closing gate !
Of life's gay summer tide the sovran rose !
Late autumn's amaranth, that more fragrant blows
When passion's flowers all fall or fade ;
If this were ever his, in outward being,
Or but his own true love's projected shade,
Now that at length by certain proof he knows,
That whether real or a magic show,
Whate'er it was, it is no longer so ;
Though heart be lonesome, hope laid low,
Yet, Lady ! deem him not unblest :
The certainty that struck hope dead,
Hath left contentment in her stead :
    And that is next to best !

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.

Of late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Call'd on the past for thought of glee or grief.
In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,
I sate and cow'r'd o'er my own vacancy!
And as I watch'd the dull continuous ache,
Which, all else slumb'ring, seem'd alone to wake;
O Friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words can not heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design,
Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,
The love, the joyance, and the gallantry!
An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.
Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
  Emerging from a mist; or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
  But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man!
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves;

Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades ;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast :
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd
Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy ;
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than Poesy ;
And, like a gift from heaven, in lifeful glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and stone
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.
Thanks, gentle artist ! now I can descry
Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
And all awake ! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
Now wander through the Eden of thy hand ;
Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
See fragment shadows of the crossing deer ;
And with that serviceable nymph I stoop
The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
I see no longer ! I myself am there,
Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share.
'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings :
Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she dwells.
With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy !

O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills,
And famous Arno fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine,
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn;
Palladian palace with its storied halls;
Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls;
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;—
Thine all delights, and every muse is thine;
And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!
Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
See! Boccace sits, unfolding on his knees
The new-found roll of old Mæonides;*
But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
Peers Ovid's holy book of Love's sweet smart!†

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,
Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,

* Boccaccio claimed for himself the glory of having first introduced the works of Homer to his countrymen.

† I know few more striking or more interesting proofs of the overwhelming influence which the study of the Greek and Roman classics exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imaginations of the literati of Europe at the commencement of the restoration of literature, than the passage in the Filocopo of Boccaccio: where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the young prince and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learned their letters, sets them to study the Holy Book, Ovid's Art of Love. "Incominciò Racheo a mettere il suo officio in esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. E loro, in breve tempo, insegnato a conoscer le lettere, fece leggere il santo libro d'Ovvidio, nel quale il sommo poeta mostra, come i santi fuochi di Venere si debbano ne' freddi cuori accendere."

Where, half-conceal'd, the eye of fancy views
Fauns, nymphs, and winged saints, all gracious to thy muse!

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes
The vestal fires, of which her lover grieves,
With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves!

IMPROVED FROM STOLBERG.

ON A CATARACT FROM A CAVERN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN PRECIPICE.

STROPHE.

Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity;
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one;
Never mortal heard
The gathering of his voices;
The deep-murmured charm of the son of the rock,
That is lisp'd evermore at his slumberless fountain.
There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing;
It embosoms the roses of dawn,
It entangles the shafts of the noon,
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber,
That the son of the rock, that the nursling of heaven
May be born in a holy twilight!

ANTISTROPHE.

The wild goat in awe
Looks up and beholds
Above thee the cliff inaccessible;—
Thou at once full-born
Madd'nest in thy joyance,
Whirlest, shatter'st, splitt'st,
Life invulnerable.

LOVE'S APPARITION AND EVANISHMENT.

AN ALLEGORIC ROMANCE.

LIKE a lone Arab, old and blind
Some caravan had left behind
Who sits beside a ruin'd well,
Where the shy sand-asps bask and swell;
And now he hangs his aged head aslant,
And listens for a human sound—in vain!
And now the aid, which Heaven alone can grant,
Upturns his eyeless face from Heaven to gain:—
Even thus, in vacant mood, one sultry hour,
Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,
With brow low bent, within my garden bower,
I sate upon the couch of camomile;
And—whether 'twas a transient sleep, perchance,
Flitted across the idle brain, the while
I watch'd the sickly calm with aimless scope,
In my own heart; or that, indeed a trance,
Turn'd my eye inward—thee, O genial Hope,
Love's elder sister! thee did I behold,
Drest as a bridesmaid, but all pale and cold,
With roseless cheek, all pale and cold and dim
Lie lifeless at my feet!
And then came Love, a sylph in bridal trim,
And stood beside my seat;
She bent, and kissed her sister's lips,
As she was wont to do;—
Alas! 'twas but a chilling breath
Woke just enough of life in death
To make Hope die anew.

Anxious to associate the name of a most dear and honored friend with my own, I solicited and obtained the permission of Professor J. H. GREEN to permit the insertion of the two following poems, by him composed.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

MORNING INVITATION TO A CHILD.

THE house is a prison, the school-room's a cell;
Leave study and books for the upland and dell;

Lay aside the dull poring, quit home and quit care ;
Sally forth ! Sally forth ! Let us breathe the fresh air !
The sky dons its holiday mantle of blue ;
The sun sips his morning refreshment of dew ;
Shakes joyously laughing his tresses of light,
And here and there turns his eye piercing and bright ;
Then jocund mounts up on his glorious car,
With smiles to the morn,—for he means to go far ;—
While the clouds, that had newly paid court at his levee,
Spread sail to the breeze, and glide off in a bevy.
Tree, and tree-tufted hedge-row, and sparkling between
Dewy meadows enamelled in gold and in green,
With king-cups and daisies, that all the year please,
Sprays, petals, and leaflets, that nod in the breeze,
With carpets, and garlands, and wreaths, deck the way,
And tempt the blithe spirit still onward to stray,
Itself its own home ;—far away ! far away !

The butterflies flutter in pairs round the bower ;
The humble-bee sings in each bell of each flower ;
The bee hums of heather and breeze-wooing hill,
And forgets in the sunshine his toil and his skill ;
The birds carol gladly !—the lark mounts on high ;
The swallows on wing make their tune to the eye,
And as birds of good omen, that summer loves well,
Ever wheeling weave ever some magical spell.
The hunt is abroad :—hark ! the horn sounds its note,
And seems to invite us to regions remote.
The horse in the meadow is stirred by the sound,
And neighing impatient o'erleaps the low mound ;
Then proud in his speed o'er the champaign he bounds,
To the whoop of the huntsmen and tongue of the hounds.
Then stay not within, for on such a blest day
We can never quit home, while with Nature we stray ; far away,
far away !

CONSOLATION OF A MANIAC.

The feverous dream is past! and I awake,
Alone and joyless in my prison-cell,
Again to ply the never-ending toil,
And bid the task-worn memory weave again
The tangled threads, and ravell'd skein of thought
Disjointed fragments of my care-worn life!
The mirror of my soul,—ah! when again
To welcome and reflect calm joy and hope!—
Again subsides, and smooths its turbid swell,
Late surging in the sweep of frenzy's blast,—
And the sad form of scenes and deeds long past
Blend into spectral shapes and deathlike life,
And pass in silent, stern procession!—
The storm is past; but in the pause and hush,
Nor calm nor tranquil joy, nor peace are mine;
My spirit is rebuk'd!—and like a mist,
Despondency, in gray cold mantle clad,
In phantom form gigantic floats!—

That dream,
That dream, that dreadful dream, the potent spell,
That calls to life the phantoms of the past,—
Makes e'en oblivion memory's register,—
Still swells and vibrates in my throbbing brain!
Again I wildly quaff'd the maddening bowl,
Again I stak'd my all—again the die
Prov'd traitor to my hopes;—and 'twas for her,
Whose love more madden'd than the bowl, whose love,
More dear than all, was treacherous as the die:—
Again I saw her with her paramour,
Again I aim'd the deadly blow, again
I senseless fell, and knew not whom I struck,
Myself, or her, or him:—I heard the shriek,
And mingled laugh, and cry of agony:
I felt the whirl of rapid motion,—
And hosts of fiendish shapes, uncertain seen
In murky air, glared fiercely as I pass'd;—

They welcom'd me with bitter laughs of scorn,
They pledged me in the brimming cup of hate.—

But stay your wild career, unbridled thoughts,
Or frenzy must unseat my reason's sway,—
Again give license to my lawless will!—
And yet I know not, if that demon rout
Be fancy stirred by passion's power, or true;—
Or life itself be but a shadowy dream,
The act and working of an evil will!—
Dread scope of phantasy and passion's power!
Oh God! take back the boon, the precious gift
Of will mysterious.—Give me, give again,
The infliction dire, fell opiate of my griefs;
Sharp wound, but in the smart the panoply
And shield against temptations, that assail
My weak and yielding spirit!—Madness come!
The balm to guilt, the safeguard from remorse,
Make me forget, and save me from myself!

A CHARACTER.

A BIRD, who for his other sins
Had liv'd amongst the Jacobins;
Tho' like a kitten amid rats,
Or callow tit in nest of bats,
He much abhorr'd all democrats;
Yet nathless stood in ill report
Of wishing ill to Church and Court,
Tho' he'd nor claw, nor tooth, nor sting,
And learnt to pipe God save the King;
Tho' each day did new feathers bring,
All swore he had a leathern wing;
Nor polish'd wing, nor feather'd tail,
Nor down-clad thigh would aught avail;
And tho'—his tongue devoid of gall—
He civilly assur'd them all:—
"A bird am I of Phœbus' breed,
And on the sunflower cling and feed;

My name, good Sirs, is Thomas Tit !"
The bats would hail him brother cit,
Or, at the furthest, cousin-german.
At length the matter to determine,
He publicly denounced the vermin ;
He spared the mouse, he prais'd the owl ;
But bats were neither flesh nor fowl.
Blood-sucker, vampire, harpy, goul,
Came in full clatter from his throat,
Till his old nest-mates chang'd their note
To hireling, traitor, and turncoat,—
A base apostate who had sold
His very teeth and claws for gold ;—
And then his feathers !—sharp the jest—
No doubt he feather'd well his nest !
A Tit indeed ! aye, tit for tat—
With place and title, brother Bat,
We soon shall see how well he'll play
Count Goldfinch, or Sir Joseph Jay !
Alas, poor Bird ! and ill-bestarred—
Or rather let us say, poor Bard !
And henceforth quit the allegoric
With metaphor and simile,
For simple facts and style historic :—
Alas, poor Bard ! no gold had he
Behind another's team he stept,
And plough'd, and sow'd, while others reapt ;
The work was his, but theirs the glory,
Sic vos non vobis, his whole story.
Besides, whate'er he wrote or said
Came from his heart as well as head ;
And tho' he never left in lurch
His king, his country, or his church,
'Twas but to humor his own cynical
Contempt of doctrines Jacobinical ;
To his own conscience only hearty,
'Twas but by chance he serv'd the party ;—
The self-same things had said and writ,
Had Pitt been Fox, and Fox been Pitt ;

Content his own applause to win
Would never dash thro' thick and thin,
And he can make, so say the wise,
No claim who makes no sacrifice ;—
And bard still less :—what claim had he,
Who swore it vex'd his soul to see
So grand a cause, so proud a realm
With Goose and Goody at the helm ;
Who long ago had fall'n asunder
But for their rivals, baser blunder,
The coward whine and Frenchified
Slaver and slang of the other side ?—
Thus, his own whim his only bribe,
Our bard pursued his old A. B. C.
Contented if he could subscribe
In fullest sense his name *Ἔστησε* ;
('Tis Punic Greek, 'for he hath stood !')
Whate'er the men, the cause was good ;
And therefore with a right good will,
Poor fool, he fights their battles still.
Tush ! squeak'd the Bats ;—a mere bravado
To whitewash that base renegado ;
'Tis plain unless you're blind or mad,
His conscience for the bays he barters ;—
And true it is—as true as sad—
These circlets of green baize he had—
But then, alas ! they were his garters !
Ah ! silly Bard, unfed, untended,
His lamp but glimmer'd in its socket ;
He liv'd unhonor'd and unfriended
With scarce a penny in his pocket ;—
Nay—tho' he hid it from the many—
With scarce a pocket for his penny !

THE REPROOF AND REPLY.

" Fie, Mr. Coleridge !—and can this be you ?
Break two commandments ? and in church-time too !
Have you not heard, or have you heard in vain,
The birth and parentage-recording strain ?

Confessions shrill, that out-shrill'd mack'rel drown—
Fresh from the drop, the youth not yet cut down.
Letter to sweetheart—the last dying speech—
And didn't all this begin in Sabbath breach ?
You, that knew better ! In broad open day,
Steal in, steal out, and steal our flowers away ?
What could possess you ? Ah ! sweet youth, I fear,
The chap with horns and tail was at your ear !"

Such sounds of late, accusing fancy brought
From fair —— to the Poet's thought.
Now hear the meek Parnassian youth's reply :—
A bow, a pleading look, a downcast eye,—
And then :

"Fair dame ! a visionary wight,
Hard by your hill-side mansion sparkling white,
His thoughts all hovering round the Muses' home,
Long hath it been your Poet's wont to roam,
And many a morn, on his becharmed sense
So rich a stream of music issued thence
He deem'd himself, as it flowed warbling on,
Beside the vocal fount of Helicon !
But when, as if to settle the concern,
A nymph too he beheld, in many a turn,
Guiding the sweet rill from its fontal urn,—
Say, can you blame ?—No ! none that saw and heard
Could blame a bard, that he thus inly stirr'd ;
A muse beholding in each fervent trait,
Took Mary —— for Polly Hymnia !
Or haply as there stood beside the maid
One loftier form in sable stole array'd,
If with regretful thought he hail'd in thee
——, his long-lost friend, Mol Pomene !
But most of you, soft warblings, I complain !
'Twas ye that from the bee-hive of my brain
Lured the wild fancies forth, a freakish rout,
And witched the air with dreams turn'd inside out.

Thus all conspir'd—each power of eye and ear,
And this gay month, th' enchantress of the year,

To cheat poor me (no conjurer, God wot!)
And ——'s self accomplice in the plot.
Can you then wonder if I went astray?
Not bards alone, nor lovers mad as they;—
All nature day-dreams in the month of May.
And if I pluck'd each flower that sweetest blows,—
Who walks in sleep, needs follow must his nose.
Thus, long accustom'd on the twy-fork'd hill,
To pluck both flower and floweret at my will;
The garden's maze, like No-man's-land, I tread,
Nor common law, nor statute in my head;
For my own proper smell, sight, fancy, feeling,
With autocratic hand at once repealing
Five Acts of Parliament 'gainst private stealing!
But yet from —— who despairs of grace?
There's no spring-gun or man-trap in that face!
Let Moses then look black, and Aaron blue,
That look as if they had little else to do:
For —— speaks, "Poor youth! he's but a waif!
The spoons all right? the hen and chickens safe?
Well, well, he shall not forfeit our regards—
The Eighth Commandment was not made for Bards!"

CHOLERA CURED BEFOREHAND.

Or a premonition promulgated gratis for the use of the Useful Classes, specially those resident in St. Giles's, Saffron Hill, Bethnal Green, &c.; and likewise, inasmuch as the good man is merciful even to the beasts, for the benefit of the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange.

Pains ventral, subventral,
In stomach or entrail,
Think no longer mere prefaces
For grins, groans, and wry faces;
But off to the doctor, fast as ye can crawl!—
Yet far better 'twould be not to have them at all.

Now to 'scape inward aches,
Eat no plums nor plum-cakes;
Cry avaunt! new potatoe—
And don't drink, like old Cato.

Ah! beware of Dispipsy,
And don't ye get tipsy!
For tho' gin and whiskey
May make you feel frisky,
They're but crimps to Dispipsy;
And nose to tail, with this gipsy
Comes, black as a porpus,
The diabolus ipse,
Call'd Cholery Morpus;
Who with horns, hoofs, and tail, croaks for carrion to feed him,
Tho' being a Devil, no one never has seed him!

Ah! then my dear honies,
There's no cure for you
For loves nor for monies:—
You'll find it too true.
Och! the hallabaloo!
Och! och! how you'll wail,
When the offal-fed vagrant
Shall turn you as blue
As the gas-light unfragrant,
That gushes in jets from beneath his own tail;—
'Till swift as the mail,
He at last brings the cramps on,
That will twist you like Samson.

So without further blethring,
Dear mudlarks! my brethren!
Of all scents and degrees,
(Yourselves and your shes)
Forswear all cabal, lads,
Wakes, unions, and rows,
Hot dreams, and cold salads
And don't pig in sties that would suffocate sows!
Quit Cobbett's, O'Connell's, and Beelzebub's banners,
And whitewash at once bowels, rooms, hands, and manners!

COLOGNE.

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well-defined, and several stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE FROM THE SAME CITY.

As I am rhymer,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer
And the church of St. Geryon
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body and soul-stinking town of Cologne.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Parry seeks the polar ridge;
Rhymes seeks S. T. Coleridge,
Author of works, whereof—tho' not in Dutch—
The public little knows—the publisher too much.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear Sir! it can not fail!
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

METRICAL FEET. LESSON FOR A BOY.

Trōchĕe trīps frŏm lōng tŏ shōrt;
From long to long in solemn sort
Slōw spōndēe stālks; strōng fōot! yet ill able
Ēvĕr tŏ cōme ŭp wĭth Dăctўl trĭsўllăblĕ.
Ĭāmbĭcs mārch frŏm shōrt tŏ lōng;—
Wĭth ă lēap ănd ă bōund thĕ swĭft Ānăpæsts thrōng;
One syllable long, with one short at each side,
Ămphībrăchўs hāstes wĭth ă stātelў stride;—
Fīrst ănd lāst bēĭng lōng, mīddlĕ shōrt, Āmphĭmācer
Strīkes hĭs thūndĕrĭng hōofs lĭke ă prōud hīgh-brĕd Rācer.

If Derwent be innocent, steady, and wise,
And delight in the things of earth, water, and skies;
Tender warmth at his heart, with these metres to show it,
With sound sense in his brains, may make Derwent a poet,—
May crown him with fame, and must win him the love
Of his father on earth and his Father above.
My dear, dear child!
Could you stand upon Skiddaw, you would not from its whole ridge
See a man who so loves you as your fond S. T. Coleridge.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

I. THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the Ocean.

II. THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

TO THE YOUNG ARTIST, KAYSER OF KASERWERTH.

Kayser! to whom, as to a second self,
Nature, or Nature's next-of-kin, the Elf,
Hight Genius, hath dispens'd the happy skill
To cheer or soothe the parting friend's, alas!

Turning the blank scroll to a magic glass,
That makes the absent present at our will;
And to the shadowing of thy pencil gives
Such seeming substance, that it almost lives.

Well hast thou given the thoughtful Poet's face!
Yet hast thou on the tablet of his mind
A more delightful portrait left behind—
Ev'n thy own youthful beauty, and artless grace,
Thy natural gladness and eyes bright with glee!
Kayser! farewell!
Be wise! be happy! and forget not me.

1833.

JOB'S LUCK.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honors, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
And the sly Devil did not take his spouse.

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all Job had before,
His children, camels, horses, cows—
Short-sighted Devil, not to take his spouse!

ON A VOLUNTEER SINGER.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing,
Should certain persons die before they sing.

ON AN INSIGNIFICANT.

'Tis Cipher lies beneath this crust—
Whom Death created into dust.

PROFUSE KINDNESS.

Νήπιοι, οὐκ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ πάντος.—Hesiod.

What a spring-tide of Love to dear friends in a shoal!
Half of it to one were worth double the whole!

CHARITY IN THOUGHT.

To praise men as good, and to take them for such,
Is a grace, which no soul can mete out to a tittle;—
Of which he who has not a little too much,
Will by Charity's gage surely have much too little.

HUMILITY THE MOTHER OF CHARITY.

Frail creatures are we all! To be the best,
Is but the fewest faults to have:—
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave.

ON AN INFANT

WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM.

"Be, rather than be called, a child of God,"
Death whispered!—with assenting nod,
Its head upon its mother's breast,
The Baby bowed, without demur—
Of the kingdom of the Blest
Possessor, not inheritor.

ON BERKELEY AND FLORENCE COLERIDGE,

WHO DIED ON THE 16TH OF JANUARY, 1834.*

O frail as sweet! twin buds, too rathe to bear
The Winter's unkind air;
O gifts beyond all price, no sooner given
Than straight required by Heaven;

* By a friend.

Match'd jewels, vainly for a moment lent
To deck my brow, or sent
Untainted from the earth, as Christ's, to soar,
And add two spirits more
To that dread band seraphic, that doth lie
Beneath the Almighty's eye;—
Glorious the thought—yet ah! my babes, ah! still
A father's heart ye fill;
Though cold ye lie in earth—though gentle death
Hath suck'd your balmy breath,
And the last kiss which your fair cheeks I gave
Is buried in yon grave.
No tears—no tears—I wish them not again;
To die for them was gain,
Ere Doubt, or Fear, or Woe, or act of Sin
Had marr'd God's light within.

—E cœlo descendit *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*.—*Juvenal.*

Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν!—and is this the prime
And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time!—
Say, canst thou make thyself?—Learn first that trade;—
Haply thou mayst know what thyself had made.
What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?—
What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?—
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm,—life, death, soul, clod—
Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

Beareth all things.—2 *Cor.* xiii. 7.

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's eye spark
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,
Or smother'd stifle thee with noisome air.

Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it ;—thine the gains—
Give him the rotten timber for his pains !

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

God's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all,—
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father ?—
Father ! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee—
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death :
In Christ I live ! in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life !—Let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me ! On my front I show
Their mighty master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.—
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies ?—
Yes ! but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

EPITAPH.

Stop, Christian Passer-by—Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he—
O lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C. ;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death !
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same !

9th November, 1833.

AN ODE TO THE RAIN.

COMPOSED BEFORE DAYLIGHT, ON THE MORNING APPOINTED FOR THE DEPARTURE OF A VERY WORTHY, BUT NOT VERY PLEASANT VISITOR, WHOM IT WAS FEARED THE RAIN MIGHT DETAIN.

I KNOW it is dark; and though I have lain,
Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain,
I have not once opened the lids of my eyes,
But I lie in the dark, as a blind man lies.
O Rain! that I lie listening to,
You're but a doleful sound at best:
I owe you little thanks 'tis true,
For breaking thus my needful rest!
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
I'll neither rail, nor malice keep,
Though sick and sore for want of sleep.

But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!
O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round!
You know, if you know aught, that we,
Both night and day, but ill agree:
For days and months, and almost years,
Have limped on through this vale of tears,
Since body of mine, and rainy weather,
Have lived on easy terms together.
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain! you will but take your flight,
Though you should come again to-morrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow;
Though stomach should sicken and knees should swell—
I'll nothing speak of you but well.
But only now for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! I ne'er refused to say
You're a good creature in your way;

Nay, I could write a book myself,
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,
Showing how very good you are.—
What then? sometimes it must be fair!
And if sometimes, why not to-day?
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy,
Take no offence! I'll tell you why.
A dear old Friend e'en now is here,
And with him came my sister dear;
After long absence now first met,
Long months by pain and grief beset—
With three dear friends! in truth, we groan—
Impatiently to be alone.
We three, you mark! and not one more!
The strong wish makes my spirit sore.
We have so much to talk about,
So many sad things to let out;
So many tears in our eye-corners,
Sitting like little Jacky Horners—
In short, as soon as it is day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

And this I'll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e'er you could,
(And by the bye 'tis understood,
You're not so pleasant as you're good)
Yet knowing well your worth and place,
I'll welcome you with cheerful face;
And though you stayed a week or more,
Were ten times duller than before;
Yet with kind heart, and right good will,
I'll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!
Uninvited to remain.
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

THE EXCHANGE.

We pledged our hearts, my love and I,—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

1826.

PSYCHE.

The butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—
But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade
Of mortal life!—For in this earthly frame
Our's is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.

1808.

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it,—so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks, I see them grouped, in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit and half-supplies;—
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtasked at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both.

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?—
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

1809.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΓΡΑΠΤΟΝ.

Quæ linquam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt mea—sordes
Do morti;—reddo cætera, Christe! tibi.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Resembles life what once was deemed of light,
Too ample in itself for human sight?
An absolute self—an element ungrounded—
All that we see, all colors of all shade
By encroach of darkness made?—
Is very life by consciousness unbounded?
And all the thoughts, pains, joys of mortal breath,
A war-embrace of wrestling life and death?

1829.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TIME-PIECE.

Now! it is gone.—Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:—
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!

1830.

REMORSE.

A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARQUIS VALDEZ, *father to the two brothers, and Doña* TERESA'S *Guardian.*
DON ALVAR, *the eldest son.*
DON ORDONIO, *the youngest son.*
MONVIEDRO, *a Dominican and inquisitor.*
ZULIMEZ, *the faithful attendant on* ALVAR.
ISIDORE, *a Moresco chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.*
Familiars of the Inquisition.
NAOMI.
Moors, Servants, &c.
DONA TERESA, *an orphan heiress.*
ALHADRA, *wife of* ISIDORE.

Time—The reign of PHILIP II., *just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.*

REMORSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The sea-shore on the coast of Granada.*

Don Alvar, wrapt in a boat cloak, and Zulimez (a Moresco), both as just landed.

Zul. No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!
Alv. My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,
To hail at once our country, and our birth-place.
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!
Zul. Then claim your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!
Alv. Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,
Injured indeed! O deeply injured! yet
Ordonio's brother.
Zul. Nobly minded Alvar!
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.
Alv. The more behooves it, I should rouse within him
Remorse! that I should save him from himself.
Zul. Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison.

Alv. And of a brother,
Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort
To save him?—Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell thee,
That this same life, which he conspired to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own.
Add too my oath—
Zul. You have thrice told already
The years of absence and of secrecy,
To which a forced oath bound you: if in truth
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—
Alv. My long captivity
Left me no choice: the very wish too languished
With the fond hope that nursed it; the sick babe
Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy;
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood:
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—
Zul. Heavy presumption!
Alv. It weighed not with me—Hark! I will tell thee all;
As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder cliff—
Zul. That rocky seat you mean,
Shaped by the billows?—
Alv. There Teresa met me
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone: the purple hue of dawn
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek,
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision!
Had'st thou seen
How in each motion her most innocent soul
Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st tell me,

Guilt is a thing impossible in her!
She must be innocent!

Zul. Proceed, my lord!

Alv. A portrait which she had procured by stealth,
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, conjuring me,
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge: nor did she desist,
Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

Zul. A damning proof!

Alv. My own life wearied me!
And but for the imperative voice within,
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
That voice, which quelled me, calmed me: and I sought
The Belgic states: there joined the better cause;
And there too fought as one that courted death!
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
In deathlike trance: a long imprisonment followed.
The fulness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy;
And still the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplexed; and still Teresa,
Night after night, she visited my sleep;
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me!
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless!
Hear then my fix'd resolve: I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes?—

Zul. All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

Alv. Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

Zul. Be assured
That it remains uninjured.
Alv. Thus disguised
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—wife!
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.
Zul. Will they not know you?
Alv. With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth;—since last we saw each other,
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead;
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.
Zul. 'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I'll seek our mariners; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpujarras—there where Zagri lived.
Alv. I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains— [*both stand listening.*]
Voices at a distance!
Let us away! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter Teresa and Valdez.*

Ter. I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.
Val. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.
Ter. I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez;
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.
Val. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee

I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother, with a mute entreaty,
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah! not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

Ter. There are woes
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skyey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear him tell them;
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who dress'd her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and played the self-same tune
He used to play, and listened to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return!
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
Sits on my grave, and gazes at the moon;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,

If in a most assured reality
He should return, and see a brother's infant
Smile at him from my arms?
Oh what a thought!

Val. A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.
The very week he promised his return——

Ter. Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
After those three years' travels! we had no fears—
The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
Almost endeared his absence! Yet the gladness,
The tumult of our joy! What then if now——

Val. O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,
Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—
Hectic and unrefreshed with rest——

Ter. My father!

Val. The sober truth is all too much for me!
I see no sail which brings not to my mind
The home-bound bark in which my son was captured
By the Algerine—to perish with his captors!

Ter. Oh no! he did not!

Val. Captured in sight of land!
From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
We might have seen——

Ter. His capture, not his death.

Val. Alas! how aptly thou forget'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that baffled his own valor,
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes:
Gallant Ordonio! O beloved Teresa,
Wouldst thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.

Ter. For mercy's sake
Press me no more! I have no power to love him.
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
Chill me like dew damps of the unwholesome night;

My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.

Val. You wrong him, maiden!
You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.

Ter. O pardon me, Lord Valdez! pardon me!
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent?
Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives——

Val. (*looking forward*). Hush! 'tis Monviedro.

Ter. The Inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

Enter Monviedro with Alhadra.

Mon. Peace and the truth be with you! Good my Lord,
My present need is with your son.
We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side Don Ordonio.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

Ord. Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

Mon. My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the Inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Though lessoned by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,

Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove with what high honor
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that——
Ord. Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services.
[*then to Alhadra.*
I would that I could serve you; but in truth
Your face is new to me.
Mon. My mind foretold me,
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors
Should prove the patron of this infidel!
The warranter of a Moresco's faith!
Now I return.
Alh. My Lord, my husband's name
Is Isidore. (*Ordonio starts.*)—You may remember it:
Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.
Mon. Palpably false!
This very week, three years ago, my lord,
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The murderers doubtless of your brother Alvar!—
What, is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks!
Val. You pressed upon him too abruptly, father,
The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.
Ord. O heavens! I?—I doted?—
Yes! I doted on him.
[*Ordonio walks to the end of the stage, Valdez follows.*
Ter. I do not, can not love him. Is my heart hard?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!
Mon. The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
I will return. In very truth, I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me, woman!
Alh. (*to Teresa.*) O gentle lady! make the father stay

Until my lord recover. I am sure
That he will say he is my husband's friend.
Ter. Stay, father! stay! my lord will soon recover:
Ord. (*as they return to Valdez.*) Strange, that this Monviedro.
Should have the power so to distemper me!
Val. Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son!
Mon. My lord, I truly grieve——
Ord. Tut! name it not.
A sudden seizure, father! think not of it.
As to this woman's husband, I do know him.
I know him well, and that he is a Christian.
Mon. I hope, my lord, your merely human pity
Doth not prevail——
Ord. 'Tis certain that he was a catholic;
What changes may have happened in three years,
I can not say; but grant me this, good father:
Myself I'll sift him: if I find him sound,
You'll grant me your authority and name
To liberate his house.
Mon. Your zeal, my lord,
And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.
Ord. I will attend you home within an hour.
Val. Meantime return with us, and take refreshment.
Alh. Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.
I will stay here.
Ter. (*aside.*) Who is this Isidore?
Val. Daughter!
Ter. With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile t' enjoy the sea breeze.
[*Exeunt Valdez, Monviedro, and Ordonio.*
Alh. Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go with him,
A scathing curse!
You hate him, don't you, lady?
Ter. Oh fear not me! my heart is sad for you.
Alh. These fell inquisitors! these sons of blood!
As I came on, his face so maddened me,
That ever and anon I clutched my dagger
And half unsheathed it——
Ter. Be more calm, I pray you.

Alh. And as he walked along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager;
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,
And hurl'd him down the rugged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet!

Ter. Hush! hush, for shame!
Where is your woman's heart?

Alh. O gentle lady!
You have no skill to guess my many wrongs,
Many and strange! Besides, I am a Christian,
And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith!

Ter. Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee!

Alh. I know that man; 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

Ter. What might your crime be?

Alh. I was a Moresco!
They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house;
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cowered as it entered, and at once sank down.
Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me, that the all-cheering sun
Was rising on our garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers,
And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain,
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

Ter. O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

Alh. What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
What nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
Great evils ask great passions to redress them,
And whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence.
Ter. You were at length released?
Alh. Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,
A trance comes on which makes me o'er again
All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
That you would start and shudder!
Ter. But your husband—
Alh. A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.
Ter. Alas, poor man!
Alh. He hath a lion's courage,
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance;
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
He worships nature in the hill and valley,
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—
Enter Alvar disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.
Ter. Know you that stately Moor?
Alh. I know him not:
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpujarras.
Ter. The Alpujarras? Does he know his danger,
So near this seat?
Alh. He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.
[*Alhadra advances to Alvar, who has walked to the back of the stage, near the rocks. Teresa drops her veil.*
Alh. Gallant Moresco! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—
Alv. You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.
Alh. He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him:
Speak to him, Lady—none can hear you speak,
And not believe you innocent of guile.

Ter. If aught enforce you to concealment, Sir—
Alh. He trembles strangely.
[*Alvar sinks down, and hides his face in his robe.*
Ter. See, we have disturbed him.
[*approaches nearer to him.*
I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows healing.
I pray you think us friends!
Alv. (*raising his head*). Calm, very calm!
'Tis all too tranquil for reality!
And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice! She is no traitress!
Ter. Let us retire. (*haughtily to Alhadra.*)
Alh. He is indeed a Christian.
Alv. (*aside.*) She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!
Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments?
(*To Teresa.*)
Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturbed you:
I had just started from a frightful dream.
Ter. Dreams tell but of the past, and yet 'tis said,
They prophesy—
Alv. The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever frowning Present is its image.
Ter. Traitress! (*then aside.*)
What sudden spell o'ermasters me?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman?
Alv. I dream'd I had a friend, on whom I lean'd
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me:
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolized, that trusted friend
Dishonored in my absence, soul and body!
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life.
But by my looks and most impassioned words,
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts! they made their terms,
And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

Alh. You are lost in thought: hear him no more, sweet Lady!
Ter. From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood!
Well, Sir, what happened then?
Alv. On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stayed, as though the hour of death were passed,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
For all things seemed unreal! there I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havoc.
The second flash of lightning showed a tree
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous:
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony,
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,
Prayed, that Remorse might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored's lion's bite!
Ter. A fearful curse!
Alh. But dream'd you not that you returned and killed them?
Dream'd you of no revenge?
Alv. She would have died,
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts;
For still I loved her!
Alh. And you dream'd all this?
Ter. My soul is full of visions all as wild!
Alh. There is no room in this heart for puling love tales.
Ter. (*lifts up her veil and advances to Alvar.*) Stranger, farewell; I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and, I own, perplexed me

With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling,
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle, wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!
But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favorable pleading.
[*Exeunt Teresa and Alhadra.*

Alv. (*alone.*) 'Tis strange! It can not be! my Lord Ordonio!
Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!
How sad she looked, and pale! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?
But ere she married him, he had stained her honor;
Ah! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin? Who should tell it him,
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? all else, I know, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referred to me—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?
Here, where we played together in our childhood?
Here, where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings
She had fainted in my arms? It can not be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die believing,
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
Her husband—aye her husband! May this angel
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, heaven,
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A wild and mountainous Country. Ordonio and Isidore are discovered, supposed at a little distance from Isidore's house.*

Ord. Here we may stop : your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.
Isid. Now indeed
My house ! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
That overbrows it ! Patron ! Friend ! Preserver !
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
You gave it me : next rescued me from suicide :
When for my follies I was made to wander,
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them :
Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had been my bed and pillow.
Ord. Good Isidore !
Why this to me ! It is enough, you know it.
Isid. A common trick of gratitude, my lord,
Seeking to ease her own full heart——
Ord. Enough !
A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.
Isid. And how, my lord ? I pray you to name the thing.
I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied !
Ord. Why—that—Lady—
Isid. 'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you :
Have you a son, my lord ?
Ord. O miserable— [*aside.*
Isidore ! you are a man, and know mankind.
I told you what I wished—now for the truth—
She loved the man you kill'd.
Isid. You jest, my lord ?
Ord. And till his death is proved she will not wed me.
Isid. You sport with me, my lord ?
Ord. Come, come ! this foolery
Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it !

Isid. I can bear this, and any thing more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?
Ord. Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—
Isid. I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.
Ord. In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true;
Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense;
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,
Shivers, and can not keep the tears in her eye:
And such do love the marvellous too well
Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy
With a strange music, that she knows not of—
With fumes of frankincense, and mummery,
Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.
Isid. Will that be a sure sign?
Ord. Beyond suspicion.
Fondly caressing him, her favor'd lover,
(By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)
She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,
As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
And as she coyly bound it round his neck
She made him promise silence; and now holds
The secret of the existence of this portrait
Known only to her lover and herself.
But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,
And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.
Isid. But now I should have cursed the man who told me
You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—
But this I can not do.
Ord. Where lies your scruple?
Isid. Why—why, my lord!
You know you told me that the lady lov'd you,
Had loved you with incautious tenderness;
That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
Returned, yourself, and she, and the honor of both

Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples
Than those which being native to the heart,
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—
Ord. This fellow is a man—he killed for hire
One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples!
[*Then turning to Isidore.*
These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—
Pish, fool! thou blund'rest through the book of guilt,
Spelling thy villany.
Isid. My lord—my lord,
I can bear much—yes, very much from you!
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness:
I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—
My gratitude—
Ord. O aye—your gratitude!
'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?
Isid. Who proffers his past favors for my virtue—
Ord. Virtue——
Isid. Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.
I knew not 'twas your brother!
Ord. And who told you?
Isid. He himself told me.
Ord. Ha! you talk'd with him!
And those, the two Morescoes who were with you?
Isid. Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.
Ord. (*in a low voice.*) My brother—
Isid. Yes, my lord, I could not tell you!
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.
But listen to me now—I pray you listen——
Ord. Villain! no more. I'll hear no more of it.
Isid. My lord, it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.
Ord. (*turning off from Isidore.*) Am not I a man!
'Tis as it should be! tut—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler!
Isid. We met him in the very place you mentioned.
Hard by a grove of firs—
Ord. Enough—enough—

Isid. He fought us valiantly, and wounded all ;
In fine, compelled a parley.
Ord. Alvar ! brother !
Isid. He offered me his purse—
Ord. Yes ?
Isid. Yes—I spurned it.—
He promised us I know not what—in vain !
Then with a look and voice that overawed me,
He said, What mean you, friends ? My life is dear :
I have a brother and a promised wife,
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to yours ;
I asked his brother's name : he said—Ordonio,
Son of Lord Valdez ! I had well nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed I said it,
And that no spirit made my tongue its organ),
That woman is dishonored by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—
Aye, just as you look now—only less ghastly !
At length recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.
Ord. And you kill'd him ?
Oh blood-hounds ! may eternal wrath flame round you !
He was his Maker's image undefac'd !
It seizes me—by Hell I will go on !
What—would'st thou stop, man ? thy pale looks won't save thee ?
Oh cold—cold—cold ! shot through with icy cold !
Isid. (*aside.*) Were he alive he had returned ere now.
The consequence the same—dead thro' his plotting !
Ord. O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart !
What if I went
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds ?
Aye ! that's the road to heaven ! O fool ! fool ! fool !
What have I done but that which nature destined,

Or the blind elements stirred up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these beings?
And if not meant—

Isid. You are disturbed, my lord!

Ord. (*starts.*) A gust of the soul! i'faith it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!
Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

Isid. (*in a low voice.*) I'll perish first!

Ord. What dost thou mutter of?

Isid. Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

Ord. There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you.

Isid. They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild flowers.
I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
That mid the chequer work of light and shade
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

Ord. Doubtless you question'd him?

Isid. 'Twas my intention,
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk everywhere, already (as it seemed)
Had given commission to his apt familiar
To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again concealed myself;
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in your name, as lord of this domain.
Proudly he answered, "Say to the Lord Ordonio,
He that can bring the dead to life again!"

Ord. A strange reply!

Isid. Aye, all of him is strange.
He called himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

Ord. Where does this wizard live?

Isid. (*pointing to the distance.*) You see that brooklet?
Trace its course backward: thro' a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.

Ord. How shall I know it?

Isid. You can not err. It is a small green dell
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow
Forever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite. You can not miss it.

Ord. (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene, and then turning round to Isidore.*) Ha!—who lurks there!
Have we been overheard?
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters——

Isid. 'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,
Form a mock portal with their pointed arch?
Pardon my smiles! 'Tis a poor idiot boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head,
And, staring at his bough from morn to sunset,
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises.

Ord. 'Tis well! and now for this same wizard's lair.

Isid. Some three strides up the hill, a mountain-ash
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.

Ord. I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exeunt Ordonio and Isidore.*

SCENE II.—*The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen.*

Discovers Alvar, Zulimez and Alhadra, as on the point of leaving.

Alh. (*addressing Alvar.*) Farewell then! and though many
thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

Alv. Nobly minded woman!
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:
Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colors
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.
I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found: but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the Avenger I leave vengeance, and depart!

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee:
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
Once more, farewell. [*Exit Alhadra.*
Yes, to the Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.

Zul. And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
You let a murderer hold?

Alv. O faithful Zulimez!
That my return involved Ordonio's death,
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
Yet bearable:—but when I see my father
Strewing his scant gray hairs, e'en on the ground,
Which soon must be his grave, and my Teresa—
Her husband proved a murderer, and her infants—
His infants—poor Teresa!—all would perish,
All perish—all; and I (nay bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin!

Zul. Nay now! I have distress'd you—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome:
You are a painter, one of many fancies!
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvas! and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest
You have learnt to name——
Hark! heard you not some footsteps?

Alv. What if it were my brother coming onwards?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter Ordonio.

Alv. It is he!

Ord. (*to himself as he enters.*) If I distinguished right her gait and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjurer
Draws round him the whole female neighborhood.
[*Addressing Alvar.*
You know my name, I guess, if not my person.
I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.

Alv. The son of Valdez!

[*Ordonio walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*

Zul. (*to Alvar.*) Why, what ails you now?
How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?

Alv. To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

Ord. (*returning and aloud.*) Plucked in the moonlight from a ruin'd abbey—

Those only, which the pale rays visited!
O the unintelligible power of weeds,
When a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er them:
Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp.
There's one of you
Hath sent me a strange message.
Alv. I am he.
Ord. With you, then, I am to speak:
(*Haughtily waving his hand to Zulimez.*)
And mark you, alone. [*Exit Zulimez.*
"He that can bring the dead to life again!"—
Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!
Alv. 'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,
That are all dust and rottenness within.
Would'st thou I should strip such?
Ord. Thou quibbling fool,
What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed hither
To sport with thee?
Alv. O no, my lord! to sport
Best suits the gayety of innocence.
Ord. (*aside.*) O what a thing is man! the wisest heart
A fool! a fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the cottage.*
You are poor!
Alv. What follows thence?
That you would fain be richer.
The Inquisition too—You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty;
And for the boon I ask of you but this,
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.
Alv. Thou art the son of Valdez! would to Heaven
That I could truly and forever serve thee.
Ord. The slave begins to soften. [*aside.*
You are my friend,
"He that can bring the dead to life again;"
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren

Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.
Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!
Alv. (*aside.*) Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.
Ord. I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners?
[*Ordonio steps to the door.*
Alv. What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Teresa!——Wretch! my softer soul
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience!
Ord. In truth this lady lov'd another man,
But he has perish'd.
Alv. What! you kill'd him? hey?
Ord. I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—
[*turns abruptly from Alvar, and then to himself.*
Why! what's this?
'Twas idiocy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—
Alv. Fare thee well—
I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.
[*Alvar is retiring.*
Ord. Ho! [*calling to Alvar.*
Alv. Be brief, what wish you?
Ord. You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.
Alv. I listen to you.
Ord. In a sudden tempest,
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow——
Alv. Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.
Ord. Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.
Alv. Are you not wedded, then? Merciful Heaven!
Not wedded to Teresa?
Ord. Why, what ails thee?
What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?

Alv. Proceed, I shall be silent.
Ord. To Teresa ?
Politic wizard ! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes. Hah ! you prophesied
A golden crop ! Well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me, and I'll pay thee nobly.
Alv. Well ! and this lady !
Ord. If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.
Alv. Yes ! he did so !
Ord. Why no : he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.
Alv. What ! he was your friend then !
Ord. I was his friend.—
Now that he gave it me,
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence,
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now ?
Alv. Ordonio, I will do it.
Ord. We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,
(For I have arranged it—music, altar, incense)
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.
Alv. I will not fail to meet you.
Ord. Till next we meet, farewell !

[*Exit Ordonio.*

(*Alv.* (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away, and gazes passionately at the portrait.*)
And I did curse thee!
At midnight! on my knees! and I believed
Thee perjur'd, thee a traitress! Thee dishonor'd!
O blind and credulous food! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy inarticulate fondnesses,
Thy infant loves—should not thy maiden vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee! barter for life
This farewell pledge, which with impassioned vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my death-pang!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—
I lisp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear portrait! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now profane thee, holy image,
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall of armory, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.*

Valdez, Ordonio, and Alvar in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.

Ord. This was too melancholy, father.
Val. Nay,
My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore

Some strangely moving notes : and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank ;
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
Even so !—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Ye still he wore it.

Alv. (*aside.*) My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father !

Enter Teresa and Attendants.

Ter. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence
And I submit ; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not ! 'tis mockery.

Ord. Believe you then no preternatural influence ?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us ?

Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing ! and it has sooth'd my soul
As other fancies have ; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope,
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
(*To Alv.*) Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,
On such employment ! With far other thoughts
I left you.

Ord. (*aside.*) Ha ! he has been tampering with her ?

Alv. O high-soul'd maiden ! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name !—
I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not ! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*

Alv. With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm,
I call up the departed !
Soul of Alvar !
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell ;—
So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
Cease thy swift toils ! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company

Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard ;—
Fitliest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless,
And rapid travellers ! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings ? [*Music.*
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parch'd caravan that roams by night !
And ye upbuild on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness ! Ye too split
The ice mount ! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swoln corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.

[*Here, behind the scenes, a voice sings the three words,*
" Hear, sweet spirit."

Soul of Alvar !
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm !
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half dead, yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense !
So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses that redeem the dead !

SONG.—*Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument as before.*

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel !
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,

Shall the chanter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea :
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine ! [*A long pause.*

Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell !
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant !
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me !
Alv. A joy to thee !
What if thou heard'st him now ? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's pionard ?
What (if his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence ?
Val. These are unholy fancies !
Ord. Yes, my father,
He is in Heaven !
Alv. (*still to Ordonio.*) But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang !
Val. Idly prating man !
Thou hast guess'd ill : Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him !
He is most virtuous.
Alv. (*still to Ordonio.*) What, if his very virtues
Had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud ?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt ?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning ;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass

Would force his features to a frowning sternness ?
Young Lord ! I tell thee, that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites !
Away, away ! Now let me hear more music. [*music again.*

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures !
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden Powers !
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory !—Hark ! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope ! Let us retire.

Alv. (*to Teresa.*) O full of faith and guileless love, thy spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
Surprise the guilty : thou art innocent !

[*Exeunt Teresa and Attendant. Music as before.*

The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering shape,
Who own'st no master in a human eye,
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
If he be dead, O come ! and bring with thee
That which he grasp'd in death ! But if he live,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*the whole music clashes into a Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Wandering demons hear the spell !
Lest a blacker charm compel—

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated picture of Alvar's assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds is then hidden by the ascending flames.*

Ord. (*starting.*) Duped ! duped ! duped !—the traitor Isidore !

[*At this instant the doors are forced open, Monviedro and the familiars of the Inquisition, servants, &c. enter and fill the stage.*

Mon. First seize the sorcerer! suffer him not to speak!
The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord Valdez?
Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

Ord. (*recovering himself as from stupor, to servants.*) Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!

[*all rush out in tumult.*

SCENE II.—*Interior of a chapel, with painted windows.*

Enter Teresa.

When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling——

Enter Valdez.

Val. Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril!

Ter. Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

Val. O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
This was no feat of mortal agency!
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished,
Self-kindled, self-consum'd: bright as thy life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy fate,
Alvar! My son! my son!—The Inquisitor——

Ter. Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar?

Val. How often would he plead for these Morescoes!
The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

Ter. So? so?—I comprehend you—he is——

Val. He is no more!

Ter. O sorrow! that a father's voice should say this,
A father's heart believe it!

Val. A worse sorrow
Are fancy's wild hopes to a heart despairing!
Ter. These rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows,
From yon bright orb—though colored as they pass,
Are they not light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez!
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied
By many a fancy, many a wishful hope,
Speaks yet the truth: and Alvar lives for me!
Val. Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart a listener
To its own wish.
Ter. I breath'd to the Unerring
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,
Yet impious sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?
Val. O not to-day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—
Accursed assassins!
Disarm'd, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relique
More dear than was his life——
Ter. O Heavens! my portrait!
And he did grasp it in his death-pang!
Off, false demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head!
[*Ordonio enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.*
Hush! who comes here? The wizard Moor's employer!
Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us
From wicked thoughts——
[*Valdez moves towards the back of the stage to meet Ordonio, and during the concluding lines of Teresa's speech appears as eagerly conversing with him.*
Is Alvar dead? what then?
The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one!
Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—
Away! they see me not—Thou seest me, Alvar!
To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,

One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—
There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.
[*Retires out of sight.*

Ord. (*as he advances with Valdez.*) These are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not,
That I too had received the wizard's message,
"He that can bring the dead to life again."
But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme
To work a full conviction on the culprit,
And he intrusts him wholly to my keeping.

Val. 'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discovered—
(Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—
Pride, and hypocrisy, and guilt, and cunning?
Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—
Why—why, what ails you now?—

Ord. Me? what ails me?
A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd
At any other time.—Why scan you me?

Val. His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers
Bore reference to the assassins——

Ord. Dup'd! dup'd! dup'd!
The traitor Isidore! [*a pause, then wildly.*
I tell thee, my dear father!
I am most glad of this.

Val. True—sorcery
Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us
To the discovery of the murderers.
I have their statures and their several faces
So present to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognize.

Ord. Yes! yes! we recognize them.
I was benumb'd, and staggered up and down
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 'tis sunshine,
And the blood dances freely through its channels!
[*then to himself.*
This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore!
[*then mimicking Isidore's manner and voice.*

"A common trick of gratitude, my lord!"
Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect
His "own full heart"—'twere good to see its color.
Val. These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded
To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,
But that in spite of your own seeming faith
I held it for some innocent stratagem,
Which love had prompted, to remove the doubts
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!
Ord. Love! love! and then we hate! and what? and wherefore?
Hatred and love! fancies opposed by fancies!
What, if one reptile sting another reptile?
Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature
Hath one disfeaturing stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestined transiency,
And cold dishonor? Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?
That this must needs bring on the idiocy
Of moist-eyed penitence—'tis like a dream!
Val. Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling——
Almost I fear it hath unhinged his brain.
Ord. (*Teresa reappears and advances slowly.*)
Say, I had laid a body in the sun!
Well! in a month there swarms forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had kill'd him!
[*Teresa stops listening.*
Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,
As that one life, which being push'd aside,
Made room for these unnumbered——
Val. O mere madness!
[*Teresa moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before Ordonio.*
Ord. Teresa? or the phantom of Teresa?
Ter. Alas! the phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her being, her life's life,
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound—

(*a pause.*) Where—
(Even coward murder grants the dead a grave)
O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio!
Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband?
Ord. There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierc'd darkness!
For while we live—
An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!

Over his rocky grave the fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge! 'Tis well with him.
[*Strides off towards the altar, but returns as Valdez is speaking.*
Ter. The rock! the fir-grove! [*To Valdez.*
Did'st thou hear him say it?
Hush! I will ask him!
Val. Urge him not—not now!
This we beheld. Nor he nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery revealed.
The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three——
Ord. A tender-hearted, scrupulous, grateful villain,
Whom I will strangle!
Val. While his two companions—
Ord. Dead! dead already! what care we for the dead?
Val. (*to Teresa.*) Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit:
These supernatural shows, this strange disclosure,
And this too fond affection, which still broods
O'er Alvar's fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These struggling with his hopeless love for you,
Distemper him, and give reality
To the creatures of his fancy.
Ord. Is it so?
Yes! yes! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewildered and talks idly.
Father!
What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours? What if the bolt,
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd its true aim when it fell on Alvar?

Val. Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,
He was their advocate; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.
Ord. Unknown, perhaps,
Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murdered.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle lady?
Val. What seek you now?
Ter. A better, surer light
To guide me——
Both Val. and Ord. Whither?
Ter. To the only place
Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!
Detain me not! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.
Val. To find a lover!
Suits that a high-born maiden's modesty?
O folly and shame! Tempt not my rage, Teresa!
Ter. Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven!
I haste but to the grave of my beloved!
[*Exit, Valdez following after her.*
Ord. This, then, is my reward! and I must love her?
Scorn'd! shudder'd at! yet love her still? yes! yes!
By the deep feelings of revenge and hate
I will still love her—woo her—win her too!
(*a pause*) Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd
To escape the crueller flames——My soul shouts triumph!
The mine is undermined! blood! blood! blood!
They thirst for thy blood! thy blood, Ordonio!
[*a pause.*
The hunt is up! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle, and with nets they seek
A timid prey: and lo! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch!

To Isidore I will despatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern! aye, that cavern!

He can not fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
Whence he shall never, never more return!

[*Looks through the side window.*

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to-night.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight.*

Isidore alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.

Isid. Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
"His life in danger, no place safe but this!
'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude."
And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
It can not be!
Thanks to that little crevice,
Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
Any thing but this crash of water drops!
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

[*He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight, and returns.*

A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of!
I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice
Which clutch'd my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it mov'd.

[*Isidore stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time Ordonio enters with a torch, and halloes to Isidore.*

Isid. I swear that I saw something moving there.
The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning——
I swear I saw it move.

Ord. (*goes into the recess, then returns.*) A jutting clay stone

Drops on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:
And the weed nods and drips.
Isid. A jest to laugh at!
It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.
Ord. What scar'd you, then?
Isid. You see that little rift?
But first permit me!
[*Lights his torch at Ordonio's, and while lighting it.*
(A lighted torch in the hand
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colors
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)
You see that crevice there?
My torch extinguished by these water drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea o'erbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the void so counterfeited substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear?
Fear too hath its instincts!
(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,)
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye.
An arm of frost above and from behind me
Pluck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!
You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.
Ord. It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.
Isid. If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—
Ord. Why, Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a brave man for a moment—
But such a panic—

Isid. When a boy, my lord!
I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge stones and heard them strike and rattle
Against its horrid sides: then hung my head
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.
Ord. Art thou more coward now?
Isid. Call him that fears his fellow-man a coward!
I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison house for goblins.
Beside, (you'll smile, my lord) but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
By what had passed between us in the morning.
O sleep of horrors! Now run down and stared at
By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being afraid—stifled with fear!
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
And I entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——
Ord. Well?
Isid. I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Wak'd me: she heard my heart beat.
Ord. Strange enough!
Had you been here before?
Isid. Never, my lord!
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.
Ord. (*after a pause.*) I know not why it should be! yet it is—
Isid. What is, my lord?
Ord. Abhorrent from our nature,
To kill a man—
Isid. Except in self-defence.

Ord. Why that's my case; and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?
Isid. Something troubles you.
How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honor, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.
Ord. Thyself be judge.
One of our family knew this place well.
Isid. Who? when? my lord?
Ord. What boots it, who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.
[*They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.*
He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.
Isid. (*aside.*) He? He despise? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard however: no surprise.
[*Then to Ordonio.*
What, he was mad?
Ord. All men seemed mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.
Isid. Of himself he speaks. [*aside.*
Alas! poor wretch!
Mad men are mostly proud.
Ord. He walked alone.
And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:

To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:
The man who heard him.—
Why didst thou look round?
Isid. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?
Ord. With this human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done!
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?
Isid. I would, my lord, you were by my fireside,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.
Ord. Where was I?
Isid. He of whom you tell the tale—
Ord. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!
But that same over ready agent—he—
Isid. Ah! what of him, my lord?
Ord. He proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor,
And they between them hatch'd a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it.—

[*Ordonio grasps his sword, and turns off from Isidore, then after a pause returns.*

Our links burn dimly.
Isid. A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord!
Tell what he did.
Ord. That which his wisdom prompted—

He made the traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the traitor.
Isid. No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!
Ord. Thou wouldst not then have come, if—
Isid. Oh yes, my lord!
I would have met him arm'd, and scar'd the coward.
[*Isidore throws off his robe; shows himself armed, and draws his sword.*
Ord. Now this is excellent and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance
Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,
And claims that life, my pity robbed her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.
Isid. And all my little ones fatherless—
Die thou first.
[*They fight, Ordonio disarms Isidore, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. Isidore hurries into the recess with his torch, Ordonio follows him; a loud cry of "Traitor! Monster!" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment Ordonio returns alone.*
Ord. I have hurled him down the chasm! treason for treason.
He dreamt of it: henceforward let him sleep,
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
His dream too is made out—now for his friend.
[*Exit Ordonio.*

SCENE II.* — *The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the iron gate of a dungeon visible.*

Ter. Heart-chilling superstition! thou canst glaze
Ev'n pity's eye with her own frozen tear.

* See Appendix. p. 403.

In vain I urge the tortures that await him :
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
My second mother, shuts her heart against me !
Well, I have won from her what most imports
The present need, the secret of the dungeon
Known only to herself.—A Moor ! a Sorcerer !
No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him
To act some part in some unholy fraud ;
As little doubt that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge !
But my resolve is fixed ! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he knew aught of Alvar.

Enter Valdez.

Val. Still sad ?—and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it
When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.
Now by my faith, girl ! this same wizard haunts thee !
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—
Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

Ter. The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
If it were possible I could feel more,
Even though the dearest inmates of our household
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are—

Val. Hush, thoughtless woman !

Ter. Nay, it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.

Val. No more of this—
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us !
I dare not listen to you.

Ter. My honored lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute image.

Val. ———We have mourned for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son?
Ter. Speak not of him!
That low imposture! That mysterious picture!
If this be madness, must I wed a madman?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it.
Val. Is this well?
Ter. Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear
Displaced each other with swift interchanges?
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.——
I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy first-born!
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!
That spiritual and almost heavenly light
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
Virtue's own native heraldry! to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
Wide round him! and when oft with swelling tears,
Flash'd through by indignation he bewail'd
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
Oh, what a grief was there—for joy to envy,
Or gaze upon enamor'd!
O my father!
Recall that morning when we knelt together,
And thou didst bless our loves! O even now,
Even now, my sire! to thy mind's eye present him,
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look! Place, place beside him
Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance!
Then bid me (O thou could'st not) bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind!
To take in exchange that brooding man who never
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.
Val. Ungrateful woman! I have tried to stifle
An old man's passion! was it not enough,

That thou hast made my son a restless man,
Banish'd his health, and half unhing'd his reason ;
But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion !
And toil to blast his honor ? I am old,
A comfortless old man !

Ter. O grief ! to hear
Hateful entreaties from a voice we love !

Enter a Peasant and presents a letter to Valdez.

Val. (*reading it.*) " He dares not venture hither !" Why what can this mean ?
" Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
That watch around my gates, should intercept him ;
But he conjures me, that without delay
I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
Will even outweigh the sorrow."—Why what can this be ?
Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
To have in me a hostage for his safety.
Nay, that they dare not ! Ho ! collect my servants !
I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

[*Exit Valdez.*

Ter. (*alone.*) The moon is high in heaven and all is hush'd.
Yet anxious listener ! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar ! Alvar ! that they could return
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two wont to walk at eventide
When we saw naught but beauty ; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmur'd !
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure,
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart.

[*a pause.*

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar,

Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward treachery
Be groping for him with envenomed poniard—
Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [*Exit Teresa.*

SCENE III.—*The mountains by moonlight.*

Alhadra alone in a Moorish dress.

Alh. Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the scritch-owl only wakes!
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla,
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul
Could drink in life from the universal air!
It were a lot divine in some small skiff
Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
To float forever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive!

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward tyrant!
To stupefy a woman's heart with anguish,
Till she forgot—even that she was a mother!

[*She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armor. They form a circle at a distance round Alhadra, and remain silent till Naomi enters.*

Nao. Woman! May Alla and the prophet bless thee!
We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief?
And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?
Alh. (*raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle.*)
Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
An honorable deed? And would ye work it
In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
And his bones soften.
Nao. Where is Isidore?
Alh. This night I went from forth my house, and left
His children all asleep: and he was living!
And I return'd and found them still asleep,
But he had perished——
All Morescoes. Perished?
Alh. He had perished!
Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan;
Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm
Revenge his murder?
One Morescoe. (*to another.*) Did she say his murder?
Nao. Murder? Not murdered?
Alh. Murdered by a Christian!
[*They all at once draw their sabres.*
Alh. (*To Naomi, who advances from the circle.*) Brother of
Zagri! fling away thy sword;
This is thy chieftain's! [*He steps forward to take it.*
Dost thou dare receive it?
For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,
No tears shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart
Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword
Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez! [*a pause.*
Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!
Nao. He dies, by Alla!
All. (*kneeling.*) By Alla!
Alh. This night your chieftain armed himself,
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter—there.

Nao. The cavern?
Alh. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch; he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once methought I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!
Nao. Thou called'st him?
Alh. I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent.
What saidst thou?
No! no! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it:
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last! his death-groan!
Nao. Comfort her, Alla.
Alh. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that can not be remembered,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last: my husband's death groan!
Nao. Haste! let us onward.
Alh. I looked far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jetting fragment:
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
My eyeballs burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops on the wet roof
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood!
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther bank I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!

The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance! Isidore!
Spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives!
Away! away!

All. Away! away!

[*She rushes off, all following her.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—*A Dungeon.*

Alvar (*alone*) *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

Alv. And this place my forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure! Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart
And stagnate and corrupt, till chang'd to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks;—
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapors of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!—
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;

But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and in honest purpose.
[*retires out of sight.*

Enter Teresa with a taper.

Ter. It has chilled my very life—my own voice scares me;
Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose
The substance of my being—my strongest grasp
Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
Blend with this strangled light! Is he not here—
[*looking round.*
O for one human face here—but to see
One human face here to sustain me.—Courage!
It is but my own fear! The life within me,
It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
Beyond which I scarce dare look onward! Oh!
If I faint? If this inhuman den should be
At once my death-bed and my burial vault?
[*Faintly screams as Alvar emerges from the recess.*

Alv. (*rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling.*)
O gracious heaven! it is, it is Teresa!
Shall I reveal myself? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And joy complete what terror has begun.
O ye impetuous beatings here, be still!
Teresa, best beloved! pale, pale, and cold!
Her pulse doth flutter! Teresa! my Teresa!

Ter. (*recovering.*) I heard a voice; but often in my dreams
I hear that voice! and wake and try—and try—
To hear it waking! but I never could—
And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
Murdered perhaps! And I am faint and feel
As if it were no painful thing to die!

Alv. Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.
Ter. Ha! Who art thou?
Alv. Suborned by his brother—
Ter. Didst thou murder him?
And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!
Alv. Ordonio—he—
Ter. If thou didst murder him—
His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee,—prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!
Alv. Alvar was not murdered.
Be calm! be calm, sweet maid!
Ter. Nay, nay, but tell me! [*a pause.*
O 'tis lost again!
This dull confused pain— [*a pause.*
Mysterious man!
Methinks I can not fear thee: for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart! And he suborned thee,
And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,
As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!
Alv. I can endure no more. The Moorish sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That picture—
Ter. Ha! speak on!
Alv. Beloved Teresa!
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.
[*takes her portrait from his neck and gives it her.*
Ter. (*receiving the portrait.*) The same—it is the same.
Ah! Who art thou?
Nay, I will call thee, Alvar! [*she falls on his neck.*
Alv. O joy unutterable!
But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while

Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honor of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother)
Let me recall him to his nobler nature.
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

Ter. O my all virtuous love! I fear to leave thee
With that obdurate man.

Alv. Thou dost not leave me!
But a brief while retire into the darkness:
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!

Ter. The sound of thy voice shall be my music!
Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?
Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [*Exit.*

[*A noise at the dungeon door. It opens, and Ordonio enters, with a goblet in his hand.*

Ord. Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,
And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspired against my life and honor,
Hast tricked me foully; yet I hate thee not.
Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the air bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another
The weaker needs must break.

Alv. I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling.

Ord. Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'Tis true I can not sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me

If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.
[*Ordonio proffers the goblet.*
Alv. Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Ordonio! life! enjoyment!
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim
I would remove it with an anxious pity!
Ord. What meanest thou?
Alv. There's poison in the wine.
Ord. Thou hast guessed right; there's poison in the wine.
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die!
Alv. Whom dost thou think me?
Ord. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.
Alv. I know him not.
And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately,
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?
Isidore? Isidore?
Ord. Good! good! that lie! by heaven it has restored me.
Now I am thy master! Villain! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.
Alv. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?
[*Alvar takes the goblet, and throws it to the ground.*
My master!
Ord. Thou mountebank!
Alv. Mountebank and villain!
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction!
Thou blind self-worshiper! thy pride, thy cunning,

Thy faith in universal villany,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them!
What have they done for thee? have they given thee peace?
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep! or made
The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight?
Art happy when alone? Canst walk by thyself
With even step and quiet cheerfulness?
Yet, yet thou may'st be saved——

Ord. Saved? saved?

Alv. One pang!
Could I call up one pang of true remorse!

Ord. He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones! remorse! remorse!
Where got'st thou that fool's word? Curse on remorse!
Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body? mangled—dashed to atoms!
Not all the blessings of a host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!
And tho' thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!

Alv. But Alvar——

Ord. Ha! it chokes thee in the throat,
Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out.
Still Alvar!—Alvar—howl it in mine ear!
Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,
And shoot it hissing through my brain!

Alv. Alas!
That day when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasp thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him! Heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why didst thou hate him!
O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck
And weep forgiveness!

Ord. Spirit of the dead!
Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild
At its own dreams!—off—off, fantastic shadow!

Alv. I fain would tell thee what I am, but dare not!

Ord. Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—
I fear thee, man!

Ter. (*rushing out and falling on Alvar's neck.*) Ordonio!
'tis thy brother.

[*Ordonio runs upon Alvar with his sword. Teresa flings herself on Ordonio and arrests his arm.*

Stop, madman, stop!

Alv. Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee? Toil and painful wounds
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt!
Ordonio—brother!
Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

Ord. (*drawing back and gazing at Alvar.*) Touch me not.
Touch not pollution, Alvar! I will die.

[*He attempts to fall on his sword, Alvar and Teresa prevent him.*

Alv. We will find means to save your honor. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio! for our father's sake!
Spare his gray hairs!

Ter. And you may yet be happy!

Ord. O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy!
Live! live! Why yes! 'Twere well to live with you:
For is it fit a villain should be proud?
My brother! I will kneel to you, my brother! [*kneeling.*
Forgive me, Alvar!—Curse me with forgiveness!

Alv. Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look around thee!
Now is the time for greatness! Think that heaven—

Ter. O mark his eye! he hears not what you say.

Ord. Yes, mark his eye! there's fascination in it!
Thou saidst thou didst not know him—That is he!
He comes upon me!

Alv. Heal, O heal him, heaven!

Ord. Nearer and nearer! and I can not stir!
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me?

He would have died to save me, and I killed him—
A husband and a father!—
Ter. Some secret poison
Drinks up his spirits!
Ord. Let the eternal justice
Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony!
And be myself alone my own sore torment!
[*the doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush Alhadra, and the band of Morescoes.*
Alh. Seize first that man!
[*Alvar presses onward to defend Ordonio.*
Ord. Off, ruffians! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine! to thee I give it!
Off! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder! I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.
Alh. My husband—
Ord. Yes, I murdered him most foully.
Alv. and Ter. O horrible!
Alh. Why didst thou leave his children?
Demon, thou should'st have sent thy dogs of hell
To lap their blood. Then, then I might have hardened
My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
For a deep horror of desolation,
Too great to be one soul's particular lot!
Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.
The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,
I have not seen his blood—Within an hour
Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!
Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!
Ter. He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!
O let him live! That aged man his father——
Alh. Why had he such a son?
[*Shouts from the distance of,* Rescue! Rescue! Alvar! Alvar! *and the voice of Valdez heard.*
Rescue?—and Isidore's spirit unavenged?—

The deed be mine! [*suddenly stabs Ordonio.*
Now take my life!
Ord. (*staggering from the wound.*) Atonement!
Alv. (*while with Teresa supporting Ordonio.*) Arm of avenging Heaven,
Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—
But go! my word was pledged to thee.
Ord. Away!
Brave not my father's rage! I thank thee! Thou—
[*then turning his eyes languidly to Alvar.*
She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!
I stood in silence like a slave before her
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate this self-accusing heart
With bitterer agonies than death can give.
Forgive me, Alvar!
Oh!—couldst thou forget me! [*Dies*
[*Alvar and Teresa bend over the body of Ordonio.*
Alh. (*to the Moors.*) I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely,
That still extremes bring their own cure. That point
In misery, which makes the oppressed man
Regardless of his own life, makes him too
Lord of the oppressor's—Knew I a hundred men
Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world;
The deep foundations of iniquity
Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them:
The strongholds of the cruel men should fall,
Their temples and their mountainous towers should fall;
Till desolation seemed a beautiful thing,
And all that were and had the spirit of life,
Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
Conquering and still to conquer!
[*Alhadra hurries off with the Moors; the stage fills with armed peasants, and servants, Zulimez and Valdez at their head. Valdez rushes into Alvar's arms.*
Alv. Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy

Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.
[*both kneel to Valdez.*

Val. My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!

Ter. Me too, my father?

Val. Bless, Oh bless my children! [*both rise.*

Alv. Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
Were ominous. In these strange dread events
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse, she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears!
Still bids, Remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

APPENDIX.

The following Scene, as unfit for the stage, was taken from the tragedy, in the year 1797, and published in the Lyrical Ballads.

Enter Teresa and Selma.

Ter. 'Tis said, he spake of you familiarly,
As mine and Alvar's common foster-mother.
Sel. Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet Lady,
As often as I think of those dear times,
When you two little ones would stand, at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
In gentle phrase; then bid me sing to you——
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what has been!
Ter. But that entrance, Selma?
Sel. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!
Ter. No one.
Sel. My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul;
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learn'd a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To gather seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,
A gray-haired man, he loved this little boy:
The boy loved him, and when the friar taught him,

He soon could write with the pen; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
So he became a rare and learned youth:
But O! poor wretch! he read, and read, and read,
Till his brain turned; and ere his twentieth year
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place.
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Valdez ne'er was wearied with him.
And once, as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together chained in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened;
A fever seized him, and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment; so the youth was seized,
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart:
And once as he was working near this dungeon,
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wide savanna
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described,
And the young man escaped.

Ter. 'Tis a sweet tale:
Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears.
And what became of him?

Sel. He went on shipboard
With those bold voyagers who made discovery
Of golden lands. Sesina's younger brother
Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,
He told Sesina, that the poor mad youth,
Soon after they arrived in that new world,
In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
And all alone set sail by silent moonlight
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more: but 'tis supposed
He lived and died among the savage men.

Note to the words "You are a painter," p. 350, Scene ii., Act ii.

The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere fancy portrait; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of the late Sir George Beaumont.

Zul. (*speaking of Alvar in the third person.*) Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.
He told me, too, how in his early youth,
And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice;
There won the love of that divine old man,
Courted by mightiest kings, the famous Titian!
Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
By the sweet mystery of lines and colors
Changed the blank canvass to a magic mirror,
That made the absent present; and to shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.
He loved the old man, and revered his art:
And though of neblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
But an inalienable ornament,
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons
Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
The art, he honored thus, requited him:
And in the following and calamitous years
Beguiled the hours of his captivity.
Alh. And then he framed this picture? and unaided
By arts unlawful, spell, or tallsman!
Alv. A potent spell, a mighty talisman!
The imperishable memory of the dead,
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation!
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them!

ZAPOLYA.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. IN TWO PARTS.

Παρ πυρὶ χρὴ τοιαῦτα λέγειν χειμῶνος ἐν ὥρᾳ.

APUD ATHENÆUM.

PART I.

THE PRELUDE, ENTITLED THE "USURPER'S FORTUNE."

ADVERTISEMENT.

The form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the Winter's Tale of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a Prelude instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the Æschylean Trilogy of the Agamemnon, the Orestes, and the Eumenides. Though a matter of form merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the time of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (*i. e.* render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it as a Christmas tale.

CHARACTERS.

Emerick, *Usurping King of Illyria.*
Raab Kiuprili, *an Illyrian Chieftain.*
Casimir, *Son of* Kiuprili.
Chef Ragozzi, *a Military Commander.*
Zapolya, *Queen of Illyria.*

SCENE I.—*Front of the Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-house. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace.*

Chef Ragozzi, at the door of the Guard-house, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.

C. Rag. MY eyes deceive me not, it must be he,
Who but our chief, my more than father, who
But Raab Kiuprili moves with such a gait?
Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.
My patron! my commander! yes, 'tis he!
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.

[*Drums beat, &c. the Guard turns out. Enter Raab Kiuprili.*

R. Kiu. (*making a signal to stop the drums, &c.*) Silence! enough! This is no time, young friend!
For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,
Th' air shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter,
Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.
Soldiers, 'tis well! Retire! your General greets you,
His loyal fellow-warriors. [*Guards retire.*

C. Rag. Pardon my surprise.
Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended!
What may these wonders prophesy?

R. Kiu. Tell me first,
How fares the king? His majesty still lives?

C. Rag. We know no otherwise; but Emerick's friends
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

R. Kiu. Ragozzi! I have reared thee from a child,
And as a child I have reared thee. Whence this air
Of mystery? That face was wont to open

Clear as the morning to me, showing all things.
Hide nothing from me.

C. Rag. O most loved, most honored,
The mystery, that struggles in my looks,
Betrayed my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant; but fear the worst.
And mystery is contagious. All things here
Are full of motion: and yet all is silent:
And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears.

R. Kiu. I have trembling proof within, how true thou speakest.

C. Rag. That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commanders' debts,
And (it is whispered) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard
All——
But what my lord will learn too soon himself.

R. Kiu. Ha! well then, let it come! Worse scarce can come.
This letter written by the trembling hand
Of royal Andreas calls me from the camp
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,
And of the royal infant. Day by day,
Robbed of Zapolya's soothing cares, the king
Yearns only to behold one precious boon,
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

C. Rag. Remember you, my lord! that Hebrew leech,
Whose face so much distempered you?

R. Kiu. Barzoni?
I held him for a spy; but the proof failing
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself)
I sent him from the camp.

C. Rag. To him, in chief,
Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

R. Kiu. Hide nothing, I conjure you! What of him?

C. Rag. With pomp of words beyond a soldier's cunning,
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whispers!
Talks in dark words of women's fancies; hints
That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal
To rob a dying man of any hope,

However vain, that soothes him : and, in fine,
Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.

R. Kiu. The venomous snake ! My heel was on its head,
And (fool !) I did not crush it !

C. Rag. Nay, he fears,
Zapolya will not long survive her husband.

R. Kiu. Manifest treason ! Even this brief delay
Half makes me an accomplice———(If he live,)
[*Is moving towards the palace.*
If he but live and know me, all may———

C. Rag. Halt ! [*Stops him.*
On pain of death, my Lord ! am I commanded
To stop all ingress to the palace.

R. Kiu. Thou !

C. Rag. No place, no name, no rank excepted—

R. Kiu. Thou !

C. Rag. This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili !
I give it as a weapon to thy hands,
Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,
Useless to thee, 'tis worthless to myself.
Thou art the framer of my nobler being ;
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
One honorable hope, but calls thee father.
Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace
Is guarded from within, that each access
Is thronged by armed conspirators, watched by ruffians
Pampered with gifts, and hot upon the spoil
Which that false promiser still trails before them
I ask but this one boon—reserve my life
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee !

R. Kiu. My heart is rent asunder. O my country,
O fallen Illyria, stand I here spell-bound ?
Did my King love me ? Did I earn his love ?
Have we embraced as brothers would embrace ?
Was I his arm, his thunder-bolt ? And now
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream ?
Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I
Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak
Gore my own breast ?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful ?

C. Rag. Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.
R. Kiu. Hark, Ragozzi!
Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration:
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.
Come thou with me! They have heard my voice in flight,
Have faced round, terror-struck, and feared no longer
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.
Ha! what is this?
[*Black flag displayed from the tower of the Palace: a death bell tolls, &c.*
Vengeance of heaven! He is dead.
C. Rag. At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear,
That these black death flags are but treason's signals.
R. Kiu. A prophecy too soon fulfilled! See yonder!
O rank and ravenous wolves! the death bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.
C. Rag. Precise and faithful in their villany
Even to the moment, that the master traitor
Had pre-ordained them.
R. Kiu. Was it over-haste,
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth
Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense.
C. Rag. Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd! Heaven's justice
Bought like themselves!
Being equal all in crime,
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides!
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,
The prize of foremost impudence in guilt?
R. Kiu. The bad man's cunning still prepares the way
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi!
Ragozzi, I applaud,
In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.
Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee:
I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.
Mine is an easier part—to brave the usurper.

[*Enter a procession of Emerick's adherents, nobles, chieftains, and soldiers, with music. They advance toward the front of the stage. Kiuprili makes the signal for them to stop.—The music ceases.*

Leader of the Procession. The Lord Kiuprili!—Welcome from the camp.

R. Kiu. Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,
In good time come ye hither, if ye come
As loyal men with honorable purpose
To mourn what can alone be mourned; but chiefly
To enforce the last commands of royal Andreas
And shield the Queen, Zapolya: haply making
The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

Leader. Our purpose demands speed. Grace our procession;
A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

R. Kiu. This patent written by your lawful king,
(Lo! his own seal and signature attesting)
Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,
The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.
[*Voices of Live King Emerick! an Emerick! an Emerick!*
What means this clamor? Are these madmen's voices?
Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamize the name of the king's brother
With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,
Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason? [*murmurs.*
What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?

[*Loud murmurs, followed by cries—Emerick! No Baby Prince! No Changelings!*

Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquered for your honor!
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbed,

Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow-warrior?
And have I brought home with me Victory,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed Peace,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charmed a goddess down from Heaven?
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation!

[*Murmurs increase—and cries of onward! onward!*

Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold plucked from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

Enter Lord Casimir.

Cas. Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand
The elected King, our chosen Emerick?
My father!

R. Kiu. Casimir! He, he a traitor!
Too soon, indeed, Ragozzi! have I learnt it. [*aside.*

Cas. My father and my lord!

R. Kiu. I know thee not!

Leader. Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

R. Kiu. A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

Cas. O hear me, Sire! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.
The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring
At least is doubtful: and of all our nobles,
The king inheriting his brother's heart,
Hath honored us the most. Your rank, my lord!
Already eminent, is—all it can be—
Confirmed: and me the king's grace hath appointed
Chief of his council and the lord high steward.

R. Kiu. (Bought by a bribe!) I know thee now still less.

Cas. So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,
That no power, save that holy name of father,
Could shield the man who so dishonored me.
R. Kiu. The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-slave,
Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles,
And scream, Long live king Emerick!
Leaders. Aye, king Emerick!
Stand back, my lord! Lead us, or let us pass.
Soldier. Nay, let the general speak!
Soldiers. Hear him! hear him!
R. Kiu. Hear me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear and avenge me! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honored by the king;
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe?
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear?
Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended?
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
A bought, bribed wretch, who, being called my son,
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave?
The underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring
Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel,
And to the common father of his country
A recreant ingrate!
Cas. Sire! your words grow dangerous.
High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem
Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,
To guard his country's safety by what means
It best may be protected—come what will
Of these monk's morals!
R. Kiu. (*aside.*) Ha! the elder Brutus
Made his soul iron, though his sons repented,
They boasted not their baseness. [*draws his sword.*
Infamous changeling;
Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,

And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will;
Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,
Thou diest——

[*Chiefs, &c., rush to interpose; during the tumult, enter Emerick, alarmed.*

Eme. Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.——
Kiuprili? Ha!——

[*making signs to the guard to retire.*

Pass on, friends! to the palace.

[*Music recommences.—The Procession passes into the Palace.*

Eme. What? Raab Kiuprili! What! a father's sword
Against his own son's breast?

R. Kiu. 'Twould best excuse him,
Were he thy son, Prince Emerick. I abjure him.

Eme. This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced
A reign to which the free voice of the nobles
Hath called me, and the people, by regards
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

R. Kiu. What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow them?

Eme. By what right dares Kiuprili question me?

R. Kiu. By a right common to all loyal subjects—
To me a duty! As the realm's co-regent
Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,
Writ by himself.—(*Grasping the Patent.*)

Eme. Ay!—Writ in a delirium!

R. Kiu. I likewise ask, by whose authority
The access to the sovereign was refused me?

Eme. By whose authority dared the general leave
His camp and army, like a fugitive?

R. Kiu. A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,
Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death!
A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements
To be belated in a loyal purpose—
At the command, Prince! of my king and thine,
Hither I came: and now again require
Audience of Queen Zapolya; and (the States
Forthwith convened) that thou dost show at large,
On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul
This thy King's last and solemn act—hast dared

Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,
And conscience should have made thee a protector.
Eme. A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning!
Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherished, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad daylight
And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,
I still had placed thee foremost.
R. Kiu. Prince! I listen.
Eme. Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Maddened with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—
Cas. Sire! speak the whole truth! Say, her fraud detected!
Eme. According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician—
R. Kiu. (*aside.*) Yes! the Jew, Barzoni!
Eme. Under the imminent risk of death she lies,
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.
Cas. (*to Kiuprili.*) Trust me, my lord! a woman's trick has duped you—
Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas.
Even for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly
For her recovery, that (the states convened)
She may take counsel of her friends.
Eme. Right, Casimir!
Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims;
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past passed by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen Dowager, with unblenched honors,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.
R. Kiu. Prince Emerick! you speak fairly, and your pledge too
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.
Cas. My lord! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,

Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his grace's urgence, wooed and won for me.

Eme. Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.

R. Kiu. The longest line that ever tracing herald
Or found or feigned, placed by a beggar's soul,
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison:
And with the soul, the conscience is coeval,
Yea, the soul's essence.

Eme. Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance
And the blind law of lineage? That whether infant,
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
Of a free people's destiny, should fall out
In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless?
Or haply that a nation's fate should hang
On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull?

Cas. What better claim can sovereign wish or need,
Than the free voice of men who love their country?
Those chiefly who have fought for't? Who by right,
Claim for their monarch one, who having obeyed,
So hath best learnt to govern; who having suffered,
Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him?
Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not
By nature's fiat? In the storm of triumph,
'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice
Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit
Possess the station of command!

R. Kiu. Prince Emerick,
Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.

Eme. (*aside to Casimir.*) Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!
Bind him to us!—Thy father thaws apace!
[*then aloud.*

Leave us awhile, my lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi,
Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
Commands the guard to-day.

[*Casimir retires to the Guard-house; and after a time appears before it with Chef Ragozzi.*

We are alone.
What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili?
Then, with your assent——

R. Kiu. Mistake not for assent
The unquiet silence of a stern resolve
Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee, Prince!
And I have watched thee, too; but have small faith in
A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.

[*Emerick turns as about to call for the Guard.*

In the next moment I am in thy power,
In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
Thou diest that instant.

Eme. Ha, ha!—Well, Sir!—Conclude your homily.

R. Kiu. A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
Against all means of proof, detects itself.
The Queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care
And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee
Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, falsehood,
Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head!

Eme. Ay! to the mark!

R. Kiu. Hadst thou believed thine own tale, hadst thou fancied
Thyself the righful successor of Andreas,
Wouldst thou have pilfered from our school-boys' themes
These shallow sophisms of a popular choice?
What people? How convened? or, if convened,
Must not the magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them? Better, O far better
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains,
And with a thousand-fold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,

Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!
By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man's task
And the true patriot's glory! In all else
Men safelier trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home
To chide and wonder at them when returned.

Eme. Is't thus, thou scoff'st the people? most of all,
The soldiers, the defenders of the people?

R. Kiu. O most of all, most miserable nation,
For whom the imperial power, enormous bubble!
Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shattered
By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery!
Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far,
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors)
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer
City and Court, a venom'd thorn i' the side
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,
Still ravening for fresh largess! But with such
What title claim'st thou, save thy birth? What merits
Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,
Brave though I grant thee? If a life outlabored
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war
For the land's fame and weal; if large acquests,
Made honest by the aggression of the foe,
And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;
If victory, doubly-wreathed, whose under-garland
Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
Thro' the gray olive-branch; if these, Prince Emerick!
Give the true title to the throne, not thou—
No! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy
Be judge and arbiter between us!) I,
I were the rightful sovereign!

Eme. I have faith
That thou both think'st and hop'st it. Fair Zapolya,
A provident lady—

R. Kiu. Wretch beneath all answer!
Eme. Offers at once the royal bed and throne.
R. Kiu. To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,
Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage
Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho!
[*to the Guard.*
Eme. Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian!
Thus long I have listened—Guard—ho! from the palace.
[*The Guard-post from the Guard-house with Chef Ragozzi at their head, and then a number from the Palace—Chef Ragozzi demands Kiuprili's sword and apprehends him.*
Cas. O agony! (*to Emerick.*) Sire, hear me!
[*to Kiuprili, who turns from him.*
Hear me, father!
Eme. Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!
Who pleads for his life, strikes at mine, his sovereign's.
R. Kiu. As the Co-regent of the realm, I stand
Amenable to none save to the States
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,
Yet witness ye that before God and man
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,
And on strong grounds attaint him with suspicion
Of murder—
Eme. Hence with the madman!
R. Kiu. Your Queen's murder,
The royal orphan's murder: and to the death
Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.
[*hurried off by Ragozzi and the Guard.*
Eme. Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre
This insolence shall be avenged.
Cas. O banish him.
This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,
Banish him, my liege lord!
Eme. What? to the army?
Be calm, young friend! Naught shall be done in anger.
The child o'erpowers the man. In this emergence
I must take council for us both. Retire.
[*Exit Casimir.*

Eme. (*alone, looks at a Calendar.*) The changeful planet, now in her decay,
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
Cursed by the last look of the waning moon:
And my bright destiny, with sharpened horns,
Shall greet me fearless in the new-born crescent. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to the back of the Palace—a wooded park and mountains.

Enter Zapolya, with an infant in arms.

Zap. Hush, dear one! hush! My trembling arm disturbs thee!
Thou, the protector of the helpless! thou,
The widow's husband and the orphan's father,
Direct my steps! Ah whither? O send down
Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness!
Hush, sweet one! Thou art no Hagar's offspring: Thou art
The rightful heir of an anointed king!
What sounds are those? It is the vesper chant
Of laboring men returning to their home!
Their queen has no home! Hear me, heavenly Father!
And let this darkness——
Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us! Start'st thou in thy slumbers?
Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush!
Betray not thy poor mother! For if they seize thee
I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe
Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha! what? A soldier?

Enter Chef Ragozzi.

C. Rag. Sure heaven befriends us. Well! he hath escaped!
O rare tune of a tyrant's promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From forth its lurking hole in the heart. "Ragozzi!
O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What not?"
And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!
Merely to play the underling in the murder
Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!
Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st me too

A serviceable villain. Could I now
But gain some sure intelligence of the queen:
Heaven bless and guard her!
Zap. (*coming forward.*) Art thou not Ragozzi?
C. Rag. The Queen! Now then the miracle is full!
I see heaven's wisdom is an over-match
For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!
Zap. Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!
This is thy sovereign's child: Oh, pity us,
And be not treacherous! [*kneeling.*
C. Rag. (*raising her.*) Madam! For mercy's sake!
Zap. But tyrants have a hundred eyes and arms!
C. Rag. Take courage, madam! 'Twere too horrible,
(I can not do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—
Scarce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili——
Zap. Kiuprili! How?
C. Rag. There is not time to tell it,—
The tyrant called me to him, praised my zeal
(And be assured I overtopt his cunning
And seemed right zealous.) But time wastes: In fine,
Bids me despatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
With letters to the army. The thought at once
Flashed on me. I disguised my prisoner——
Zap. What! Raab Kiuprili?
C. Rag. Yes! my noble general.
I sent him off, with Emerick's own packet,
Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him——
Zap. Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem sinking!—
C. Rag. (*supporting her.*) Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger,
A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,
One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,
Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road
The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop
To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
The treasure which I convoy!
Zap. One brief moment,
That praying for strength I may have strength. This babe,

Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!
Through thee, dear babe, the inspiring thought possessed me,
When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my lord.— [*then to the infant.*
And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!
Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.
As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!
Lo, I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound perishes,
Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it——
But Andreas framed it not! He was no tyrant!

C. Rag. Haste, madam! Let me take this precious burden!
[*he kneels as he takes the child.*

Zap. Take him! And if we be pursued, I charge thee,
Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king!
[*then as going off, she looks back on the palace.*
Thou tyrant's den, be called no more a palace!
The orphan's angel at the throne of heaven
Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.
Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion
Stand sentry at thy portals! Faith and honor,
Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted nation:
And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine,
(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets)
Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers
Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,
And when they cry: Lo! a male child is born!
The mother shall make answer with a groan.
For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,
Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,
They shall be mocked with sounds of liberty,

And liberty shall be proclaimed alone
To thee, O Fire! O Pestilence! O sword!
Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched hence,
Poor friendless fugitive! with mother's wailing,
Offspring of royal Andreas, shalt return
With trump and timbrel clang, and popular shout
In triumph to the palace of thy fathers! [*Exeunt.*

ZAPOLYA:

PART II.

THE SEQUEL, ENTITLED THE "USURPER'S FATE."

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

OLD BATHORY, *a Mountaineer.*
BETHLEN BATHORY, *The young Prince Andreas, supposed son of* OLD BATHORY.
LORD RUDOLPH, *a Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.*
LASKA, *Steward to* CASIMIR, *betrothed to* GLYCINE.
PESTALUTZ, *an Assassin, in* EMERICK'S *employ.*
LADY SAROLTA, *Wife of* LORD CASIMIR.
GLYCINE, *Orphan Daughter of* CHEF RAGOZZI.

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which Emerick remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.

USURPATION ENDED; OR, SHE COMES AGAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Mountainous country. Bathory's dwelling at the end of the stage.*

Enter Lady Sarolta and Glycine.

Gly. WELL then! our round of charity is finished.
Rest, Madam! You breathe quick.
Sar. What, tired, Glycine?
No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer
By choice no less than birth, I gladly use
The good strength nature gave me.
Gly. That last cottage
Is built as if an eagle or a raven
Had chosen it for her nest.
Sar. So many are
The sufferings which no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.
Gly. There? [*Pointing to Bathory's dwelling.*
Sar. Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir
Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge
I lost the misty image which so long
Lingered, or seemed at least to linger on it.
Gly. And what if even now, on that same ridge,
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,
As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,
Who but Sarolta's own dear lord returned
From his high embassy?
Sar. Thou hast hit my thought!

All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,
The restless hope fluttered about my heart.
Oh we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I
Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier
To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

Gly. But our best sports belike, and gay processions
Would to my lord have seemed but work-day sights
Compared with those the royal court affords.

Sar. I have small wish to see them. A spring morning
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
(Each orbed drop an orb of glory in it)
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retirement
Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred:
But in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command, what I had else entreated.

Gly. And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately———

Sar. Hush! innocent flatterer!

Gly. Nay! to my poor fancy
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.

Sar. So doth the ignorant distance still delude us!
Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self a cold, drear, colorless void,
Seen from below and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!
Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance?
And was not Laska there: he, your betrothed?

Gly. Yes, madam! he was there. So was the maypole.
For we danced round it.

Sar. Ah, Glycine! why,
Why did you then betroth yourself?

Gly. Because
My own dear lady wished it! 'twas you asked me!

Sar. Yes, at my lord's request, but never wished,

My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.
Thou knowest not yet the duties of a wife.

Gly. Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam!
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,
And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska
But I shall tremble.

Sar. Not with fear, I think,
For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the cottage.

[*Exit Glycine into the cottage, Sarolta continues her speech looking after her.*

Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage,
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee!
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct!

[*angry voices and clamor within. Re-enter Glycine.*

Gly. Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,
And in mere spite and malice, now they charge him
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.
Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This way!
Lady Sarolta's here— [*calling without*

Sar. Be calm, Glycine.

Enter Laska and Servants with Old Bathory.

Las. (*to Bathory.*) We have no concern with you! What needs your presence?

O. Bath. What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy
To be slandered by a set of coward ruffians,
And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!—
To tell its own tale?

[*Laska and servants bow to Lady Sarolta.*

Sar. Laska! What may this mean?

Las. Madam! and may it please your ladyship!
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir:
The lord high steward of the realm, moreover——
Sar. Be brief! We know his titles!
Las. And moreover
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants;
Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,
His badge of livery of your noble house,
And trampled it in scorn.
Sar. (*to the servants who offer to speak.*) You have had your spokesman!
Where is the young man thus accused?
O. Bat. I know not:
Bnt if no ill betide him on the mountains,
He will not long be absent!
Sar. Thou art his father?
O. Bat. None ever with more reason prized a son;
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
Witnessed the affray, besides these men of malice,
And if I swerve from truth——
Gly. Yes! good old man!
My lady! pray believe him!
Sar. Hush, Glycine!
Be silent, I command you. [*then to Bathory.*
Speak! we hear you!
O. Bat. My tale is brief. During our festive dance,
Your servants, the accusers of my son,
Offered gross insults, in unmanly sort,
To our village maidens. He, (could he do less?)
Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
And so persuasive did his cudgel prove,
(Your hectoring sparks so over brave to women
Are always cowards) that they soon took flight,
And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,

Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
Which their own threats provoked.
Sar. Old man! you talk
Too bluntly! Did your son owe no respect
To the livery of our house?
O. Bat. Even such respect
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
That hath begun to worry the poor lambs!
Las. Old insolent ruffian!
Gly. Pardon! pardon, madam!
I saw the whole affray. The good old man
Means no offence, sweet lady!—You, yourself,
Laska! know well, that these men were the ruffians!
Shame on you!
Sar. What! Glycine? Go, retire!
[*Exit Glycine.*
Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
Might have complained to us. Was ever access
Denied you? Or free audience? Or are we
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants?
O. Bat. So then! So then! Heaven grant an old man patience!
And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine
While he goes ask their master, if perchance
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage?
Las. Ho! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence!
I will report her further will!
Sar. Wait then,
Till thou hast learnt it! Fervent good old man!
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning!
[*then speaks to the servants.*
Hence! leave my presence! and you, Laska! mark me!
Those rioters are no longer of my household!
If we but shake a dew-drop from a rose,
In vain would we replace it, and as vainly
Restore the tear of wounded modesty
To a maiden's eye familiarized to license.—
But these men, Laska—

Las. (*aside.*) Yes, now 'tis coming.
Sar. Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,
That they have sought to piece out their revenge
With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger,
Stamps them most dangerous; and till I want
Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need
Their services. Discharge them! You, Bathory!
Are henceforth of my household! I shall place you
Near my own person. When your son returns,
Present him to us!
O. Bat. Ha! what strangers here!
*What business have they in an old man's eye?
Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—
I can not—must not—let you be deceived.
I have yet another tale, but [*then to Sarolta aside.*
not for all ears!
Sar. I oft have passed your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April showered aslant its thatch.
Come! you shall show it me! And, while you bid it
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness
The oil of gladness glittering on the water
Of an ebbing grief.
[*Bathory shows her into his cottage.*
Las. (*alone.*) Vexation! baffled! school'd!
Ho! Laska! wake! why? what can all this mean?
She sent away that cockatrice in anger!
Oh the false witch! It is too plain, she loves him.
And now, the old man near my lady's person,
She'll see this Bethlen hourly!
[*Laska flings himself into the seat. Glycine peeps in.*
Gly. Laska! Laska!
Is my lady gone?
Las. Gone.
Gly. Have you yet seen him?
Is he returned? [*Laska starts up.*
Has the seat stung you, Laska?
Las. No, serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me; you!
What? you would cling to him again!

* This line was borrowed unconsciously from the Excursion.

Gly. Whom?
Las. Bethlen! Bethlen!
Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him!
Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday!
Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,
And your pretended fears!
Gly. Your fears, at least,
Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs
And white cheeks played the hypocrites most vilely!
Las. I fear! whom? What?
Gly. I know, what I should fear,
Were I in Laska's place.
Las. What?
Gly. My own conscience,
For having fed my jealousy and envy
With a plot, made out of other men's revenges,
Against a brave and innocent young man's life!
Yet, yet, pray tell me!
Las. You will know too soon.
Gly. Would I could find my lady! though she chid me—
Yet this suspense— [*going.*
Las. Stop! stop! one question only—
I am quite calm—
Gly. Ay, as the old song says,
Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.
Nay now, I have marred the verse: well! this one question—
Las. Are you not bound to me by your own promise?
And is it not as plain—
Gly. Halt! that's two questions.
Las. Pshaw! Is it not as plain as impudence
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,
Bethlen Bathory? When he was accused,
Why pressed you forward? Why did you defend him?
Gly. Question meet question: that's a woman's privilege.
Why, Laska, did you urge Lord Casimir
To make my lady force that promise from me?
Las. So then, you say, Lady Sarolta forced you?
Gly. Could I look up to her dear countenance,
And say her nay? As far back as I wot of
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.

How could it be then, but that her requests
Must needs have sounded to me as commands?
And as for love, had I a score of loves,
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.
Las. Not one for Bethlen?
Gly. Oh! that's a different thing.
To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
To his good old father. But for loving him—
Nay, there, indeed you are mistaken, Laska!
Poor youth! I rather think I grieve for him;
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him!
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,
And my heart beats; and all because I dream'd
That the war-wolf* had gored him as he hunted
In the haunted forest!
Las. You dare own all this?
Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.
Mine, pampered Miss! you shall be; and I'll make you
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers
Tingle already!

[*makes threatening signs.*

Gly. (*aside.*) Ha! Bethlen coming this way!

[*Glycine then cries out.*

Oh, save me! save me! Pray don't kill me, Laska!

Enter Bethlen in a Hunting Dress.

Bet. What, beat a woman!
Las. (*to Glycine.*) O you cockatrice!
Bet. Unmanly dastard, hold!
Las. Do you chance to know
Who—I—am, Sir?—(S'death! how black he looks!)
Bet. I have started many strange beasts in my time,
But none less like a man, than this before me,
That lifts his hand against a timid female.
Las. Bold youth! she's mine.
Gly. No, not my master yet,
But only is to be; and all, because
Two years ago my lady asked me, and

* For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see Drayton's *Moon-calf*, Chalmers' English Poets, vol. iv. p. 13 e.

I promised her, not him; and if she'll let me,
I'll hate you, my lord's steward.
Bet. Hush, Glycine!
Gly. Yes, I do, Bethlen; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life:
Your life, and old Bathory's too.
Bet. Bathory's!
Where is my father? Answer, or——Ha! gone!
[*Laska during this time retires from the Stage.*
Gly. Oh, heed not him! I saw you pressing onward
And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is your life they seek!
Bet. My life?
Gly. Alas,
Lady Sarolta even—
Bet. She does not know me!
Gly. Oh that she did! she could not then have spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she spurn me,
I will kneel, Bethlen—
Bet. Not for me, Glycine!
What have I done? or whom have I offended?
Gly. Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king.
[*Bethlen mutters to himself.*
Gly. (*aside.*) So looks the statue, in our hall, o' the god
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent!
Bet. King!
Gly. Ah, often have I wished you were a king.
You would protect the helpless everywhere,
As you did us. And I, too, should not then
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do; nor have
The tears come in my eyes; nor dream bad dreams
That you were killed in the forest; and then Laska
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say
(Yes, the base man, he says,) that I—I love you.
Bet. Pretty Glycine! wert thou not betrothed—
But in good truth I know not what I speak.
This luckless morning I have been so haunted
With my own fancies, starting up like omens,
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory?

Gly. Hist! 'tis my lady's step! She must not see you!
[*Bethlen retires.*

Enter from the Cottage Sarolta and Bathory.

Sar. Go, seek your son! I need not add, be speedy—
You here, Glycine? [*Exit Bathory*
Gly. Pardon, pardon, Madam!
If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,
You could not have him harmed.
Sar. Be calm, Glycine!
Gly. No, I shall break my heart.
Sar. Ha! is it so?
O strange and hidden power of sympathy,
That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
Drawing by dim disquiet!
Gly. Old Bathory—
Sar. Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.
Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.
Gly. My lady does not mock me?
Sar. Where is Laska?
Has he not told thee?
Gly. Nothing. In his fear—
Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—
Left me abruptly—
Sar. His shame excuses him!
He is somewhat hardly tasked and in discharging
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.
Bathory and the youth henceforward live
Safe in my lord's protection.
Gly. The saints bless you!
Shame on my graceless heart! How dared I fear,
Lady Sarolta could be cruel?
Sar. Come,
Be yourself, girl!
Gly. O, 'tis so full here!
And now it can not harm him if I tell you,
That the old man's son—
Sar. Is not that old man's son!
A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his.

For all I know of thee is, that thou art
A soldier's orphan : left when rage intestine
Shook and engulphed the pillars of Illyria.
This other fragment, thrown back by that same earthquake,
This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,
Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.
Command thyself! Be secret ! His true father——
Hear'st thou ?

Gly. O tell—

Bet. (*rushing out.*) Yes, tell me, Shape from heaven !
Who is my father ?

Sar. (*gazing with surprise.*) Thine ? Thy father ? Rise !

Gly. Alas ! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady !

Sar. His countenance, not his act!

Gly. Rise, Bethlen ! Rise !

Bet. No ; kneel thou too ! and with thy orphan's tongue
Plead for me ! I am rooted to the earth,
And have no power to rise ! Give me a father !
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes
That seeks high Heaven ! But I will overtake it,
And bring it back, and make it plead for me
In thine own heart ! Speak ! Speak ! Restore to me
A name in the world !

Sar. By that blest Heaven I gazed at
I know not who thou art. And if I knew,
Dared I—But rise !

Bet. Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now ! Ye shine upon me !
And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,
I feel and seek the light I can not see !

Sar. Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's ridge,
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know !

Bet. Safe ? Safe ? O let me then inherit danger,
And it shall be my birth-right !

Sar. (*aside.*) That look again !—
The wood which first incloses, and then skirts
The highest track that leads across the mountains—
Thou know'st it, Bethlen ?

Bet. Lady, 'twas my wont
To roam there in my childhood oft alone
And mutter to myself the name of father.
For still Bathory (why, till now I guessed not)
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing
Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror——
Gly. Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,
Vampires, and monstrous——
Sar. Moon-calves, credulous girl!
Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest
Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.
After that last great battle, (O young man!
Thou wak'st anew my life's sole anguish) that
Which fixed Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory
Led by a cry, far inward from the track,
In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,
Did find thee, Bethlen, then a helpless babe.
The robe that wrapt thee was a widow's mantle.
Bet. An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.
O say—I fear to ask———
Sar. And I to tell thee.
Bet. Strike! O strike quickly! See, I do not shrink,
I am stone, cold stone.
Sar. Hid in a brake hard by,
Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,
A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning
Seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,
That strained towards the babe. At length one arm
Painfully from her own weight disengaging,
She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom
Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated
Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,
And kneeling spake: If aught of this world's comfort
Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,
That at my life's risk I will save thy child!
Her countenance worked, as one that seemed preparing
A loud voice, but it died upon her lips
In a faint whisper, "Fly! Save him! Hide—hide all!"
Bet. And did he leave her? What, had I a mother?
And left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life

With the desertion of a dying mother ?
O agony !
Gly. Alas ! thou art bewildered,
And dost forget thou wert a helpless infant !
Bet. What else can I remember, but a mother
Mangled and left to perish ?
Sar. Hush, Glycine !
It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct :
Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,
And it will find a mirror in the waters
It now makes boil above it ! Check him not !
Bet. O that I were diffused among the waters
That pierce into the secret depths of earth,
And find their way in darkness ! Would that I
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds !
And I would seek her ! for she is not dead !
She can not die ! O pardon, gracious lady !
You were about to say, that he returned—
Sar. Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes
Its objects as immortal as itself !
Bet. And found her still—
Sar. Alas ! he did return,
He left no spot unsearched in all the forest,
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
Had been borne off.
Bet. O whither ?
Gly. Dearest Bethlen !
I would that you could weep like me ! O do not
Gaze so upon the air !
Sar. While he was absent,
A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.
Bet, Emerick !
Oh Hell !
Gly. Bethlen !
Bet. Hist ! I'll curse him in a whisper !
This gracious lady must hear blessings only.
She hath not yet the glory round her head,
Nor those strong eagle wings, which make swift way

To that appointed place, which I must seek ;
Or else she were my mother !
Sar. Noble youth !
From me fear nothing ! Long time have I owed
Offerings of expiation for misdeeds
Long past that weigh me down, though innocent !
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,
For he perceived thy thoughts as they expanded,
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state !
Vain was his care ! Thou'st made thyself suspected
E'en where suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
But its own fears ! Great Nature hath endowed thee
With her best gifts ! From me thou shalt receive
All honorable aidance ! But haste hence !
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprise
Beseems thy years ! Be thou henceforth my soldier !
And whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth !
And may the light that streams from thine own honor
Guide thee to that thou seekest !
Gly. Must he leave us ?
Bet. And for such goodness can I return nothing
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes ? Some sighs
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling ?
May heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof
To scare all evil from thee ! Yet, if fate
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee !
And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious ;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talked to me ! But this tongue ne'er soothed
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name !
O, at how dear a price have I been loved
And no love could return ! One boon then, lady !

Where'er thou bidd'st, I go thy faithful soldier,
But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding
Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest!
Or if avengers more than human haunt there,
Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
They shall make answer to me, though my heart's blood
Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for blood!
[*Exit Bethlen.*

Sar. Ah! it was this I feared. To ward off this
Did I withhold from him that old Bathory
Returning hid beneath the self-same oak,
Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
Bound on his infant arm.

Gly. Oh, let me fly
And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered
Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
And voices have been heard! And there the plant grows
That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard
Power to put on the fell hyæna's shape.

Sar. What idle tongue hath bewitched thee, Glycine?
I hoped that thou hadst learnt a nobler faith.

Gly. O chide me not, dear lady; question Laska,
Or the old man.

Sar. Forgive me, I spake harshly.
It is indeed a mighty sorcery
That doth enthral thy young heart, my poor girl.
And what hath Laska told thee?

Gly. Three days past
A courier from the king did cross that wood;
A wilful man, that armed himself on purpose:
And never hath been heard of from that time!
[*sound of horns without.*

Sar. Hark! dost thou hear it?

Gly. 'Tis the sound of horns!
Our huntsmen are not out!

Sar. Lord Casimir
Would not come thus! [*horns again.*

Gly. Still louder!

Sar. Haste we hence:

For I believe in part thy tale of terror!
But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transformed:
Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

[*Sarolta and Glycine exeunt. Trumpets, &c. louder. Enter Emerick, Lord Rudolph, Laska, and Huntsmen and Attendants.*

Rud. A gallant chase, sire.

Eme. Ay, but this new quarry
That we last started seems worth all the rest. [*then to Laska.*
And you—excuse me—what's your name?

Las. Whatever
Your majesty may please.

Eme. Nay, that's too late, man.
Say, what thy mother and thy godfather
Were pleased to call thee.

Las. Laska, my liege sovereign.

Eme. Well, my liege subject, Laska! And you are
Lord Casimir's steward?

Las. And your majesty's creature.

Eme. Two gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady?

Las. My liege lord, the taller.
The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid,
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's froward—
Yet would your grace but speak—

Eme. Hum, master steward!
I am honored with this sudden confidence.
Lead on. [*to Laska then to Rudolph.*
Lord Rudolph, you'll announce our coming.
Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add
How much we grieve, that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.

L. Rud. (*aside.*) Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.

Eme. Now onward all. [*Exeunt attendants.*
A fair one by my faith!
If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had his reasons too.
"Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,

Made early in the convent—His word pledged—"
All fictions, all! fictions of jealousy.
Well! if the mountain move not to the prophet,
The prophet must to the mountain! In this Laska
There's somewhat of the knave mixed up with dolt.
Through the transparence of the fool, methought,
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile's eye, that peered up from the bottom.
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife! Let him be deemed the aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A savage wood.—At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. Zapolya and Raab Kiuprili discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude and savage garments.*

R. Kiu. Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?
Zap. Nothing.
Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!
Is heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?
R. Kiu. O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!
I dream'd I had met with food beneath a tree,
And I was seeking you, when all at once
My feet became entangled in a net,
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it.
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,
But as I hastened eagerly, again
I found my frame encumbered: a huge serpent
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my throat.
Zap. Alas! 'twas lack of food: for hunger chokes!
R. Kiu. And now I saw you by a shrivelled child
Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither
Touched you the ground, methought, but close above it
Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,
And as you passed me, turned your face and shrieked.
Zap. I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,

Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mock'd sense craved
To hear the scream, which you but seemed to utter.
For your whole face looked like a mask of torture!
Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me
Shrivelled with toil and penury!

R. Kiu. Nay! what ails you?

Zap. A wondrous faintness there comes stealing o'er me.
Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes onward,
Life's setting sun behind him?

R. Kiu. Cheerly! The dusk
Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,
Trust me I'll bring thee food!

Zap. Hunger's tooth has
Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well
O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.
But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore
Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!
But heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,
And not a tear is left me to repent with!
Hadst thou not done already—hadst thou not
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friendship?

R. Kiu. Yet be thou comforted! What! hadst thou faith
When I turned back incredulous? 'Twas thy light
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,
And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,
And think thou seest thy sainted lord commissioned
And on his way to aid us? Whence those late dreams,
Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither? and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene! this very cavern?
Thou darest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
Worked in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
Is on the stroke:—for misery can not add
Grief to thy griefs, or patience to thy sufferance!

Zap. Can not! O, what if thou wert taken from me?
Nay, thou said'st well: for that and death were one.

Life's grief is at its height indeed ; the hard
Necessity of this inhuman state
Hath made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night !
At once for food and safety to affrighten
The traveller from his road—

[*Glycine is heard singing without.*

R. Kiu. Hark ! heard you not
A distant chant ?

SONG—*by Glycine.*

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted :
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist ;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst !

And thus he sang : "Adieu ! adieu !
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms, they make no delay :
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away ;
Far, far away !
To-day ! to-day !"

Zap. Sure 'tis some blest spirit !
For since thou slew'st the usurper's emissary
That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer
And starves the poor besieged. [*song again.*

R. Kiu. It is a maiden's voice ! quick to the cave !

Zap. Hark ! her voice falters ! [*Exit Zapolya.*

R. Kiu. She must not enter
The cavern, else I will remain unseen !

[*Kiuprili retires to one side of the stage. Glycine enters singing.*

Gly. A savage place! saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen
Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again. [*sings again.*
If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy
Voices in all chance sounds! [*starts.*
'Twas some dry branch
Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,
Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear!
What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?
R. Kin. (*unseen.*) Leave them and flee!
Gly. (*shrieks, then recovering.*) Where are you?
R. Kiu. (*still unseen.*) Leave them!
Gly. 'Tis Glycine!
Speak to me, Bethlen! speak in your own voice!
All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!
'Twas not his voice!—

[*Glycine leaves the provisions and exit. Kiuprili comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern. Glycine returns.*

Gly. Shame! nothing hurt me!
If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs
Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst and hoarseness!
Speak, Bethlen! or but moan. St—St—No—Bethlen!
If I turn back and he should be found dead here,
[*she creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.*
I should go mad!—Again!—'Twas my own heart!
Hush, coward heart! better beat loud with fear,
Than break with shame and anguish!

[*As she approaches to enter the cavern, Kiuprili stops her. Glycine shrieks.*

Saints protect me!
R. Kiu. Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—
Gly. Save me!
R. Kiu. Swear secrecy and silence!
Gly. I swear!
R. Kiu. Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest?
Gly. Only
A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—
R. Kiu. Wherefore in this wood?
Gly. Alas! it was his purpose—

R. Kiu. With what intention came he? Would'st thou save him,
Hide nothing!
Gly. Save him! O forgive his rashness!
He is good, and did not know that thou wert human!
R. Kiu. Human?
With what design?
Gly. To kill thee, or
If thou wert a spirit, to compel thee
By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,
To make disclosure of his parentage.
But most of all—
Zap. (*rushing out from the cavern.*) Heaven's blessing on thee! Speak!
Gly. Whether his mother live, or perished here!
Zap. Angel of mercy, I was perishing,
And thou did'st bring me food: and now thou bring'st
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
To a mother's famished heart! His name, sweet maiden!
Gly. E'en till this morning we were wont to name him
Bethlen Bathory!
Zap. Even till this morning?
This morning? when my weak faith failed me wholly!
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse!
Say on!
Gly. The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—
Zap. Ha! my son!
Gly. And of Lord Casimir—
R. Kiu. (*aside.*) O agony! my son!
Gly. But my dear lady—
Zap. and R. Kiu. Who?
Gly. Lady Sarolta
Frowned and discharged these bad men.
R. Kiu. (*to himself.*) Righteous heaven
Sent me a daughter once, and I repined
That it was not a son. A son was given me.
My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:
And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.

Zap. (*embraces Glycine.*) Sweet innocent! and you came here
to seek him,
And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?
Gly. Not much!
My own dear lady, when I was a child,
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.
For I too am an orphan, motherless!
R. Kiu. (*to Zapolya.*) O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but
deepen
The after-gloom, and make the darkness stormy!
In that last conflict, following our escape,
The usurper's cruelty had clogged our flight
With many a babe and many a childing mother.
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck. [*then to Glycine again.*
Well! Casimir's wife—
Gly. She is always gracious, and so praised the old man
That his heart o'erflowed, and made discovery
That in this wood—
Zap. O speak!
Gly. A wounded lady—
[*Zapolya faints—they both support her.*
Gly. Is this his mother?
R. Kiu. She would fain believe it,
Weak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles. [*horn heard without.*
To the cavern!
Quick! quick!
Gly. Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.
R. Kiu. Emerick?
Gly. He came this morning—
[*They retire to the cavern, bearing Zapolya. Then enter Bethlen, armed with a boar-spear.*
Bet. I had a glimpse
Of some fierce shape; and but that Fancy often
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves
With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it
Bear off some human prey. O my preserver!
Bathory! Father! Yes, thou deserv'st that name!
Thou did'st not mock me! These are blessed findings!

The secret cipher of my destiny [*Looking at his signet.*
Stands here inscribed: it is the seal of fate!
Ha!—Had ever monster fitting lair, 'tis yonder!
Thou yawning den, I well remember thee!
Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on!
Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,
To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine!
[*Blows the horn—then a pause.*
Another blast! and with another swell
To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood!
If haply I have come, the rightful heir
Of vengeance: if in me survive the spirits
Of those, whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here!
[*Blows again louder.*
Still silent? Is the monster gorged? Heaven shield me!
Thou, faithful spear! be both my torch and guide.

[*As Bethlen is about to enter, Kiuprili speaks from the cavern unseen.*

R. Kiu. Withdraw thy foot! Retract thine idle spear
And wait obedient!

Bet. Ha! What art thou? speak!

R. Kiu. (*still unseen.*) Avengers!

Bet. By a dying mother's pangs
E'en such am I. Receive me!

R. Kiu. (*still unseen.*) Wait! Beware!
At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light,
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness!

Bet. Ha! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed!—
Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shuddering.—
Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
Year following year that pressed upon my heart
As on the altar of some unknown God,
Then, as if touch'd by fire from heaven descending,
Blazed up within me at a father's name—
Do they desert me now!—at my last trial?
Voice of command! and thou, O hidden Light!
I have obeyed! Declare ye by what name
I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice
Will make you gracious.

R. Kiu. (*still unseen.*) Patience! Truth! Obedience!

Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,
Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!
Thy name?

Bet. Ask rather the poor roaming savage,
Whose infancy no holy rite had blest,
To him, perchance rude spoil or ghastly trophy,
In chase or battle won, have given a name.
I have none—but like a dog have answered
To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me.

R. Kiu. (*still unseen.*) Thy birth-place?

Bet. Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?
Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place?
Yet hear! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,
Where the bats cling, have I surveyed my cradle!
The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,
And in it the wolf litters!——I invoke you,
Tell me, ye secret ones! if ye beheld me
As I stood there, like one who having delved
For hidden gold hath found a talisman,
O tell! what rights, what offices of duty
This signet doth command? What rebel spirits
Owe homage to its Lord?

R. Kiu. (*still unseen.*) More, guiltier, mightier,
Than thou may'st summon! Wait the destined hour!

Bet. O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,
I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadows!
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this
Enwrap one fatherless!

Zap. (*unseen.*) One fatherless!

Bet. A sweeter voice!—A voice of love and pity.
Was it the softened echo of mine own?
Sad echo! but the hope, it kill'd, was sickly,
And ere it died it had been mourned as dead!
One other hope yet lives within my soul:
Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fear
This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are these
The sole remains of her that gave me life?
Have I a mother?

[*Zapolya rushes out to embrace him.*

Ha!

Zap. My son! my son!
A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother!
[*They embrace. Ziuprili and Glycine come forward, and the curtain drops.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—*A stately room in Lord Casimir's castle.*

Enter Emerick and Laska.

Eme. I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,
Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.
Las. In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.
Eme. Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that I of all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,
Dishonoring Casimir?
Las. Far be it from me!
Your Majesty's love and choice bring honor with them.
Eme. Perchance, thou hast heard, that Casimir is my friend,
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at naught
A parent's blessing; braved a father's curse?
Las. (*aside.*) Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant!
Oh yes, Sire! 'tis our common talk, how Lord
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—
Eme. 'Tis your talk,
Is it, good statesman Laska?
Las. No, not mine,
Not mine, an please your Majesty! There are
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.
Eme. Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us
Of traitors! But art sure the youth's devoured?
Las. Not a limb left, an please your Majesty!
And that unhappy girl—
Eme. Thou followed'st her
Into the wood? [*Laska bows assent.*

Henceforth, then, I'll believe
That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

Las. Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil,
When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves
Of the wood shake—

Eme. Made thee shake like a leaf,

Las. The war-wolf leap'd; at the first plunge he seiz'd her,
Forward I rush'd!

Eme. Most marvellous!

Las. Hurl'd my javelin;
Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

Eme. Enough!
And take, friend, this advice. When next thou tonguest it,
Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
And leave untouch'd your common talk aforesaid,
What your Lord did, or should have done.

Las. My talk?
The saints forbid! I always said, for my part,
"Was not the king Lord Casimir's dearest friend?
Was not that friend a king? Whate'er he did
'Twas all from pure love to his Majesty."

Eme. And this then was thy talk? While knave and coward,
Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost
In slips the fool and takes the place of both.
Babbler! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.
He loved himself, loved honors, wealth, dominion,
All these were set upon a father's head:
Good truth! a most unlucky accident!
For he but wished to hit the prize; not graze
The head that bore it: so with steady eye
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even
As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick
Loves Casimir, intends him no dishonor.
He winked not then, for love of me forsooth!
For love of me now let him wink! Or if
The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth
[*passing his hand across his brow.*

Las. Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.

Eme. Thee!

'Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key? [*Laska bows.*
And in your lady's chamber there's full space?
Las. Between the wall and arras to conceal you.
Eme. Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,
If thou prov'st faithful. But if thou betrayest me,
Hark you!—the wolf, that shall drag thee to his den
Shall be no fiction.
[*Exit Emerick. Laska manet with a key in one hand, and a purse in the other.*
Las. Well then! Here I stand,
Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.
Call this (*looking at the purse.*)
Preferment; this (*holding up the key.*) Fidelity!
And first my golden goddess: what bids she?
Only:—"This way, your Majesty! hush! The household
Are all safe lodged."—Then, put Fidelity
Within her proper wards, just turn her round—
So—the door opens—and for all the rest,
'Tis the king's deed, not Laska's. Do but this
And—"I'm the mere earnest of your future fortunes."
But what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you!
[*putting the key to his ear.*
All very true!—but, good Fidelity!
If I refuse King Emerick, will you promise,
And swear now, to unlock the dungeon-door,
And save me from the hangman? Ay! you're silent!
What, not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit!
Now for one look to see that all are lodged
At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road
For Laska and his royal friend, King Emerick!
[*Exit Laska. Then enter Bathory and Bethlen.*
Bet. He looked as if he were some God disguised
In an old warrior's venerable shape
To guard and guide my mother. Is there not
Chapel or oratory in this mansion?
O. Bat. Even so.
Bet. From that place then am I to take
A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,
And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

O. Bat. Those very arms this day Sarolta show'd me—
With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!
Bet. O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,
To break the first command a mother's will
Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me!
"Ask not, my son," said she, "our names or thine,
The shadow of the eclipse is passing off
The full orb of thy destiny! Already
The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds
O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.
Thou canst not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven
The work of Heaven: and with a silent spirit
Sympathize with the powers that work in silence!"
Thus spake she, and she looked, as she were then
Fresh from some heavenly vision!
[*Re-enter Laska, not perceiving them.*
Las. All asleep!
[*Then observing Bethlen, stands in idiot-affright.*
I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!
I'll confess all! [*Stammering with fear.*
O. Bat. Laska! what ails thee, man?
Las. (*pointing to Bethlen.*) There!
O. Bat. I see nothing! where?
Las. He does not see it!
Bethlen, torment me not!
Bet. Soft! Rouse him gently!
He hath outwatched his hour, and half asleep,
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.
O. Bat. Ho! Laska! Don't you know us! 'tis Bathory
And Bethlen!
Las. Good now! Ha! ha! An excellent trick.
Afraid? Nay, no offence? But I must laugh.
But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself.
Bet. Would'st be convinced?
Las. No nearer, pray! consider!
If it should prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me
To a tombstone. No nearer!
Bet The fool is drunk!
Las. Well now! I love a brave man to my heart.

I myself braved the monster, and would fain
Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted.
O. Bat. You, Laska?
Bet. (*to Bathory.*) Mark! Heaven grant it may be so!
Glycine?
Las. She! I traced her by the voice.
You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard
The close of a song: the poor wretch had been singing:
As if she wished to compliment the war-wolf
At once with music and a meal!
Bet. (*to Bathory.*) Mark that!
Las. At the next moment I beheld her running,
Wringing her hands with, "Bethlen! O poor Bethlen!"
I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,
Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarmed her.
She stopp'd, then mad with fear, turn'd round and ran
Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
I heard. There was no second—I—
Bet. Stop there!
We'll spare your modesty! Who dares not honor
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy?
Las. You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe and sound!
You played the hero at a cautious distance!
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
To stay the monster's stomach? Dainties quickly
Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite!
O. Bat. Laska, beware! Forget not what thou art!
Shouldst thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thyself!
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy.
Las. What then! you swell upon my lady's favor,
High Lords and perilous of one day's growth!
But other judges now sit on the bench!
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,
Where to defend the treason of a son
Might end in lifting up both son and father
Still higher; to a height from which indeed
You both may drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,
Will be secured from falling to the ground.
'Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick,

At Laska's rightful suit, may make inquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—
Bet. Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate?
Las. 'Tis well! it shall content me! though your fear
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.
First we demand the manner of her death?
Bet. Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just told us,
That you yourself, led by impetuous valor,
Witnessed the whole? My tale's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valor strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!
Las. Glycine?
Bet. Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself delivered
Its own commission to you?
O. Bat. 'Tis most likely!
And the ghost doubtless vanished when we entered
And found brave Laska staring wide—at nothing!
Las. 'Tis well! you've ready wits! I shall report them,
With all due honor to his majesty!
Treasure them up, I pray! A certain person,
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions!
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost?
Bet. Listen! for thus it spake: "Say thou to Laska,
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engrossed
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing, thou'lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused her,
For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel"—thus. [*beats him off.*
Off! scoundrel! off!
[*Laska runs away.*
O. Bat. The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard

Tells of a recent storm : the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.
Bet. E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies
The oratory ?
O. Bat. Ascend yon flight of stairs !
Midway the corridor a silver lamp
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
And facing it, the low arched oratory !
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate :
For a petard might burst the bars unheard
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message !
Bet. There I will meet you ! And till then good night !
Dear good old man, good night !
O. Bat. O yet one moment !
What I repelled, when it did see seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father !
It can not now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
Bethlen !—say—Father to me !
Bet. Now, and forever
My father ! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have !
From the base earth you raised me to your arms,
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father !
O. Bat. Go ! Go ! [*Exit Bethlen.*
May every star now shining over us,
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him !
[*Exit Bathory.*

Scene changes to a splendid Bed-chamber, hung with tapestry.
Sarolta and an Attendant.

Att. We all did love her, madam !
Sar. She deserved it !
Luckless Glycine ! rash, unhappy girl !
'Twas the first time she e'er deceived me,
Att. She was in love, and had she not died thus,
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,
She would have pined herself to death at home.
Sar. Has the youth's father come back from his search ?

Att. He never will, I fear me, O dear lady!
That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—
It was quite cruel—"You'll be sure," said he,
"To meet with part at least of your son Bethlen,
Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion!
Go! search the wood by all means! Go! I pray you!"
Sar. Inhuman wretch!
Att. And old Bathory answered
With a sad smile, "It is a witch's prayer,
And may Heaven read it backwards." Though she was rash,
'Twas a small fault for such a punishment!
Sar. Nay, 'twas my grief, and not my anger spoke.
Small fault indeed! but leave me, my good girl!
I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.
[*Exit Attendant.*
O they were innocent and yet have perished
In their May of life; and Vice grows old in triumph.
Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds
Life's closing gate?——
Still passing thence petitionary Hours
To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance?
Or would this chillness tell me, that there is
Guilt too enormous to be duly punished,
Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal,
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!
O send us forth to wander on unsheltered!
Make our food bitter with despised tears!
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!
With all the heaviest worldly visitations,
Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
Only, O merciful in vengeance! let not
That plague turn inward on my Casimir's soul!
Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him

To his own heart! O save him! Save my husband!

[*During the latter part of this speech Emerick comes forward from his hiding-place. Sarolta seeing him without recognizing him.*

In such a shape a father's curse should come.

Eme. (*advancing.*) Fear not!

Sar. Who art thou? Robber? Traitor?

Eme. Friend!

Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,
Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose
Joy, love and beauty, from their natural thrones:
Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

Sar. Strengthen me, Heaven! I must not seem afraid! [*aside.*

The king to-night then deigns to play the masker.
What seeks your majesty?

Eme. Sarolta's love;

And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

Sar. Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such debasement!

Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance
On the base villain, on the faithless slave
Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!
For whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?
O my misgiving heart! If—if—from Heaven,
Yet not from you, Lord Emerick!

Eme. Chiefly from me.

Has he not like an ingrate robbed my court
Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness?
First then on him I will administer justice—
If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture. [*seizes her.*

Sar. Help! Treason! Help!

Eme. Call louder! Scream again!

Here's none can hear you!

Sar. Hear me, hear me, Heaven!

Eme. Nay, why this rage? Who best deserves you? Casimir,
Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave
That mews you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick
Who proffers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be.
Hence with this fond resistance! Yield; then live
This month a widow, and the next a queen!

Sar. Yet, yet for one brief moment [*struggling.*
Unhand me, I conjure you.

[*She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet. Emerick follows, and as she takes a dagger, he grasps it in her hand.*

Eme. Ha! Ha! a dagger;
A seemly ornament for a lady's casket!
'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,
But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,
And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces!

(*During this Speech Bethlen enters armed.*)

Bet. Ruffian, forbear! Turn, turn and front my sword!
Eme. Pish! who is this!
Sar. O sleepless eye of Heaven!
A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?
May I still call thee Bethlen?
Bet. Ever, lady,
Your faithful soldier!
Eme. Insolent slave! Depart!
Know'st thou not me?
Bet. I know thou art a villain
And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee!
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!
Sar. Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou blest one!
This is the hour, that fiends and damned spirits
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!
Yon devil hath assumed a king's!
Bet. Usurped it!
Eme. The king will play the devil with thee indeed!
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate,
At this thy paramour's feet; then drag her forth
Stained with adulterous blood, and
—mark you, traitress!
Strumpeted first, then turned adrift to beggary!
Thou prayed'st for't too.
Sar. Thou art so fiendish wicked,
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats!
Bet. Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the buskin!
A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!

That from some vagrant actor's tiring-room,
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown!

Eme. Ah! treason!
Thou hast been lessoned and tricked up for this!
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,
So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel!

[*Bethlen seizes Emerick's hand and eagerly observes the signet.*

Bet. It must be so! 'Tis e'en the counterpart!
But with a foul usurping cipher on it!
The light hath flashed from Heaven, and I must follow it!
O curst usurper! O thou brother-murderer!
That mad'st a star-bright queen a fugitive widow!
Who fill'st the land with curses, being thyself
All curses in one tyrant! see and tremble!
This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee!
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point
Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark! in Andreas' name,
Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound! I defy thee.

[*They fight, and just as Emerick is disarmed, in rush Casimir, Old Bathory, and attendants. Casimir runs in between the combatants, and parts them; in the struggle Bethlen's sword is thrown down.*

Cas. The king disarmed too by a stranger! Speak!
What may this mean?

Eme. Deceived, dishonored lord!
Ask thou yon fair adultress! She will tell thee
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign!
Thou art present now, and a friend's duty ceases:
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
Of half thy vengeance, I perforce must rob thee,
For that the sovereign claims. To thy allegianee
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[*then to the Attendants.*

Hence with him to the dungeon! and to-morrow,
Ere the sun rises,—Hark! your heads or his!

Bet. Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's justice?

Eme. Who speaks to him dies! The traitor that has menaced

His king, must not pollute the breathing air,
Even with a word!

Cas. (*to Bathory.*) Hence with him to the dungeon!

[*Exit Bethlen, hurried off by Bathory and Attendants*

Eme. We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest:
Thou (*to Casimir*) wilt attend us; and wilt then explain
This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[*Exit Emerick; Manent Casimir and Sarolta.*

Sar. My lord! my husband! look whose sword lies yonder!
It is Kiuprili's, Casimir; 'tis thy father's!
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,
Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

Cas. Hush! hush!
I had detected ere I left the city
The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damned ingrate!
For him did I bring down a father's curse!
Swift, swift must be our means! To-morrow's sun
Sets on his fate or mine! O blest Sarolta!
No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,
But that thy spotless virtues may prevail
O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*A glade in a wood.*

Enter Casimir looking anxiously around.

Cas. This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

Enter Lord Rudolph.

Well met, Lord Rudolph!——
Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,
And I dare trust——

L. Rud. Enough! the time is precious!
You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?
And sojourned there some hours?

Cas. I did so!

L. Rud. Heard you
Aught of a hunt preparing?

Cas. Yes; and met
The assembled huntsmen!

L. Rud. Was there no word given ?
Cas. The word for me was this :—The royal Leopard
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.
L. Rud. Your answer ?
Cas. As the word proves false or true
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen !
L. Rud. The event redeemed their pledge ?
Cas. It did, and therefore
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,
And bears with her my seal of fellowship !
[*They take hands.*
L. Rud. But Emerick ! how when you reported to him
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards ?
Cas. O, he received it
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dismissed me.
L. Rud. I entered as the door was closing on you :
His eye was fixed, yet seemed to follow you,—
With such a look of hate, and scorn and triumph,
As if he had you in the toils already,
And were then choosing where to stab you first.
But hush ! draw back !
Cas. This nook is at the furthest
From any beaten track.
L. Rud. There ! mark them !
[*Points to where Laska and Pestalutz cross the stage.*
Cas. Laska !
L. Rud. One of the two I recognized this morning ,
His name is Pestalutz : a trusty ruffian,
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder.
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,
Dispart you from your servants.
Cas. (*aside.*) I deserve it.
The comrade of that ruffian is my servant :
The one I trusted most and most preferred.
But we must part. What makes the king so late ?
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.
L. Rud. And his main policy

To enthral the sluggard nature in ourselves
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret
To enthral the world : for the will governs all.
See the sky lowers ! the cross-winds waywardly
Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds
With a wild mockery of the coming hunt !

Cas. Mark yonder mass ! I make it wear the shape
Of a huge ram that butts with head depressed.

L. Rud. (*smiling.*) Belike, some stray sheep of the oozy flock,
Which, if bards lie not, the sea-shepherds tend,
Glaucus or Proteus. But my fancy shapes it
A monster couchant on a rocky shelf.

Cas. Mark too the edges of the lurid mass—
Restless, as if some idly-vexing Sprite,
On swift wing coasting by, with tetchy hand
Pluck'd at the ringlets of the vaporous fleece.
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,
And elemental war !

[*A single trumpet heard at some distance.*

L. Rud. That single blast
Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser
Neighs at the gate. [*Trumpets.*
Hark ! now the king comes forth !
For ever 'midst this crash of horns and clarions
He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an end
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd,
Vain of his stately form and horsemanship !
I must away ! my absence may be noticed.

Cas. Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt
Hard by the forest-skirts ; and ere high noon
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar.
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward,
That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili ! [*Exit Rudolph.*
The traitor, Laska !——
And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.
Whence learned she this ?—O she was innocent !
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom !
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,

Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir!
O fool! O parricide! through yon wood didst thou,
With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,
A widow and an orphan. Dar'st thou then,
(Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise
The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause?
Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili!
And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,
Unstained with selfish fears, be his atonement!
O strengthen him to nobler compensation
In the deliverance of his bleeding country! [*Exit Casimir.*

Scene changes to the mouth of a Cavern as in Act II. Zapolya and Glycine discovered.

Zap. Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave:
Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!
Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,
That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares.

Gly. I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,
And the same moment I descry him, lady,
I will return to you. [*Exit Glycine.*

Enter Old Bathory, speaking as he enters.

O. Bat. Who hears? a friend!
A messenger from him who bears the signet!

Zap. He hath the watchword!—Art thou not Bathory?

O. Bat. O noble lady! greetings from your son!
[*Bathory kneels.*

Zap. Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,
And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven
Upon thy honored head? When thou last saw'st me
I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

O. Bat. O he was born to honor! Gallant deeds
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.
Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—
Zap. Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?
O. Bat. She is safe.
The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
And when he turned, a sworded Virtue faced him.
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!
Your son——
Zap. Hark! Is it he?
O. Bat. I hear a voice
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest
To have led you hence.—Retire.
Zap. O life of terrors
O. Bat. In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage ground
That even this old arm—

[*Exeunt Zapolya and Bathory into the Cave. Enter Laska and Pestalutz.*

Las. Not a step further!
Pes. Dastard! was this your promise to the king?
Las. I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked with you
As with a friend—have pointed out Lord Casimir—
And now I leave you to take care of him.
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.
Pes. Be on your guard, man!
Las. Ha! what now?
Pes. Behind you!
'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threatened you
For your most impudent hope to cheat his master!
Las. Pshaw! What, you think 'tis fear that makes me leave you?
Pes. Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart?
Las. Friend! Laska will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!
Pes. What! the girl
Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?

Las. Well ! Take my arms ! Hark ! should your javelin fail you,
These points are tipt with venom.

[*seeing Glycine without.*

By Heaven ! Glycine !
Now as you love the king, help me to seize her !

[*They run out after Glycine.*

Enter Bathory from the Cavern.

O. Bat. Rest, lady, rest ! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning ! Which way went they ?
The shriek came thence.

Enter Glycine.

Gly. Ha ! weapons here ? Then Bethlen, thy Glycine
Will die with thee or save thee !

[*She seizes them and rushes out. Bathory following.*

Music, and peasants with hunting spears cross the stage, singing chorally.

CHORAL SONG.

Up, up ! ye dames, ye lasses gay !
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay :
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse :
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay :
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

[*Exeunt Huntsmen.*

Re-enter Bathory, Bethlen, and Glycine.

Gly. And now once more a woman——

Bet. Was it then
That timid eye, was it those maiden hands
That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me ?
O. Bat. 'Twas as a vision blazoned on a cloud
By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme
Of life and death ! I saw the traitor, Laska,
Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade ;
The point was at your back, when her shaft reached him,
The coward turned, and at the self-same instant
The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter Zapolya.

Zap. Bethlen ! my child ! and safe too !
Bet. Mother ! Queen !
Royal Zapolya ! name me Andreas !
Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet
Hath made his own arm minister of his justice.
So do the gods who lanch the thunderbolt !
Zap. O Raab Kiuprili ! Friend ! Protector ! Guide !
In vain we trenched the altar round with waters,
A flash from Heaven hath touched the hidden incense—
Bet. And that majestic form that stood beside thee
Was Raab Kiuprili !
Zap. It was Raab Kiuprili ;
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.
O. Bat. Hail Andreas ! hail my king !
And. Stop, thou revered one,
Lest we offend the jealous destinies
By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty
To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.
Gly. Accept thine handmaid's service ! [*kneeling.*
Zap. Raise her, son !
O raise her to thine arms ! she saved thy life,
And through her love for thee, she saved thy mother's !
Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
Hath other and hereditary claims
Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct
But carried on the work her sire began !
And. Dear maid ! more dear thou canst not be ! the rest
Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence :
For as I reached the skirts of this high forest,

I heard the noise and uproar of the chase,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

Gly. Hark! sure the hunt approaches.

[*horn without and afterwards distant thunder.*

Zap. O Kiuprili!

O. Bat. The demon-hunters of the middle air
Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire
The guilty! Hark! now here, now there, a horn
Swells singly with irregular blast! the tempest
Has scattered them! [*Horns at a distance.*

Zap. O Heavens! where stays Kiuprili?

O. Bat. The wood will be surrounded! leave me here.

And. My mother! let me see thee once in safety,
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed,
To seek the hero!

O. Bat. Haste! my life upon it
I'll guide him safe.

And. (*thunder.*) Ha! what a crash was there!
Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal
Than yon vile subaltern.

Zap. Your behest, High powers,
Lo, I obey! to the appointed spirit,
That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern,
In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I intrust thee!

[*Exeunt Zapolya, Andreas, and Glycine.*

O. Bat. Yon bleeding corse may work us mischief still:
Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armor,
I'll drag it hither. [*Exit Bathory.*

[*Several Hunters cross the Stage.*

Enter Kiuprili.

R. Kiu. (*throwing off his disguise.*) Since Heaven alone can save me, Heaven alone
Shall be my trust.
Haste! haste! Zapolya, flee!
Gone! Seized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish
Despairing of Heaven's justice! Faint, disarmed,
Each sinew powerless; senseless rock, sustain me!
Thou art parcel of my native land.
A sword!

Ha! and my sword! Zapolya hath escaped,
The murderers are baffled, and there lives
An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall!—
There was a time, when this dear sword did flash
As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arm—
I can scarce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant!
And bring with thee my shame and bitter anguish,
To end his work and thine! Kiuprili now
Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

Re-enter Bathory, with the dead body of Pestalutz.

O. Bat. Poor tool and victim of another's guilt!
Thou follow'st heavily: a reluctant weight!
Good truth, it is an undeserved honor
That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.
'Tis he!—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name
Follow me, reverend form! Thou need'st not speak,
For thou canst be no other than Kiuprili!

Kiu. And are they safe? [*Noise without.*

O. Bat. Conceal yourself, my lord!
I will mislead them!

Kiu. Is Zapolya safe?

O. Bat. I doubt it not; but haste, haste, I conjure you!

Enter Casimir.

Cas. Monster!
Thou shalt not now escape me!

O. Bat. Stop, lord Casimir!
It is no monster.

Cas. Art thou too a traitor?
Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?
Say where is he that, tricked in this disguise,
First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?
Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin?

O. Bat. There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword
That was descending on his curst employer,
When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

Cas. Strange providence! what then was he who fled me?
Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!
Would thy hand point me?

O. Bat. Casimir, to thy father.

Cas. The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,
Unsteady earth! Fall, dizzy rocks! and hide me!
O. Bat. Speak, speak, my lord!
Kiu. Bid him fulfil his work!
Cas. Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread spirit!
O for sweet mercy, take some other form,
And save me from perdition and despair!
O. Bat. He lives!
Cas. Lives! a father's curse can never die!
Kiu. O Casimir! Casimir!
O. Bat. Look! he doth forgive you!
Hark! 'tis the tyrant's voice.
[*Emerick's voice without.*
Cas. I kneel, I kneel!
Retract thy curse! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-abhorring child!
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,
Permitting me again to call thee father!
Kiu. Son, I forgive thee! Take thy father's sword;
When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee!
Enter Emerick.
Eme. Fools! Cowards! follow—or by Hell I'll make you
Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded
As gods or wood-nymphs!—
Ha! 'tis done then!
Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our last fears!
Well!—Aye, well!——
And is it not well? For though grafted on us,
And filled too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree lurked in its fibres:
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:
The old enemy looked at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.
Enter Casimir and Bathory.
O. Bat. (*aside.*) This way they come!

Cas. (*aside.*) Hold them in check awhile,
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.
Eme. (*aside.*) And ere I ring the alarm of my sorrow,
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here
Lies Casimir, and last of the Kiuprilis!
Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!
Cas. (*coming forward.*) Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!
'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusy murderer!
To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!
Eme. Curses on it, and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen
Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?
Ho! Treason! Treason!
Cas. Then have at thee, tyrant!
[*They fight. Emerick falls.*
Eme. Betrayed and baffled
By mine own tool!——Oh! [*dies.*
Cas. Hear, hear, my father!
Thou shouldst have witnessed thine own deed. O father,
Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen;
Thy sword hath conquered! As I lifted it
Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me,
Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me
And lighted on the tyrant!

Enter Rudolph, Bathory, and Attendants.

Rud. and Bat. Friends! friends to Casimir.
Cas. Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.
Rud. So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!
Cas. Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!
One moment——
Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,
I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen
With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven—
A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!
[*Casimir enters the Cavern.*

Scene, Chamber in Casimir's Castle. Confederates discovered.

1*st Con.* It can not but succeed, friends. From this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted.
With such short interspace, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event!

Enter another Confederate.

What tidings from Temeswar ?

2d Con. With one voice
Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant ;
He is proclaimed the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

1st Con. Just doom for him, who governs without law !
Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall ?

2d Con. Nothing is yet decided : but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father——

Enter Sarolta.

Hail to Sarolta !

Sar. Confederate friends ! I bring to you a joy
Worthy your noble cause ! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile hath returned
To bless our country. More and greater tidings
Might I disclose ; but that a woman's voice
Would mar the wondrous tale. Wait we for him,
The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili ;
For he alone is worthy to announce it.

[*Shouts of* "Kiuprili, Kiuprili," *and* "The Tyrant's fallen," *without. Enter Kiuprili, Casimir, Rudolph, Bathory,* and *Attendants.*

R. Kiu. Spare yet your joy, my friends ! A higher waits you :
Behold, your Queen !

Enter Zapolya and Andreas royally attired with Glycine.

Con. Comes she from heaven to bless us ?

Other Con. It is ! it is !

Zap. Heaven's work of grace is full !
Kiuprili, thou art safe !

R. Kiu. Royal Zapolya !
To the heavenly powers pay we our duty first ;
Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee
And for our country, the one precious branch
Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen,
Behold your King ! And thank our country's genius,
That the same means which have preserved our sovereign
Have likewise reared him worthier of the throne
By virtue than by birth. The undoubted proofs

Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man,
(Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians)
We haste to lay before the assembled council.
All. Hail, Andreas! Hail, Illyria's rightful king!
And. Supported thus, O friends! 'twere cowardice
Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink
From the appointed charge. Yet, while we wait
The awful sanction of convened Illyria,
In this brief while, O let me feel myself
The child, the friend, the debtor!—Heroic mother!
But what can breath add to that sacred name?
Kiuprili! gift of Providence, to teach us
That loyalty is but the public form
Of the sublimest friendship, let my youth
Climb round thee, as the vine around its elm;
Thou my support and I thy faithful fruitage.
My heart is full, and these poor words express not,
They are but an art to check its overswelling.
Bathory! shrink not from my filial arms!
Now, and from henceforth thou shalt not forbid me
To call thee father! And dare I forget
The powerful intercession of thy virtue,
Lady Sarolta! Still acknowledge me
Thy faithful soldier!—But what invocation
Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine?
Thou sword that leap'dst forth from a bed of roses,—
Thou falcon-hearted dove!
Zap. Hear that from me, son!
For ere she lived, her father saved thy life,
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's!
Cas. Chef Ragozzi!
O shame upon my head! I would have given her
To a base slave!
Zap. Heaven overruled thy purpose,
And sent an angel to thy house to guard her!
Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures!
The sports of tempests, and yet ne'er the victim,
How many may claim salvage in thee!
Take her, son!

A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
Than orient kings can give!
Sar. A banquet waits!—
On this auspicious day, for some few hours
I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful
With flashing light, force wisdom on us all!
E'en women at the distaff hence may see,
That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free;
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
None love their country, but who love their home;
Nor freedom can with those alone abide,
Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,
Of love and duty, at their own fire-side:
While mad ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness!

THE PICCOLOMINI,

OR, THE FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN.

A DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-Law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

ISOLANI, *General of the Croats.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

TIEFENBACH,
DON MARADAS,
GOETZ,
KOLATTO,
} *Generals under Wallenstein.*

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aid-de-Camp to Tertsky.*

The War Commissioner, VON QUESTENBERG, *Imperial Envoy.*

GENERAL WRANGEL, *Swedish Envoy.*

BATTISTER SENI, *Astrologer.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*

A CORNET.

Several COLONELS *and* GENERALS.

PAGES *and* ATTENDANTS *belonging to Wallenstein.*

ATTENDANTS *and* HOBÖISTS *belonging to Tertsky.*

THE MASTER OF THE CELLAR *to Count Tertsky.*

VALET DE CHAMBRE *of Count Piccolomini.*

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The two Dramas, Piccolomini, or the first part of Wallenstein, and Wallenstein, are introduced in the original manuscript by a prelude in one Act, entitled Wallenstein's Camp. This is written in rhyme, and in nine syllable verse, in the same *lilting* metre (if that expression may be permitted) with the second Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.

This Prelude possesses a sort of broad humor, and is not deficient in character; but to have translated it into prose, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a false notion both of its style and purport; to have translated it into the same metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the sense of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadvisable from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public. Schiller's intention seems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions of Wallenstein's soldiery. It is not necessary as a preliminary explanation. For these reasons it has been thought expedient not to translate it.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abstracted their conception of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, and in which the curiosity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have perused, without some portion of disappointment, the dramas, which it has been my employment to translate. They should, however, reflect that these are historical dramas, taken from a popular German history; that we must therefore judge of them in some measure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy with the interest excited in us by similar dramas in our own language. Few, I trust, would be rash or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakspeare; yet, merely as illustration, I would say that we should proceed to the perusal of Wallenstein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We scarcely expect rapidity in an historical drama; and many prolix speeches are pardoned from characters, whose names and actions have formed the most amusing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exist in these plays more individual beauties, more passages, the excellence of which will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The description of the astrological tower, and the reflections of the young lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my translation must have

been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the scene in the first act of the first play between Questenberg, Max. and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the scene of the setting sun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the first scene of the fifth act of the concluding play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuse on this subject. A translator stands connected with the original author by a certain law of subordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellencies than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleasure or disgust from his own labor will mingle with the feelings that arise from an after-view of the original. Even in the first perusal of a work in any foreign language which we understand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really possesses from from our own pleasurable sense of difficulty overcome without effort. Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the translator of a living author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully, as to the sense of each passage, he must necessarily destroy a considerable portion of the spirit; if he endeavor to give a work executed according to laws of compensation, he subjects himself to imputations of vanity, or misrepresentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the sense of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the language rendered possible.*

It was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the Play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavored to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom; but I am conscious that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original; and from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambus; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.†

* Originally prefixed to the translation of the second part, but apparently as a general introduction.

† Originally prefixed to the translation of the first part.

THE PICCOLOMINI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An old Gothic Chamber in the Council-house at Pilsen, decorated with colors and other war insignia.*

Illo with Butler and Isolani.

Illo. YE have come late—but ye are come! The distance,
Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

Iso. Add this too, that we come not empty handed.
At Donauwert* it was reported to us,
A Swedish caravan was on its way
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundred wagons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!—
We bring it hither——

Illo. Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.

But. 'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

Iso. Ay!
The very churches are all full of soldiers.
And in the Council-house, too, I observe,
[*Casts his eye round.*
You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

Illo. We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments.
You'll find Count Tertsky here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

But. Expect not Galas.

* A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm

Illo. (*hesitating.*) How so? Do you know——

Iso. (*interrupting him.*) Max. Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.

I see him yet, ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau)
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And toward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.

Illo. You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts
The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess
From Kärnthen. We expect them here at noon.

But. Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

Iso. Hm!
So much the better! I had framed my mind
To hear of naught but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries:
And lo! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

Illo. [*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to Butler, whom he leads a little on one side.*
And how came you to know
That the Count Galas joins us not?

But Because
He importuned me to remain behind.

Illo. (*with warmth.*) And you?—You hold out firmly?
(*Grasping his hand with affection.*) Noble Butler!

But. After the obligation which the Duke
Had laid so newly on me——

Illo. I had forgotten
A pleasant duty—MAJOR GENERAL,
I wish you joy!

Iso. What, you mean, of his regiment?
I hear, too, that to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same

In which he first saw service, and since then,
Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

But. I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirmed the appointment.

Iso. Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers.

Illo. Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would *all* of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

Iso. (*to Illo.*) My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!—
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kingly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restored my honor.

Illo. O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance!—
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions! these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—

But. Ay,
These requisitions of the Emperor,—
I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch!

Illo. Not from his right most surely, unless first—
From office!

But. (*shocked and confused.*) Know you *aught* then? You
alarm me.

Iso. (*at the same time with Butler, and in a hurried voice.*)
We should be ruined every one of us!

Illo. No more!
Yonder I see *our worthy friend** approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.
But. (*shaking his head significantly.*) I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.—*Enter Octavio Piccolomini and Questenberg.*

Oct. (*still in the distance.*) Ay, ay! more still! Still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.
[*Approaching nearer.*
Welcome, Count Isolani!
Iso. My noble brother,
Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty——
Oct. And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honor.
See, see, my friend!
There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—
[*To Questenberg, presenting Butler and Isolani at the same time to him.*
These two the total sum—STRENGTH and DESPATCH.
Ques. (*to Octavio.*) And lo! betwixt them both experienced PRUDENCE!
Oct. (*presenting Questenberg to Butler and Isolani.*) The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questenberg,
The bearer of the Emperor's behests,
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honor in this noble visitor. [*Universal silence.*
Illo. (*moving towards Questenberg.*) 'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,
You have shown our camp this honor.
Ques. Once before
I stood before these colors.
Illo. Perchance, too, you remember *where* that was.

* Spoken with a sneer.

It was at Znäim* in Moravia, where
You did present yourself on the part
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.
Ques. To *supplicate?* Nay, noble General!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.
Illo. Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you choose.
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appeared
Before our General, storming him with prayers,
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.
Iso. (*steps up to them.*) Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
Wherefore with your commission of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.
Ques. Why not, Count Isolan?
No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.
Illo. A worthy office! After with our blood
We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
To be swept *out* of it is all our thanks,
The sole reward of all our hard-won victories.
Ques. Unless that wretched land be doomed to suffer
Only a change of evils, it must be
Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.
Illo. What? 'twas a favorable year; the Boors
Can answer fresh demands already.
Ques. Nay,
If *you* discourse of herds and meadow-grounds——

* A town not far from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

Iso. The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruined,
The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.
Ques. And is the poorer by even so many subjects.
Iso. Poh! we are all his subjects.
Ques. Yet with a difference, General! The one fill
With profitable industry the purse,
The others are well skilled to empty it.
The sword has made the Emperor poor; the plough
Must re-invigorate his resources.
Iso. Sure!
Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see
[*Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of Questenberg.*
Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.
Ques. Thank Heaven! that means have been found out to hide
Some little from the fingers of the Croats.
Illo. There! the Stawata and the Martinitz,
On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—
Those minions of court favor, those court harpies,
Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
Save in the general calamity—
Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
The desolation of their country—*these*,
Let *these*, and such as these, support the war,
The fatal war, which they alone enkindled!
But. And those state-parasites, who have their feet
So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
Who can not let a benefice fall, but they
Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
Would *pare* the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning!
Iso. My life long will it anger me to think,
How when I went to court seven years ago,
To see about new horses for our regiment,
How from one antechamber to another
They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering
Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither

A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favor
That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
Whom should they send me but a Capuchin!
Straight I began to muster up my sins
For absolution—but no such luck for *me!*
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
I was to treat concerning the army horses:
And I was forced at last to quit the field,
The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
The Duke procured me in three days, what I
Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

Ques. Yes, yes! your travelling bills soon found their way to us:
Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

Illo. War is a violent trade: one can not always
Finish one's work by soft means; every trifle
Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
If we should wait till you, in solemn council,
With due deliberation had selected
The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
I' faith we should wait long.—
"Dash! and through with it!"—That's the better watch-word.
Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
To make the best of a bad thing once past.
A bitter and perplexed "what shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worst necessity.

Ques. Ay, doubtless, it is true: the Duke *does* spare us
The troublesome task of choosing.

But. Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

Ques. *His* cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
Nor will he offer one up to another.

Iso. And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts
As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

Ques. (*with a sneer.*) Count, this comparison you make, not I.

But. Why, were we all the Court supposes us,
'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

Ques. You have taken liberty—it was not given you.

And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
To rein it in with curbs.

Oct. (*interposing and addressing Questenberg.*) My noble friend,
This is no more than a remembrancing
That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
Could he *act* daringly, unless he dared
Talk even so? One runs into the other.
The boldness of this worthy officer, [*Pointing to Butler.*
Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
Preserved, when naught but boldness could preserve it,
To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
In a most formidable mutiny
Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance.*
Hah! here they come!

Illo. The sentries are saluting them: this signal
Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

Oct. (*to Questenberg.*) Then my son Max. too has returned.
'Twas he
Fetched and attended them from Kärnthen hither.

Iso. (*to Illo.*) Shall we not go in company to greet them?

Illo. Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.
[*To Octavio.*
You'll not forget, that yet ere noon we meet
The noble Envoy at the General's palace.
[*Exeunt all but Questenberg and Octavio.*

SCENE III.—*Questenberg and Octavio.*

Ques. (*with signs of aversion and astonishment.*) What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!
What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!
And were this spirit universal—

Oct. Hm!
You are now acquainted with three fourths of the army.

Ques. Where must we seek then for a second host
To have the custody of this? That Illo
Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
This Butler, too,—he can not even conceal
The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

Oct. Quickness of temper—irritated pride ;
'Twas nothing more. I can not give up Butler.
I know a spell that will soon dispossess
The evil spirit in *him*.

Ques. (*walking up and down in evident disquiet.*) Friend, friend !
O ! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendor of the throne.
We had not seen the war-chief, the commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend ! alas, my noble friend !
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

Oct. Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

Ques. Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand ? I tell you he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, to obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he *can* do't, and what he can, he will.
And then the impunity of his defiance—
O ! what a proclamation of our weakness !

Oct. D'ye think, too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither ? Here in camp !
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war ? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption !

Ques. How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself

And threats us from all quarters ? The enemy
Of the empire on our borders, now already
The master of the Danube, and still farther,
And farther still, extending every hour !
In our interior the alarum-bells
Of insurrection—peasantry in arms——
All orders discontented—and the army,
Just in the moment of our expectation
Of aidance from it—lo ! this very army
Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline.
Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
And from their sov'reign, the blind instrument
Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
Of fearful power, which at his will *he* wields !

Oct. Nay, nay, friend ! let us not despair too soon,
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds :
And many a resolute, who now appears
Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
Find in his breast a heart he knew not of,
Let but a single honest man speak out
The true name of his crime ! Remember, too,
We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained
Their little army faithful to its duty,
And daily it becomes more numerous.
Nor can he take us by surprise : you know,
I hold him all encompassed by my listeners.
Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
No step so small, but instantly I hear it.
Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

Ques. 'Tis quite
Incomprehensible, that he detects not
The foe so near !

Oct. Beware, you do not think,
That I by lying arts, and complaisant
Hypocrisy, have skulk'd into his graces ;
Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
Nourish his all-confiding friendship ! No—
Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty
Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,

To hide my *genuine* feelings from him, yet
Ne'er have I duped him with base counterfeits!
Ques. It is the visible ordinance of heaven.
Oct. I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds performed in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day, when all at once
His heart *rose* on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.
Ques. You lead your son into the secret?
Oct. No!
Ques. What? and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in?
Oct. I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,
The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
That make the Duke secure.
Ques. (*anxiously.*) My honored friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if——
Reflect a little——
Oct. I must venture it.
Hush!—There he comes!

SCENE IV.—*Max. Piccolomini, Octavio Piccolomini, Questenberg.*

Max. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round he observes Questenberg, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*
You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.
Oct. How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor;
Attention, Max., an old friend merits—Reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.
Max. (*drily.*) Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our head-quarters.
Ques. (*seizing his hand.*) Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.
[*Taking the hands of both.*
Octavio—Max. Piccolomini!
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.
Max. Hey!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.
Oct. (*to Max.*) He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the Duke, as here.
Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand?
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,

And his too is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the Court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.

Ques. The army? Doubtless!

Oct. (*aside to Questenberg.*) Hush! suppress it, friend!
Unless *some* end were answered by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

Max. In their distress
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they called him up.
The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead boods,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

Oct. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path

Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son! the road, the human being travels,
That, on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines.
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Ques. O hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*
Who is at once the hero and the man.

Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and the enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvass, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights, trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

Oct. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!

My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O ! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Oct. (*attentive with an appearance of uneasiness.*) And so your journey has revealed this to you ?

Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented.
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart !
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This can not be the sole felicity,
These can not be man's best and only pleasures.

Oct. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

Max. O ! day thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life ; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home !
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.

The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

Ques. (*apparently much affected.*) O! that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

Max. (*turning round to him quick and vehement.*) Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come?——Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Questenberg, Octavio Piccolomini.*

Ques. Alas, alas! and stands it so?
[*Then in pressing and impatient tones.*
What, friend! and do we let him go away
In this delusion—let him go away?
Not call him back immediately, not open
His eyes upon the spot?

Oct. (*recovering himself out of a deep study.*) He has now opened mine,
And I see more than pleases me.
Ques. What is it?
Oct. Curse on this journey!
Ques. But why so? What is it?
Oct. Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!
[*Draws Questenberg on with him.*
Ques. What now? *Where* go you then?
Oct. To her herself.
Ques. To——
Oct. (*interrupting him and correcting himself.*) To the Duke. Come, let us go—'Tis done, 'tis done,
I see the net that is thrown over him.
O! he returns not to me as he went.
Ques. Nay, but explain yourself.
Oct. And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.
Ques. But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.
Oct. (*more collected.*) Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!
[*He leads Questenberg off.*

SCENE VI.—*Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland.—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order. During this enters Seni, like an old Italian doctor, in black, and clothed somewhat fantastically. He carries a white staff, with which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

1*st. Ser.* Come—to it, lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry call out, "Stand to your arms!" They will be there in a minute.

2*d. Ser.* Why were we not told before that the audience would be held here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

3*d. Ser.* Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded, that with the great worked carpet?—there one can look about one.

1*st. Ser.* Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

2*d. Ser.* Poh! stuff and nonsense! That's what I call a *hum.* A chamber is a chamber; what much can the place signify in the affair?

Seni. (*with gravity.*) My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

1*st. Ser.* (*to the second.*) Say nothing to him, Nat.
The Duke himself must let him have his own will.

Seni. (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats.*) Eleven! an evil number! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve! twelve signs hath the zodiac: five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

2*d. Ser.* And what may you have to object against eleven? I should like to know that now.

Seni. Eleven is—transgression; eleven over-steps
The ten commandments.

2*d. Ser.* That's good! and why do you call five a holy number?

Seni. Five is the soul of man: for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

2*d. Ser.* The foolish old coxcomb!

1*st. Ser.* Ey! let him alone though. I like to hear him; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

3*d. Ser.* Off, they come.

2*d. Ser.* There! Out at the side-door.

[*They hurry off. Seni follows slowly. A page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the Duke's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.*

SCENE VII.—*Wallenstein, Duchess.*

Wal. You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?
Duch. Yes, and to the Empress too,
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.
Wal. And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?
Duch. I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To show the elected husband his betrothed.
Wal. And did they guess the choice which I had made?
Duch. They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.
Wal. And you—what do *you* wish, Elizabeth?
Duch. Your will, you know, was always mine.
Wal. (*after a pause.*) Well then,
And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the Court?
[*The Duchess casts her eyes on the ground and remains silent.*
Hide nothing from me. How were you received?
Duch. O! my dear lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.
Wal. Ay! is it so!
What, they were lax? they failed of the old respect?
Duch. Not of respect. No honors were omitted.
No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honors and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favor.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,

Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not *so*—
Not wholly so should she have been received.
Wal. Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,
They railed at it, no doubt.
Duch. O that they had!
I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—
Wal. Now she omitted it?
Duch. (*wiping away her tears after a pause.*) She *did* embrace me,
But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.
Wal. (*seizes her hand soothingly.*) Nay, now collect yourself,
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?
Duch. (*shaking her head.*) I saw none.
Wal. Th' Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—
Duch. Silent, silent!
Wal. These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our fire, our own light.
Duch. And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which moved about the Court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and——
Wal. (*eagerly*) Lamormain! what said *he?*
Duch. That you're accused of having daringly

O'erstepped the powers intrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of th' Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regenspurg.
And people talk, said he, of——Ah!—

[*Stifling extreme emotion.*

Wal. Proceed!

Duch. I can not utter it!

Wal. Proceed!

Duch. They talk——

Wal. Well!

Duch. Of a second——

[*Catches her voice and hesitates.*

Wal. Second——

Duch. More disgraceful
——Dismission.

Wal. Talk they?

[*Strides across the room in vehement agitation.*

O! they force, they thrust me
With violence, against my own will, onward!

Duch. (*presses near to him, in entreaty.*) O! if there yet be time, my husband! if
By giving way, and by submission, this
Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!
Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,
It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor
Before whom you retreat. O! let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up
Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame
These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—
You know it!—the swift growth of our good fortune
It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.
What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favor
Stand not before us?

SCENE VIII.—*Enter the Countess Tertsky, leading in her hand the Princess Thekla, richly adorned with brilliants. Countess, Thekla, Wallenstein, Duchess.*

Coun. How, sister? What! already upon business!
[*Observing the countenance of the Duchess.*
And business of no pleasing kind I see,
Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
This is thy daughter.

[*Thekla approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.*

Wal. Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me:
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

Duch. 'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remained till now.

Wal. The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

Duch. (*to Thekla.*) Thou wouldst not have recognized thy father,
Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years,
When last she saw your face.

Thek. O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father is not altered
The form that stands before me, falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!

Wal. The voice of my child!

[*Then after a pause.*

I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child, to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illume my soon extinguished being,
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreathe it
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.

[*He clasps her in his arms, as Piccolomini enters.*

SCENE IX.—*Enter Max. Piccolomini, and some time after Count Tertsky, the others remaining as before.*

Coun. There comes the Paladin who protected us.

Wal. Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!

Max. My General——

Wal. 'Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max.! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

Max. My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame: yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid richly-plated hunting-dress,
So to remunerate me for my troubles——
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favor
Which I leaped forward to receive, and which
I came already with full heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good fortune!

Tertsky enters, and delivers letters to the Duke, which he breaks open hurryingly.

Coun. (*to Max.*) Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—my brother it beseems
To show himself forever great and princely.

Thek. Then I too must have scruples of his love:
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

Max. Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving,
And making happy.

[*He grasps the hand of the Duchess with still increasing warmth.*

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricably as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

Coun. (*who during this time has been anxiously watching the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters.*) My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

Wal. (*turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess.*) Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[*Max. Piccolomini offers the Duchess his arm, the Countess accompanies the Princess.*

Ter. (*calling after him.*) Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X.—*Wallenstein, Count Tertsky.*

Wal. (*in deep thought to himself.*) She hath seen all things as they are—It is so,
And squares completely with my other notices.

They have determined finally in Vienna,
Have given me my successor already;
It is the King of Hungary, Ferdinand,
The Emperor's delicate son! he's now their savior,
He's the new star that's rising now! Of us
They think themselves already fairly rid,
And as we were deceased, the heir already
Is entering on possession—Therefore—despatch!

[*As he turns round he observes Tertsky, and gives him a letter.*

Count Altringer will have himself excused,
And Galas too—I like not this!

Ter. And if
Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,
One following the other.

Wal. Altringer
Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith
Send some one to him, that he let not in
The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.
——Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader
In contraband negotiations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

Ter. The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.

Wal. And why so?

Ter. He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches,
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

Wal. So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters!

An excellent scheme! No! no! They must be off,
Off, off! away! *we* want no such neighbors.
Ter. Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?
Wal. Off with them, off! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled
My native land away, dismembered Germany,
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder—Never! never!—
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all, these Goths, these hunger-wolves,
Who send such envious, hot and greedy glances
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands!
I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
But not a single fish of all the draught
Shall they come in for.
Ter. You will deal, however,
More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
While you shift ground and make so many curves.
Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
Are plunged in doubts, baffled and led astray in you.
There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
What he should think of your procrastinations.
And in the end I prove the liar; all
Passes through me. I have not even your hand-writing.
Wal. I *never* give my hand-writing; thou knowest it.
Ter. But how can it be *known* that you're in earnest,
If the act follows not upon the word?
You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
Your intercourses hitherto with the enemy
You might have done with safety all you have done,
Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
For the Emperor's service.
Wal. (*after a pause during which he looks narrowly on Tertsky.*) And from whence dost *thou* know
That I'm *not* gulling him for the Emperor's service?
Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
Dost thou know *me* so well! When made I thee

The intendant of my secret purposes?
I am not conscious that I ever opened
My inmost thoughts to thee. The Emperor, it is true,
Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I *would*,
I could repay him with usurious interest
For the evil he hath done me. It delights me
To know my *power;* but whether I shall use it,
Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst speak
No wiser than thy fellows.

Ter. So hast thou always played thy game with us.

[*Enter Illo.*

SCENE XI.—*Illo, Wallenstein, Tertsky.*

Wal. How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

Illo. You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

Wal. How hath Isolan
Declared himself?

Illo. He's yours, both soul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

Wal. And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

Illo. What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

Wal. You mean then I may venture somewhat with them?

Illo. —If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

Wal. Not more assured of mine own self.

Ter. And yet
I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

Wal. Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope,
We both are born beneath like stars—in short

[*With an air of mystery.*

To this belongs its own particular aspect,
If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest——

Illo. There is among them all but this one voice,
You *must* not lay down the command. I hear
They mean to send a deputation to you.

Wal. If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
They too must bind themselves to me.
Illo. Of course.
Wal. Their words of honor they must give, their oaths,
Give them in writing to me, promising
Devotion to my service *unconditional.*
Illo. Why not?
Ter. Devotion *unconditional?*
The exception of their duties towards Austria
They'll always place among the premisses.
With this reserve——
Wal. (*shaking his head.*) All *unconditional!*
No premisses, no reserves.
Illo. A thought has struck me.
Does not Count Tertsky give us a set banquet
This evening?
Ter. Yes; and all the Generals
Have been invited.
Illo. (*to Wallenstein.*) Say, will you here fully
Commission me to use my own discretion?
I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honor,
Even as you wish.
Wal. Gain me their signatures!
How you come by them, that is *your* concern.
Illo. And if I bring it to you, black on white,
That all the leaders who are present here
Give themselves up to you, without condition;
Say, will you *then*—*then* will you show yourself
In earnest, and with some decisive action
Make trial of your luck?
Wal. The signatures!
Gain me the signatures.
Illo. Seize, seize the hour
Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
To make a great decision possible,
O! many things, all transient and all rapid,
Must meet at once: and, haply, they thus met
May by that confluence be enforced to pause
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,

Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple!
This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,
Their kinglike leader! On your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny, O let them not
Unravel of themselves. If you permit
These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
Bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
And every individual's spirit waxes
In the great stream of multitudes. Behold
They are still here, here still! But soon the war
Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
Particular anxieties and interests
Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
Will become sober, seeing but himself,
Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
Will face about, and march on in the old
High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

Wal. The time is not yet come.

Ter. So you say always,
But *when* will it be time?

Wal. When I shall say it.

Illo. You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your VENUS! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is DOUBT.

Wal. Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou may'st but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,

Lead-colored shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou may'st see,
With serviceable cunning knit together
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[*He walks across the chamber, then returns, and, standing still, proceeds.*

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and nights, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strewed on the dark land of futurity,
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
Whence it behooves us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
Therefore, permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I can not say
What *I* shall do—only, give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely.

Page. (*entering.*) My Lords, the Generals.

Wal. Let them come in.

SCENE XII.—*Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo.—To them enter Questenberg, Octavio, and Max. Piccolomini, Butler, Isolani, Maradas, and three other Generals. Wallenstein motions Questenberg, who in consequence takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.*

Wal. I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
Of your instructions, Questenberg; have weighed them,
And formed my final, absolute resolve;
Yet it seems fitting, that the generals
Should hear the will of the Emperor from your mouth.
May't please you, then, to open your commission
Before these noble chieftains.

Ques. I am ready
To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
And all these noble chieftains, to consider,
The imperial dignity and sovereign right
Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

Wal. We excuse all preface.

Ques. When his Majesty
The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renowned commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence
To give thereby to the fortune of the war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favorable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,
The Swede's career of conquest checked! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy,
Hither invoked as round one magic circle
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
Yea, and that never-conquered King himself;
Here, finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.

Wal May't please you to the point.

Ques. In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left

His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
Marched toward Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanished from the theatre of war;
While the young Weimar hero forced his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some delving winter-stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He marched, and now at once 'fore Regenspurg
Stood to the affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
Seven horsemen-couriers sends he with the entreaty:
He superadds his own, and supplicates
Where as the sovereign lord he can command
In vain his supplication! At this moment
The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
Barters the general good to gratify
Private revenge—and so falls Regenspurg.

Wal. Max., to what period of the war alludes he?
My recollection fails me here.

Max. He means
When we were in Silesia.

Wal. Ay! Is it so!
But what had we to do *there?*

Max. To beat out
The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

Wal. True,
In that description which the minister gave
I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.
(*To Questenberg.*) Well, but proceed a little.

Ques. Yes! at length
Beside the river Oder did the Duke
Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
Delivered that long-practised stirrer-up

Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
But he had fallen into magnanimous hands;
Instead of punishment he found reward,
And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
The arch-foe of his Emperor.
Wal. (*laughs.*) I know,
I know you had already in Vienna
Your windows and balconies all forestalled
To see him on the executioner's cart.
I might have lost the battle, lost it too
With infamy, and still retained your graces—
But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
No, never can forgive me.
Ques. So Silesia
Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
And he *did* put his troops in motion: slowly,
Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.
Wal. The troops were pitiably destitute
Of every necessary, every comfort.
The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
His troops are made of? Arn't we men? subjected
Like other men to wet and cold, and all
The circumstances of necessity?
O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
And when he goes away, the general curse
Follows him on his route. All must be seized,
Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
How long the soldiers' pay is in arrears.
But. Already a full year.
Wal. And 'tis the hire

That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
The soldier's *pay* is the soldier's *covenant*.*

Ques. Ah! this is a far other tone from that,
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

Wal. Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honored with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regenspurg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thank, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!
What? I was offered up to their complaints,
Dismissed, degraded!

Ques. But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possessed of action
In that disastrous diet.

* The original is not translatable into English;

————Und sein *sold*
Mus dem *soldaten* werden, darnach heisst er.

It might perhaps have been thus rendered:

"And that for which he sold his services,
The soldier must receive."

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

Wal. Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom.
No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,
I have been taught far other trains of thinking
Of the empire, and the diet of the empire.
From the Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
But now I hold it as the empire's general—
For the common weal, the universal int'rest,
And no more for that one man's aggrandizement!
But to the point. What is it that's desired of me?
Ques. First, his imperial Majesty hath willed
That without pretexts of delay the army
Evacuate Bohemia.
Wal. In this season?
And to what quarter, wills the Emperor,
That we direct our course?
Ques. To the enemy.
His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg
Be purified from the enemy, ere Easter,
That Luth'ranism may be no longer preached
In that cathedral, nor heretical
Defilement desecrate the celebration
Of that pure festival.
Wal. My generals,
Can this be realized?
Illo. 'Tis not possible.
But. It can't be realized.
Ques. The Emperor
Already hath commanded colonel Suys
To advance toward Bavaria!
Wal. What did Suys?
Ques. That which his duty prompted. He advanced!
Wal. What? he advanced! And I, his general,
Had given him orders, peremptory orders,
Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
With my authority? Is this th' obedience
Due to my office, which being thrown aside
No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!
You be the judges, generals! What deserves

That officer, who of his oath neglectful
Is guilty of contempt of orders?

Illo. (*raising his voice, as all but Illo had remained silent, and seemingly scrupulous.*) Death.

Wal. Count Piccolomini! what has he deserved?

Max. Pic. (*after a long pause.*) According to the letter of the law,
Death.

Iso. Death.

But. Death, by the laws of war.

[*Questenberg rises from his seat, Wallenstein follows; all the rest rise.*

Wal. To this the law condemns him, and not I.
And if I show him favor, 'twill arise
From the rev'rence that I owe my Emperor.

Ques. If *so*, I can say nothing further—*here!*

Wal. I accepted the command but on conditions!
And this the first, that to the diminution
Of my authority no human being,
Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
If I stand warranter of the *event*,
Placing my honor and my head in pledge,
Needs must I have full mastery in all
The means thereto. What rendered thus Gustavus
Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
This—that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.
But to the point! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!

Ques. The Prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Through Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis th' Emperor's will you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

Wal. Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!

Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be!
I see it coming.

Ques. There is nothing coming.
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!——

Wal. What then?
What, my Lord Envoy? May I not not be suffered
To understand that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in *my* grasp: and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my coutrol. To throw me
Plumply aside,—I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops and of Prince Cardinals
That take their route, as visitors, through the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable! And so the politic court
Steals in a-tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy!
Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches
The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—
Well!—I will gratify him!

[*Here there commences an agitation among the Generals which increases continually.*

It grieves me for my noble officers' sakes!
I see not yet, by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompense their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit superannuates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in th' army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny

After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise, i' the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns. [*He seats himself.*
Max. Pic. Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come to this!
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abused—it can not be.
Iso. It can not be; all goes to instant wreck.
Wal. Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What *we* with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.
[*During this speech, Isolani, Tertsky, Illo, and Maradas talk confusedly with great agitation.*
Max. Pic. (*busily and passionately going from one to another, soothing them.*) Hear, my commander! Hear me, generals!
Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet set right again.
Ter. Away! let us away! in th' antechamber
Find we the others. [*they go.*
But. (*to Questenberg.*) If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from maltreatment.
[*Commotions heard from without.*
Wal. A salutary counsel——Thou, Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.
Farewell, Von Questenberg! [*Questenberg is about to speak.*
Nay, not a word,
Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have performed your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.
[*As Questenberg is going off with Octavio, Goetz, Trefenbach, Kolatto, press in; several other Generals following them.*

Goetz. Where's he who means to rob us of our general?
Tief. (*at the same time.*) What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?
Kol. (*at the same time.*) We will live with thee, we will die with thee.
Wal. (*pointing to Illo.*) There! the Field-Marshal knows our will. [*Exit.*
[*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A small Chamber.*

Illo and Tertsky.

Ter. Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?
Illo. Attend! We frame a formal declaration
Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided
So doing we infringe no oath nor duty,
We may be under to the Emp'ror.—Mark!
This reservation we expressly make
In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
Will be presented to them for perusal
Before the banquet. No one will find in it
Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
A counterfeited paper, in the which
This one particular clause has been left out,
Go round for signatures.
Ter. How? think you then
That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?
Illo. We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave

Loud as they may against our treachery,
At court their signatures will be believed
Far more than their most holy affirmations.
Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
Will make a virtue of necessity.

Ter. Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
Set us in motion.

Illo. Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
How, or how far, we may thereby propel
The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
In his determined mood, as if he had them,
And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

Ter. His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when I have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim; to Sesina
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised;
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once—
He has slipped from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

Illo. He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend!
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—They are his thoughts, his dreams,
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets—

Ter. Ay! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis;
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

Illo. Come! be we bold and make despatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow

More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below—
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show themselves.
Come, to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.
Ter. Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And *wait* here for the Countess Tertsky. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.
Illo. Yes! Yes!
I saw your lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?
Ter. A secret. Hush! she comes. [*Exit Illo.*

SCENE II.—(*The Countess steps out from a closet.*) *Count and Countess Tertsky.*

Ter. Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back
No longer.
Coun. She will be there instantly.
You only send him.
Ter. I am not quite certain
I must confess it, Countess, whether or not
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know,
No ray has broken from him on this point.
You have o'erruled me, and yourself know best,
How far you dare proceed.
Coun. I take it on me.
[*Talking to herself, while she is advancing.*
Here's no need of full powers and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,* whom no one knows—No! no!——
This may blind others! I see through thee, Brother!

* In Germany, after honorable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called Bride and Bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains
Mutely delivered up to my finessing——
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland!
In her who is thy sister.——

Servant. (*enters.*) The commanders!

Ter. (*to the Countess.*) Take care you heat his fancy and affections—

Possess him with a reverie, and send him,
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

Coun. Take you care of your guests!—Go, send him hither.

Ter. All rests upon his undersigning.

Coun. (*interrupting him.*) Go to your guests! Go——

Illo. (*comes back.*) Where art staying, Tertsky?
The house is full, and all expecting you.

Ter. Instantly! Instantly! (*To the Countess.*) And let him not

Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man———

Coun. A truce with your precautions!

[*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*

SCENE III.—*Countess, Max. Piccolomini.*

Max. (*peeping in on the stage, slyly.*) Aunt Tertsky! may I venture?

[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him with uneasiness.*

She's not here!
Where is she?

Coun. Look but somewhat narrowly
In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Concealed behind that screen.

Max. There lie her gloves!

[*Snatches at them, but the Countess takes them herself.*

You unkind lady! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.

Coun. And this the thanks you give me for my trouble?

Max. O, if you felt the oppression at *my* heart!

Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances—
These, these are not my habits!
Coun. You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.
Max. But wherefore comes she not?
Where is she?
Coun. Into *my* hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest?
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not above all.
Max. Alas! what danger?
Here is no face on which I might concentre
All the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O lady! tell me. Is all changed around me?
Or is it only I?
I find myself
As among strangers! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanished to? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world as this
I was not discontented. Now how flat!
How stale! No life, no bloom, no flavor in it!
My comrades are intolerable to me.
My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
My arms, my military duties—O!
They are such wearying toys!
Coun. But, gentle friend!
I must entreat it of your condescension,
You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favor
With one short glance or two this poor stale world
Where even now much, and of much moment,
Is on the eve of its completion.
Max. Something,
I can't but know, is going forward round me.

I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
Where think you I have been, dear lady? Nay,
No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air—
I could not breathe—I was constrained to fly,
To seek a silence out for my full heart;
And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
There is a cloister here to the *heaven's gate,
Thither I went, there found myself alone.
Over the altar hung a holy mother;
A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
How oft have I beheld that glorious form
In splendor, 'mid ecstatic worshipers,
Yet, still it moved me not! and now at once
Was my devotion cloudless as my love.

Coun. Enjoy your fortune and felicity!
Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
Only be manageable when that friendship
Points you the road to full accomplishment.
How long may it be since you declared your passion?

Max. This morning did I hazard the first word.

Coun. This morning the first time in twenty days?

Max. 'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
And Nepomuck, where *you* had joined us, and—
That was the last relay of the whole journey!
In a balcony we were standing mute,
And gazing out upon the dreary field:
Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original. —Es ist ein Kloster hier *zur Himmelspforte.*

The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
And trembling ventured I at length these words :
This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
To-day, I must take leave of my good fortune,
A few hours more, and you will find a father,
Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
Lost in the many—"Speak with my Aunt Tertsky !"
With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
Raised slowly up her eye met mine—no longer
Did I control myself.

[*The Princess Thekla appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the Countess, but not by Piccolomini.*

With instant boldness
I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched hers ;
There was a rustling in the room close by ;
It parted us—'Twas you. What since has happened,
You know.

Coun. (*after a pause, with a stolen glance at Thekla.*) And is it your excess of modesty ;
Or are you so incurious, that you do not
Ask me too of my secret ?

Max. Of *your* secret ?

Coun. Why, yes ! When in the instant after you
I stepped into the room, and found my niece there,
What she in this first moment of the heart
Ta'en with surprise—

Max. (*with eagerness.*) Well !

Scene IV.—*Thekla* (*hurries forward*), *Countess*, *Max. Piccolomini.*

Thek. (*to the Countess.*) Spare yourself the trouble :
That hears he better from myself.

Max. (*stepping backward.*) My Princess !
What have you let her hear me say, Aunt Tertsky ?

Thek. (*to the Countess.*) Has he been here long ?

Coun. Yes; and soon must go.
Where have *you* stayed so long?
Thek. Alas! my mother
Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet can not keep myself from being happy.
Max. Now once again I have courage to look on you.
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that played round you
Hid the beloved from me.
Thek. Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?
Max. This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck, to call him *father!*
But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion—
It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
At the first meeting spread as 'twere the ban
Of excommunication round you, wherefore
Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitly
May love dare woo for love; but such a splendor
Might none but monarchs venture to approach.
Thek. Hush! not a word more of this mummery,
You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.
(*To the Countess.*) He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not?
'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
He had quite another nature on the journey—
So calm, so bright, so joyous, eloquent.
(*To Max.*) It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise!
Max. You find yourself
In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
All in a new world, which does homage to you,
And which, wer't only by its novelty,
Delights your eye.

Thek. Yes ; I confess to you
That many things delight me here : this camp,
This motley stage of warriors, which renews
So manifold the image of my fancy,
And binds to life, binds to reality,
What hitherto had but been present to me
As a sweet dream !

Max. Alas ! not so to me,
It makes a dream of my reality.
Upon some island in the ethereal heights
I've lived for these last days. This mass of men
Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

Thek. The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The inalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which, having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.
[*Breaking off, and in a sportive tone.*
In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard-of things have I not seen !
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

Coun. (*recollecting.*) And what
Can this be then ; methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

Thek. Ay, (*smiling.*) but the road thereto is watched by spirits.
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

Coun. (*laughs.*) The astrological tower !—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you even at your approach ?

Thek. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

Thek. He questioned me on many points ; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

Coun. He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.
Thek. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With such sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.
Coun. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away!
Thek. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stept in; and now
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after
The closing-door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars: all seemed to come from them.
"These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars:
And both these bring but little luck to man."
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glittered silver bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star:
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.
Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's Pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;

Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

Thek. And if this be the science of the stars,
I too, with glad and zealous industry,
Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers.

Coun. Not only roses,
But thorns too hath the heaven; and well for you
Leave they your wreath of love inviolate;
What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

Max. Soon will his gloomy empire reach its close.
Blest be the General's zeal: into the laurel
Will he enweave the olive-branch, presenting

Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
Will have remained for his great heart! Enough
Has he performed for glory, and can now
Live for himself and his. To his domains
Will he retire; he has a stately seat
Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
Stretches the chase and covers of his forests:
His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
He can indulge without restraint; can give
A princely patronage to every art,
And to all worth a Sovereign's protection;
Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—
Coun. Yet I would have you look, and look again,
Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it,
That you should woo and win her with the sword.
Max. O, that the sword could win her!
Coun. What was that?
Did you hear nothing? Seemed, as if I heard
Tumult and larum in the banquet-room. [*Exit Countess.*

SCENE V.—*Thekla and Max. Piccolomini.*

Thek. (*as soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quick low voice to Piccolomini.*) Don't trust them! They are false!
Max. Impossible!
Thek. Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
They had a *purpose.*
Max. Purpose! but what purpose?
And how can we be instrumental to it?
Thek. I know no more than you; but yet believe me:
There's some design in this! to make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love!
They but pretend to wish it.
Max. But these Tertskys——
Why use we them at all? Why not your mother?
Excellent creature! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

Thek. She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

Max. Why any secret?
I love not secrets. Mark, what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let *him*
Decide upon my fortunes!—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble!

Thek. (*falls on his neck.*) *That* are you!

Max. You knew him only since this morn; but I
Have lived ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.
You are silent!————
You look at me with such a hopelessness!
What have you to object against your father?

Thek. I? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—
He has no leisure time to think about
The happiness of us two. [*Taking his hand tenderly.*
Follow me!
Let us not place too great a faith in men.
These Tertskys—we will still be grateful to them
For every kindness, but not trust them further
Than they deserve;—and in all else rely——
On our own hearts!

Max. O! shall we *e'er* be happy?

Thek. Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? There lives within my soul
A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me!
I ought to be less open—ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates:
But where in this place couldst thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou didst not find it?

SCENE VI.—*To them enters the Countess Tertsky.*

Coun. (*in a pressing manner.*) Come!
My husband sends me for you.—It is now
The latest moment. (*they not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them.*)
Part you!
Thek. O, not yet!
It has been scarce a moment.
Coun. Ay! Then time
Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece!
Max. There is no hurry, aunt.
Coun. Away! away!
The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
His father has asked for him.
Thek. Ha! his father?
Coun. You understand *that*, niece!
Thek. Why needs he
To go at all to that society?
'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.
Coun. You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?
Thek. (*with energy.*) Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—
Coun. What? have you lost your senses, niece?—
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!
Max. (*to Thekla.*) Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!
[*Thekla turns away from him with a quick motion.*
What say you then, dear lady?
Thek. (*without looking at him.*) Nothing. Go!
Max. Can I, when you are angry——
[*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.*
Coun. Off! Heavens! if any one should come!
Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way.——Off!

[*Max. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The Countess accompanies him. Thekla follows him with her*

eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table, she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played awhile an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.

Thekla (*plays and sings*).

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;
And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.*

* I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

Thekla (*spielt und singt*).

Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
Das Auge von Weinen getrübet:
Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

Literal Translation.

Thekla (*plays and sings*).

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discolored with weeping: the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home. I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I can not but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author

SCENE VII.—*Countess* (*returns*), *Thekla.*

Coun. Fie, lady niece! to throw yourself upon him,
Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
And so must be flung after him! For you,
Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought,
It had been more beseeming to have shown yourself
More chary of your person.

Thek. (*rising.*) And what mean you?

Coun. I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance
That never once occurred to you.

Thek. What then?

Coun. That you are the daughter of the Prince Duke Friedland.

Thek. Well—and what farther?

Coun. What? a pretty question!

Thek. He was *born* that which we have but *become.*
He's of an ancient Lombard family,
Son of a reigning princess.

Coun. Are you dreaming?
Talking in sleep? An excellent jest, forsooth!
We shall no doubt right courteously *entreat* him
To honor with his hand the richest heiress
In Europe.

Thek. That will not be necessary.

Coun. Methinks 'twere well though not to run the hazard.

Thek. His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty——

of "The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret" has favored me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving:
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

Coun. *His!*
His father! *his!* But yours, niece, what of yours?
Thek. Why I begin to think you fear his father.
So anxiously you hide it from the man!
His father, *his*, I mean.
Coun. (*looks at her as scrutinizing.*) Niece, you are *false.*
Thek. Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!
Coun. You hold your game for one already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—
Thek. (*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her.*) Nay
now, be friends with me.
Coun. It is not yet so far gone.
Thek. I believe you.
Coun. Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.
Thek. That which he did not plant for me might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—
Coun. Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
For no espousals dost thou find the walls
Decked out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendor but of arms. Or think'st thou
That all these thousands are here congregated
To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
Thou seest thy father's forehead full of thought,
Thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
Lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,

O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
Thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*
Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
Who can transmute the alien into self;
Meet and disarm necessity by choice,
And what must be, take freely to her heart,
And bear and foster it with mother's love.

Thek. Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
From the far distance, wakened in my soul
No other thought than this—I am appointed
To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

Coun. That *is* thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it.
I and thy mother gave thee the example.

Thek. My fate hath shown me *him*, to whom behooves it
That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

Coun. Not thy fate hath shown him!
Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

Thek. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
I am all *his!* *His* present—his alone,
Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

Coun. Thou wouldst oppose thy father then, should he
Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[*Thekla remains silent. The Countess continues.*
Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
His name is Friedland.

Thek. *My* name too is Friedland.
He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

Coun. What? he has vanquished all impediment,
And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!

As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone ;
The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
I will not frighten thee. To that extreme.
I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
Unknown to me : 'tis possible his aims
May have the same direction as thy wish.
But this can never, never be his will
That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden ;
And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
Toward the man, who, *if* that high prize ever
Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
The highest love can bring, must pay for it. [*Exit Countess.*

Thek. (*who during the last speech, had been lost in her reflections.*) I thank thee for the hint. It turns
My sad presentiment to certainty.
And it is so !—Not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart ! we've nothing but ourselves !
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides.
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
And love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet-room is heard.*

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
And lo ! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move !

[*The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.*

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish,
Many a dark heaven drives his clouds together,
Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,

*And fiends and angels mingling in their fury,
Sling firebrands at the burning edifice [*Exit Thekla.*

SCENE VIII.—*A large Saloon lighted up with festal splendor; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the Stage, a Table richly set out, at which eight Generals are sitting, among whom are Octavio Piccolomini, Tertsky, and Maradas. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other Tables, at each of which six Persons are placed. The Middle Door, which is standing open, gives to the Prospect a fourth Table, with the same number of Persons. More forward stands the side-board. The whole front of the Stage is kept open for the Pages and Servants in waiting. All is in motion. The band of Music belonging to Tertsky's Regiment march across the Stage, and draw up round the Tables. Before they are quite off from the Front of the Stage, Max. Piccolomini appears, Tertsky advances towards him with a Paper, Isolani comes up to meet him with a Beaker or Service-cup.*

Tertsky, Isolani, Max. Piccolomini.

Iso. Here, brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?
Off to thy place—quick! Tertsky here has given
The mother's holiday-wine up to free booty.
Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.
Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving
At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;
There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,
With Egenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,
And all the great Bohemian feodalities.
Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up
For thee—who knows? off—to thy place! quick! march!

Tiefenbach and Goetz. (*call out from the second and third tables.*) Count Piccolomini!

Ter. Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read

* There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a faithful translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,
The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,
Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe
His individual signature.

Max. (*reads.*) "Ingratis servire nefas."

Iso. That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,
And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

Ter. No honest man will serve a thankless master.

Max. "Inasmuch as our supreme Commander the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honorably and faithfully to hold, and in nowise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by Isolani.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names."

Ter. Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

Iso. Why should he not? All officers of honor
Can do it, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

Ter. Nay, let it rest till after meal.

Iso. (*drawing Max. along.*) Come, Max.

[*Both seat themselves at their table.*

Scene IX.—*Tertsky, Neumann.*

Ter. (*beckons to Neumann, who is waiting at the side-table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage.*) Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be changed for the other?

Neu. I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your Excellency's order.

Ter. Right! lay it yonder, and away with this—
It has performed its business—to the fire with it—
[*Neumann lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side-table.*

SCENE X.—*Illo* (*comes out from the second chamber*), *Tertsky.*

Illo. How goes it with young Piccolomini?
Ter. All right, I think. He has started no objection.
Illo. He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both!
Ter. How looks it at your table: you forget not
To keep them warm and stirring?
Illo. O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted, too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. "Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,"
Says Montecuculi, "ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna?" Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.
Ter. And Butler?
How goes it there? Hush!

SCENE XI.—*To them enter Butler from the second table.*

But. Don't disturb yourselves.
Field Marshal, I have understood you perfectly.
Good luck be to the scheme; and as to me,
[*With an air of mystery.*
You may depend upon me.
Illo. (*with vivacity.*) May we, Butler?
But. With or without the clause, all one to me!
You understand me? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him!
Tell him so! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The Emperor's general! and Friedland's servant,

As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.
Ter. You would make a good exchange.
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.
But. (*with a haughty look.*) I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertsky! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past! and to the Duke, Field Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humor to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.
Illo. Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them?
But. Ey?
Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my old good name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir Generals!
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crooked *my* judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such light cause,
Had driven the old man from the track of honor,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends!
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.
Illo. Say,
And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?
But. A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm yours
With all I have. Not only men, but money
Will the Duke want.——Go, tell him, sirs!
I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,
I lend it him; and is he my survivor,

It has been already long ago bequeathed him.
He is my heir. For me, I stand alone,
Here in the world ; naught know I of the feeling
That binds the husband to a wife and children.
My name dies with me, my existence ends.

Illo. 'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions !

But. I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
From lowest stable duty I climbed up,
Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
I love a fortune that is like my own.

Illo. All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

But. This is an awful moment ! to the brave,
To the determined, an auspicious moment.
The Prince of Weimar arms, upon the Maine
To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
That Mansfeld, wanted but a longer life
To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
That should reward his courage. Who of these
Equals our Friedland ? There is nothing, nothing
So high, but he may set the ladder to it !

Ter. That's spoken like a man !

But. Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
Come ! to the company !

Ter. Where is the master of the cellar ? Ho !
Let the best wines come up. Ho ! cheerly, boy !
Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[*Exeunt, each to his table.*

SCENE XII.—*The Master of the Cellar advancing with Neumann, Servants passing backwards and forwards.*

Mast. of the Cel. The best wine ! O ! if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer ! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house ! no end, no moderation ! And this

marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

Neu. Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

Mast. of the Cel. You think so?—Well, well! much may be said on that head.

1*st. Ser.* (*comes.*) Burgundy for the fourth table.

Mast. of the Cel. Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventieth flask——

1*st. Ser.* Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

Mast. of the Cel. (*continuing his discourse to Neumann.*) They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendor; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink. ——(*to the Servants.*)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

Runner. (*comes.*) The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

Mast. of the Cel. Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

Runner. The same!—a health is to go round in him.

Mast. of the Cel. (*shaking his head, while he fetches and rinses the cup.*) This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

Neu. Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look! There, on that first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosier and mitres, and carries on a wand a hat together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

Mast. of the Cel. The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian Crown. That is

signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who can not keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

Neu. But what is the cup there on the banner?

Mast. of the Cel. The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers in the wars of the Hussites forced from the Pope this noble privilege: for the Pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

Neu. And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

Mast. of the Cel. That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rudolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Frederick Palatine lost crown and empire, our faith hangs upon the pulpit and the altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

Neu. Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country!

Mast. of the Cel. So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause though—There! carry it up!

Neu. Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[*Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*

Mast. of the Cel. O let me never hear more of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drunk aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra!

[*At the third and fourth table.*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra! [*Music strikes up.*

1*st. Ser.* Hear 'em! Hear 'em! What an uproar!

2*d. Ser.* (*comes in running.*) Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

3*d. Ser.* The Swedish Chief Commander!

1*st. Ser.* (*speaking at the same time.*) The Lutheran!

2*d. Ser.* Just before when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

Mast. of the Cel. Poh, poh! When the wine goes in, strange things come out. A good servant hears, and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you are called.

2*d. Ser.* (*to the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye on the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.*) Quick, Thomas! before the Master of the Cellar runs this way!—'tis a flask of Frontignac!—Snapped it up at the third table.—Canst go off with it?

Run. (*hides it in his pocket.*) All right!

[*Exit the Second Servant.*

3*d. Ser.* (*aside to the First.*) Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to Father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

1*st Ser.* For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair.—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with!

Mast. of the Cel. (*to Neumann.*) Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidently with Esterhats?

Neu. Ay! he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

Mast. of the Cel. (*impatiently.*) Spaniard! Spaniard!—I tell you, friend; nothing good comes of those Spaniards. All these out-landish* fellows are little better than rogues.

* There is a humor in the original which can not be given in the translation. "Die *Welschen* alle," &c. which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, signifies foreigners in general. Our word wall-nuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Wallæ nuces, in German "Welsch-nüsse."

Neu. Fy, fy! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

Mast. of the Cel. (*taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket.*) My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[*Tertsky hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a Servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*

Mast. of the Cel. (*to the Servants.*) The Lieutenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms.

[*They rise at all the tables, the Servants hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the Guests come forward.*

SCENE XIII.—*Octavio Piccolomini enters in conversation with Maradas, and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, Max. Piccolomini, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in any thing that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by Butler, Isolani, Goetz, Tiefenbach, and Kolatto.*

Iso. (*while the company is coming forward.*) Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lieutenant-General!—I should rather say, good morning.

Goetz. (*to Tiefenbach, making the usual compliment after meals.*) Noble brother!

Tief. Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

Goetz. Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you!

Tief. There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

Oct. (*aside to Maradas.*) Do me the favor to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand by myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation.

[*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*

Iso. (*on the point of going.*) Lights! lights!

Ter. (*advances with the paper to Isolani.*) Noble brother! two minutes longer!—Here is something to subscribe.

Iso. Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

Ter. There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.—Only a few marks of your pen!

[*Isolani hands over the paper to Octavio respectfully.*

Ter. Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

[*Octavio runs over the paper with apparent indifference. Tertsky watches him at some distance.*

Goetz. (*to Tertsky.*) Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

Ter. Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught. (*To the Servants.*)—Ho!

Goetz. Excuse me—an't able.

Ter. A thimble-full!

Goetz. Excuse me.

Tief. (*sits down.*) Pardon me, nobles!—This standing does not agree with me.

Ter. Consult only your own convenience, General!

Tief. Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

Iso (*pointing at his corpulence.*) Poor legs! how *should* they? Such an unmerciful load!

[*Octavio subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to Tertsky, who gives it to Isolani; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*

Tief. 'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

Goetz. Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice inquiries about the season.

Ter. (*observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarce direct his pen.*) Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—Despatch it.

Iso. The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters. Well—I must bear it.

[*Tertsky gives the paper to Maradas; he steps to the table to subscribe.*

Oct. (*advancing to Butler.*) You are not over fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

But. I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

Oct. (*stepping nearer to him, friendlily.*) Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I am not a little glad, my much honored Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half-dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

But. And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to Tiefenbach, who glances over it at the same time with Goetz and Kolatto. Maradas in the mean time returns to Octavio; all this takes place, the conversation with Butler proceeding uninterrupted.*

Oct. (*introducing Maradas to Butler.*) Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

[*Butler bows.*

Oct. (*continuing.*) You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (*Butler makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

But. (*coldly.*) Your obliged humble servant, My Lord Lieutenant-General!

[*The paper comes to Butler, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the Piccolominis, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.*

Oct. (*after having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him.*) You were long absent from us, friend!

Max. I——urgent business detained me.

Oct. And, I observe, you are still absent!

Max. You know this crowd and bustle always makes me silent.

Oct. May I be permitted to ask what business 'twas that detained you? *Tertsky* knows it without asking!

Max. What does Tertsky know?

Oct. He was the only one who did not miss you.

Iso. (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up.*) Well done, father! Rout out his baggage! Beat up his quarters! there is something there that should not be.

Ter. (*with the paper.*) Is there none wanting? Have the whole subscribed?

Oct. All.

Ter. (*calling aloud.*) Ho! Who subscribes?

But. (*to Tertsky.*) Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

Ter. Here is a cross.

Tief. That's my mark.

Iso. He can not write; but his cross is a good cross, and is honored by Jews as well as Christians.

Oct. (*presses on to Max.*) Come, General! let us go. It is late.

Ter. *One* Piccolomini only has signed.

Iso. (*pointing to Max.*) Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

[*Max. receives the paper from Tertsky, which he looks upon vacantly.*

SCENE XIV.—*To these enter Illo from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking: Goetz and Butler follow him, endeavoring to keep him back.*

Illo. What do you want? Let me go.

Goetz and But. Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

Illo. (*goes up to Octavio and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.*) Octavio! I bring this to you. Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my *dear* friend!

Ter. (*whispering to him.*) Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are!

Illo. (*aloud.*) What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (*Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker among us, thank heaven!

Ter. (*to Butler, eagerly.*) Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

But. (*to Illo.*) Field-Marshal! a word with you!

[*Leads him to the side-board.*

Illo. A thousand for one; Fill—fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

Iso. (*to Max. who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes.*) Slow and sure, my noble brother?—Hast *parsed* it all yet?—Some words yet to go through?—Ha?

Max. (*waking up as from a dream.*) What am I to do?

Ter. (*and at the same time Isolani.*) Sign your name.

[*Octavio directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.*

Max. (*returns the paper.*) Let it stay till to-morrow. It is business—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

Ter. Nay, collect yourself a little.

Iso. Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldest be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

Ter. (*to Octavio.*) Use your influence. Instruct him.

Oct. My son is at the age of discretion.

Illo. (*leaves the service-cup on the sideboard.*) What's the dispute?

Ter. He declines subscribing the paper.

Max. I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

Illo. It can not stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

Max. Illo; good-night!

Illo. No! You come not off so! The Duke shall learn who are his friends. [*All collect round Illo and Max.*

Max. What my sentiments are towards the Duke the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

Illo. This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to

Italians and foreigners—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

Ter. (*in extreme embarrassment, to the Commanders, who at Illo's words give a sudden start, as preparing to resent them.*) It is the wine that speaks, and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

Iso. (*with a bitter laugh.*) Wine invents nothing: it only *tattles.*

Illo. He who is not with me, is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso—

Ter. (*interrupting him.*) He is stark mad—don't listen to him!

Illo. (*raising his voice to the highest pitch.*) Unless they can slip out by a *proviso.* What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

Max. (*has his attention roused and looks again into the paper.*) What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it.

Ter. (*in a low voice to Illo.*) What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

Tief. (*to Kolatto.*) Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

Goetz. Why, I seemed to think so too.

Iso. What do I care for that? Where there stands other names, mine can stand too.

Tief. Before supper there *was* a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

But. (*to one of the Commanders.*) For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

Iso. (*to one of the Generals.*)—Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

Ter. (*to Goetz.*) Or when he gave you the office of army purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles!

Illo. He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so, I am his man.

Tief. Softly, softly! 'Twas but a word or two.

Max. (*having read the paper gives it back.*) Till to-morrow, therefore!

Illo. (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max, with one hand, and his sword in the other.*) Subscribe—Judas!

Iso. Out upon you, Illo!

Oct. Ter. But. (*all together.*) Down with the sword!

Max. (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count Tertsky.*) Take him off to bed.

[*Max leaves the stage. Illo cursing and raving is held back by some of the officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A chamber in Piccolomini's Mansion. It is Night. Octavio Piccolomini. A valet de Chambre, with Lights.*

Oct. —— And when my son comes in conduct him hither.
What is the hour?

Valet. 'Tis on the point of morning.

Oct. Set down the light. We mean not to undress.
You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit Valet. Octavio paces, musing, across the chamber. Max. Piccolomini enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*

Max. Art *thou* offended with me? Heaven knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
What thou hadst sanctioned, should not, it might seem,
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

Oct. (*goes up to him and embraces him.*) Follow it,
O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than the example of thy father.

Max. Declare thyself less darkly.

Oct. I will do so,
For after what has taken place this night,

There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*

Max. Piccolomini ! what think'st thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures ?

Max. I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Although I love not these set declarations.

Oct. And on no other ground hast thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee ?

Max. It was a serious business——I was absent—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

Oct. Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion ?

Max. Suspicion ! what suspicion ? Not the least.

Oct. Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini :
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

Max. I know not what thou meanest.

Oct. I will tell thee.
Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villany ;
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honor !

Max. (*rises.*) Octavio !

Oct. Patience ! Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to hear from me, friend !—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion.
Before thine eyes is treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun for venom :
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding.
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wondering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

Max. My father !
Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of thought !
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them ! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

Oct. The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence

And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,
[*Fixing his eye steadfastly on his son's face.*
Which thou concealest, forces *mine* from me.

Max. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground, embarrassed.

Oct. (*after a pause.*) Know, then, they are duping thee!—a most foul game
With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—
The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
The mask, as if he would forsake the army:
And in this moment makes he preparations
That army from the Emperor to *steal*,
And carry it over to the enemy!

Max. That low priest's legend I know well, but did not
Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

Oct. That mouth,
From which thou hearest it at this present moment,
Doth warrant thee that it is no priest's legend.

Max. How mere a maniac they supposed the Duke;
What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
That he can lure away full thirty thousand
Tried troops and true, all honorable soldiers,
More than a thousand noblemen among them,
From oaths, from duty, from their honor lure them,
And make them all unanimous to do
A deed that brands them scoundrels?

Oct. Such a deed
With such a front of infamy, the Duke
No wise desires—what he requires of us
Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
He wishes, but to give the Empire peace.
And so, because the Emperor hates *this* peace,
Therefore the Duke—the Duke will *force* him to it.
All parts of the Empire will he pacify,
And for his trouble will retain in payment
(What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia!

Max. Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
That we—that we should think so vilely of him?
Oct. What *we would* think is not the question here.
The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs!
Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
But little dost thou know, or guess, what tricks,
What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—
Loosed all the bands, that link the officer
To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
Affectionately to the citizen.
Lawless he stands, and threateningly beleaguers
The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
Before his armies—his own armies—trembles;
Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
The traitor's poniards, and is meditating
To hurry off and hide his tender offspring—
Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
No; from his own troops hide and hurry them!
Max. Cease, cease! thou torturest, shatter'st me. I know
That oft we tremble at an empty terror;
But the false phantasm brings a real misery.
Oct. It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
Will burst out into flames, if instantly
We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
Are many of them long ago won over;
The subalterns are vacillating—whole
Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
To foreigners our strongholds are intrusted;
To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
Force of Silesia given up: to Tertsky
Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.
Max. Likewise to both of us.
Oct. Because the Duke
Believes he has secured us—means to lure us

Still further on by splendid promises.
To me he portions forth the princedoms, Glatz
And Sagan; and too plain I see the angle
With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.
Max. No! no!
I tell thee—no!
Oct. O open yet thine eyes!
And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
Hither to Pilsen?—to avail himself
Of our advice?—O when did Friedland ever
Need our advice?—Be calm, and listen to me.
To sell ourselves are we called hither, and,
Decline we that—to be his hostages.
Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof!
Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
If higher duties had not held him fettered.
Max. He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
That we too should do somewhat now for him.
Oct. And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
The counterfeited paper—the omission
Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
Does it not prove, that they would bind us down
To nothing good?
Max. That counterfeited paper
Appears to me no other than a trick
Of Illo's own device. These underhand
Traders in great men's interests ever use
To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
They see the Duke at variance with the court,
And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
The Duke knows nothing of all this.
Oct. It grieves me
That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter
A faith so specious; but I may not spare thee!

For this is not a time for tenderness.
Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
I therefore will confess to thee, that all
Which I've intrusted to thee now—that all
Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
That—yes, I will tell thee—(*A pause.*) Max.! I had it all
From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

Max. (*in excessive agitation.*) No!—no!—never!

Oct. Himself confided to me!
What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
By other means—himself confided to me,
That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes;
And, at the head of the united armies,
Compel the Emperor—

Max. He is passionate,
The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once,
Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

Oct. Nay, in cold blood he did confess this to me:
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he showed me
His written evidences—showed me letters,
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defin'd th' amount.

Max. It can not be!—can *not* be! *can* not be!
Dost thou not see, it can not!
Thou wouldest of necessity have shown him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had tak'n thee for his better genius, or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

Oct. I have laid open my objections to him,
Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness;
But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment
Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.

Max. And *thou* hast been
So treacherous! That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me

Evil of him; much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.
Oct. I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.
Max. Uprightness merited his confidence.
Oct. He was no longer worthy of sincerity.
Max. Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!
Oct. Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honor?
Max. That he did not, evinc'd his confidence.
Oct. Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarm, forever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms:
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
By what means he can best be served—the heart
May whisper what it will—this is our call!
Max. It seems a thing appointed, that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The Duke thou say'st did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose! Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father!
Oct. (*suppressing resentment.*) As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee. [*After a pause.*

Duke Friedland
Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
We too have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

Max. O nothing rash, my sire! By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

Oct. With light tread stole he on his evil way,
With light tread Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission;
He brought with him a *private* one, my son!
And that was for me only.

Max. May I know it?

Oct. (*seizes the patent.*) Max.! [*A pause.*
——In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,
Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
Thou nourishest the *wish*.—O let me still
Anticipate thy loitering confidence!
The *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself
Yet closer to him——

Max. Father——

Oct. O my son,
I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
Equally sure of thy collectedness?
Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
To enter this man's presence, when that I
Have trusted to thee his whole fate?

Max. According
As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[*Octavio takes a paper out of his escritoire, and gives it to him.*

Max. What? how? a full Imperial patent!
Oct. Read it.
Max. (*just glances on it.*) Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned!
Oct. Even so.
Max. (*throws down the paper.*) O this is too much! O unhappy error!
Oct. Read on. Collect thyself.
Max. (*after he has read further, with a look of affright and astonishment on his father.*) How! what! Thou! thou!
Oct. But for the present moment, till the King
Of Hungary may safely join the army,
Is the command assigned to me.
Max. And think'st thou,
Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him?
O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.
This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
The mighty in the middle of his host,
Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou
Disarm—degrade! Thou art lost, both thou and all of us.
Oct. What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
Will cover with his shield the Imperial house,
And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
The Emperor hath true servants still; and even
Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
The faithful have been warned—the dangerous
Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,
And then immediately——
Max What! on suspicion?
Immediately?
Oct. The Emperor is no tyrant.
The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
He will be silently displaced from office,
And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
An honorable exile to his castles

Will be a benefaction to him rather
Than punishment. But the first open step—

Max. What callest thou such a step? A wicked step
Ne'er will he take; but thou might'st easily,
Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

Oct. Nay, howsoever punishable were
Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
Which he hath taken openly, permit
A mild construction. It is my intention
To leave this paper wholly unenforced
Till some act is committed which convicts him
Of a high treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.

Max. But who the judge?

Oct. Thyself.

Max. Forever, then, this paper will lie idle.

Oct. Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It can not be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with *us;*
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou deliveredst to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,
Remains unknown; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

Max. I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

Oct. Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

Max. (*with enthusiasm.*) Thy judgment may mistake; my heart can not.

[*Moderates his voice and manner.*

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine;
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith:
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses!

Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The Unapproachable glide out in splendor.
Oct. I will await it.

SCENE II.—*Octavio and Max. as before. To them the Valet of the Chamber.*

Oct. How now, then?
Val. A despatch is at the door.
Oct. So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?
Val. That he refused to tell me.
Oct. Lead him in:
And hark you—let it not transpire.
[*Exit Valet—the Cornet steps in.*
Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?
Give me your letters.
Cor. The Lieutenant-General
Trusted it not to letters.
Oct. And what is it?
Cor. He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?
Oct. My son knows all.
Cor. We have him.
Oct. Whom?
Cor. Sesina,
The old negotiator.
Oct. (*eagerly.*) And you have him?
Cor. In the Bohemian Forest Captain Mohrbrandt
Found and secured him yester morning early:
He was proceeding then to Regenspurg,
And on him were despatches for the Swede.
Oct. And the despatches——
Cor. The Lieutenant-General
Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
The prisoner with them.
Oct. This is, indeed, a tiding!
That fellow is a precious casket to us,
Inclosing weighty things—Was much found on him?

Cor. I think, six packets, with Count Tertsky's arms.
Oct. None in the Duke's own hand ?
Cor. Not that I know.
Oct. And old Sesina ?
Cor. He was sorely frightened,
When it was told him he must to Vienna.
But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
Would he but make a full and free confession.
Oct. Is Altringer then with your Lord ? I heard
That he lay sick at Linz.
Cor. These three days past
He's with my master, the Lieutenant-General,
At Frauemburg. Already have they sixty
Small companies together, chosen men ;
Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
That they are only waiting your commands.
Oct. In a few days may great events take place.
And when must you return ?
Cor. I wait your orders.
Oct. Remain till evening.
[*Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*
No one saw you—ha ?
Cor. No living creature. Through the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.
Oct. Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.
I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall despatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches : ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn.
[*Exit Cornet.*

SCENE III.—*Octavio and Max. Piccolomini.*

Oct. Well—and what now, son ? All will soon be clear ;
For all, I'm certain, went through that Sesina.
Max. (*who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved.*)
I will procure me light a shorter way. Farewell.

Oct. Where now ?—Remain here.
Max. To the Duke.
Oct. (*alarmed.*) What——
Max. (*returning.*) If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play—
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, can not be :
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these :—" I ask'd him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and
My *mouth* has never lied to him."—No, no !
What a friend takes me for, that I must be :
—I'll to the Duke ; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will ;—*I* still am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—
What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing ? Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less !
And face to face will I go question him.
Oct. Thou wilt ?
Max. I will, as sure as this heart beats.
Oct. I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
I calculated on a prudent son,
Who would have bless'd the hand beneficent
That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo !
A fascinated being I discover,
Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
Go, question him !—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
Go, give it up free booty :—Force me, drive me
To an open breach before the time. And now,

Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
My secret purpose even to this hour,
And laid to sleep suspicion's piercing eyes,
Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
With frantic enterprise, annihilates
My toilsome labors and state policy.

Max. Ay—this state policy! O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state policy,
Compel him to the measure: it may happen,
Because ye are *determined* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, *ye*—ye *force* him, in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! Father!
That never can end well—it can not—will not!
And let it be decided as it may,
I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an ill-starred, unblest catastrophe.
For this great monarch-spirit, if he fall,
Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
And as a ship (that midway on the ocean
Takes fire) at once, and with a thunder-burst
Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven;
So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the daylight dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.

[*During his exit the curtain drops.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room fitted up for astrological labors, and provided with celestial charts, with globes, telescopes, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments.—Seven colossal figures, representing the planets, each with a transparent star of a different color on its head, stand in a semicircle in the background, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the eye.—The remainder of the Scene, and its disposition, is given in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act.—There must be a curtain over the figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.*

[*In the Fifth Scene of this Act it must be dropped; but in the Seventh Scene, it must be again drwn up wholly or in part.*]

Wallenstein at a black table, on which a Speculum Astrologicum is described with chalk. Seni is taking observations through a window.

Wal. All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

Seni. Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising:
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

Wal. She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.

[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*

Auspicious aspect! fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slyly-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into *my* service that old mischief-founder;
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the Quartile, now in the Secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

Seni. (*who has come down from the window.*) And in a corner
house, your Highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.
Wal. And sun and moon, too, in the Sextile aspect,
The soft light with the veh'ment—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven,
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.
Seni. And both the mighty Lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente Domo.
Wal. The empire of Saturnus is gone by:
Lord of the secret birth of things is he;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance:
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme, and most auspicious positure
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.
[*There are knocks at the door.*
There's some one knocking there. See who it is.
Tertsky. (*from without.*) Open, and let me in.
Wal. Ay—'tis Tertsky.
What is there of such urgence? We are busy.
Ter. (*from without.*) Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.
It suffers no delaying.
Wal. Open, Seni!
[*While Seni opens the doors for Tertsky, Wallenstein draws the curtain over the figures.*
Ter. (*enters.*) Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.
Galas has given him up to the Emperor.
[*Seni draws off the black table and exit.*

SCENE II.—*Wallenstein, Count Tertsky.*

Wal. (*to Tertsky.*) Who has been taken?—Who is given up?
Ter. The man who knows our secrets, who knows every

Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Through whose hands all and every thing has passed—
Wal. (*drawing back.*) Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No! I entreat thee.
Ter. All on his road for Regenspurg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Arnheim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.—*To them enters Illo.*

Illo. (*to Tertsky.*) Has he heard it?
Ter. He has heard it.
Illo. (*to Wallenstein.*) Thinkest thou still
To make thy peace with the Emp'ror, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wished; then forwards thou must press!
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.
Ter. They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—
Wal. Of my handwriting—no iota. Thee
I punish for thy lies.
Illo. And thou believest,
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband,
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reck'ning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.
Ter. In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou venturedst by word of mouth
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?
Illo. Thyself dost not conceive it possible;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak!—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? thou canst no longer

Keep thy command ; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.
Wal. In the army
Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty,
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.
Illo. The army, Duke, *is* thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine : but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow ; but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after th' other——
Wal. 'Tis a cursed accident !
Illo. O, I will call it a most blessed one,
If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision.
The Swedish General——
Wal. He's arrived ! Know'st thou
What his commission is——
Illo. To thee alone
Will he intrust the purpose of his coming.
Wal. A cursed, cursed accident ! Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and won't be silent.
Ter. He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it ?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will *he*, that dastardling, have strength enough——
Wal. (*lost in thought.*) Their confidence is lost—irreparably !
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain forever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——
Illo. Ruin thee,

That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion—
Wal. (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation.*) What!
I must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toyed too freely with the thought?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I *must* realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it *must* take place?
Illo. Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!
Wal. (*looking at the paper of signatures.*) I have the Generals' word—a written promise!
Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?
Ter. It was——he fancied——
Illo. Mere self-willedness.
There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.
Wal. He is quite right—there needeth no such thing,
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the Imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.
Illo. Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.
Wal. I will hear, however,
What the Swede has to say to me.
Illo. (*eagerly to Tertsky.*) Go, call him!
He stands without the door in waiting.
Wal. Stay!
Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel, that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Should force me on with it.
Illo. First hear him only,
And after weigh it. [*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*

SCENE IV.—*Wallenstein.*

Wal. (*in soliloquy.*) Is it possible?
Is't so? I *can* no longer what I *would!*
No longer draw back at my liking! I

Must *do* the deed, because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream! Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access open!
By the great God of Heaven! it was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving t'ward me?
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me—but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.
[*Pauses, and remains in deep thought.*
A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
Try what I will, I can not roll off from me;
The equivocal demeanor of my life
Bears witness on my prosecutor's party;
And even my purest acts from purest motives
Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
Were I that thing, for which I pass, that traitor,
A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
Had drawn the cov'rings thick and double round me,
Been calm and chary of my utterance.
But being conscious of the innocence
Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
I gave way to my humors, to my passion:
Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*.
Now every planless measure, chance event,
The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,

Will they connect, and weave them all together
Into one web of treason ; all will be plan,
My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
Step tracing step, each step a politic progress ;
And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
So specious, that I must myself stand *dumb*.
I am caught in my own net, and only force,
Naught but a sudden *rent* can liberate me. [*Pauses again.*
How else ! since that the heart's unbiassed instinct
Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.
Stern is the on-look of Necessity,
Not without shudder many a human hand
Grasps the mysterious urn of destiny.
My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom,
Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,
Sent forth into the foreign, it belongs
Forever to those sly malicious powers
Whom never art of man conciliated.

[*Paces in agitation through the Chamber, then pauses, and, after the pause, breaks out again into audible soliloquy.*

What is thy enterprise ? thy aim ? thy object ?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself ?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom ;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who full himself of courage kindles courage
In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible,
The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being, that is not

The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!
[*To the Page, who here enters.*
The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.
[*The Page exit, Wallenstein fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*
Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENE V.—*Wallenstein and Wrangel.*

Wal. (*after having fixed a searching look on him.*) Your name is Wrangel?
Wran. Gustave Wrangel, General
Of the Sudermanian Blues.
Wal. It was a Wrangel
Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
And by his brave resistance was the cause
Of th' opposition which that sea-port made.
Wran. It was the doing of the element
With which you fought, my lord! and not my merit.
The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom,
The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve
One and the same,
Wal. (*makes a motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself.*) And where are your credentials?
Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?
Wran. There are so many scruples yet to solve——

Wal. (*having read the credentials.*) An able letter!—Ay—
he is a prudent,
Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
His late departed Sovereign's own idea
In helping me to the Bohemian crown.
Wran. He says the truth. Our great king, now in heaven,
Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
And always the commanding Intellect,
He said, should have command, and be the king.
Wal. Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,
[*Taking his hand affectionately.*
Come, fair and open—Trust me, I was always
A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience
Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;
I had you often in my power, and let you
Always slip out by some back door or other.
'Tis this for which the Court can ne'er forgive me,
Which drives me to this present step: and since
Our interests so run in one direction,
E'en let us have a thorough confidence
Each in the other.
Wran. Confidence will come,
Has each but only first security.
Wal. The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me;
And, I confess—the gain does not lie wholly
To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks
If I can play false with the Emperor,
Who is my sovereign, I can do the like
With th' enemy, and that *the one* too were
Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.
Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?
Wran. I have here an office merely, no opinion.
Wal. The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.
I can no longer honorably serve him.
For my security, in self-defence,
I take this hard step, which my conscience blames.
Wran. That I believe. So far would no one go
Who was not forced to it. [*After a pause.*

What may have impelled
Your princely Highness in this wise to act
Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
Beseems not us to expound or criticize.
The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
This opportunity, is in our favor,
And all advantages in war are lawful.
We take what offers without questioning;
And if all have its due and just proportions——

Wal. Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
Would he trust *me* with sixteen thousand men,
That I would instantly go over to them
With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

Wran. Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
How some years past, beyond all human faith
You called an army forth, like a creation;
But yet——

Wal. But yet?

Wran. But still the Chancellor thinks,
It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
To call forth sixty thousand men of battle,
Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them—

Wal. What now? Out with it, friend?

Wran. To break their oaths.

Wal. And he thinks *so?*—He judges like a Swede,
And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
Fight for your Bible. You are int'rested
About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow
Your banners.—Among *you*, whoe'er deserts
To the enemy, hath broken covenant
With two Lords at one time. We've no such fancies.

Wran. Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
No house and home, no fireside, no altar?

Wal. I will explain that to you, how it stands—
The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
And has good cause to love it—but this army,

Wal. Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land must needs be yours.
Wran. But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
Who knits together our new friendship then?
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t'have known it, that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty, that *we* are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?
Wal. (*rises.*) Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.
Wran. Here my commission ends.
Wal. Surrender up to you my capital!
Far liever would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.
Wran. If time yet permits———
Wal. That lies with me, even now, at any hour,
Wran. Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer,
No longer since Sesina is a prisoner.
[*Wallenstein is struck, and silenced.*
My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honorably by us.
Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt, to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side.
But Egra above all must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.
Wal. You,
You therefore must I trust, and you not me?
I will consider of your proposition.
Wran. I must entreat, that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke!
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off forever.

Wal. Ye press me hard. A measure such as this,
Ought to be *thought* of.
Wran. Ay! but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness.
[*Exit Wrangel.*

SCENE VI.—*Wallenstein, Tertsky, and Illo* (*re-enter*).

Illo. Is't all right?
Ter. Are you compromised?
Illo. This Swede
Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.
Wal. As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)
I feel myself inclined to leave it so.
Ter. How? What is that?
Wal. Come on me what will come,
The doing evil to avoid an evil
Can not be good!
Ter. Nay, but bethink you, Duke?
Wal. To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!
Of these proud-hearted Swedes, I could not bear it.
Illo. Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?
Bringest thou not more to them than thou receivest?

SCENE VII.—*To these enter the Countess Tertsky*

Wal. Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.
Coun. I am come to bid you joy.
Wal. Use thy authority, Tertsky, bid her go.
Coun. Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.
Wal. Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you.
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I can not traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.
Coun. I had already
Given the Bohemians a king.
Wal. (*sarcastically.*) They have one,
In consequence, no doubt.

Coun. (*to the others.*) Ha! what new scruple?
Ter. The Duke will not.
Coun. He *will not* what he *must!*
Illo. It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced.
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.
Coun. How? then, when all
Lay in the far off distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking:
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.
Servant. (*enters.*) The Colonel Piccolomini.
Coun. (*hastily.*) —Must wait.
Wal. I can not see him now. Another time.
Ser. But for two minutes he entreats an audience.
Of the most urgent nature is his business.
Wal. Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.
Coun. (*laughs.*) Urgent for him, no doubt; but thou mayest wait.
Wal. What is it?
Coun. Thou shalt be informed hereafter.
First let the Swede and thee be compromised.
[*Exit Servant.*
Wal. If there were yet a choice! if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.
Coun. Desir'st thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as fame and fortune.—To Vienna—
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,

Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

Illo. For that too 'tis too late. They know too much.
He would but bear his own head to the block.

Coun. I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attaint him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The King of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself
Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
There will not want a formal declaration.
The young king will administer the oath
To the whole army; and so all returns
To the old position. On some morrow morning
The Duke departs; and now 'tis stir and bustle
Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
Superintend his horses' pedigrees;
Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
And introduceth strictest ceremony
In fine proportions, and nice etiquette;
Keeps open table with high cheer; in brief,
Commenceth mighty king—in miniature.
And while he prudently demeans himself,
And gives himself no actual importance,
He will be let appear whate'er he likes;
And who dares doubt, that Friedland will appear
A mighty prince to his last dying hour?
Well now, what then? Duke Friedland is as others
A fire-new noble, whom the war hath raised
To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
An over-night creation of court-favor,
Which with an undistinguishable ease
Makes baron or makes prince.

Wal. (*in extreme agitation.*) Take her away.
Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

Coun. Art thou in earnest? I entreat thee! Canst thou
Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such a height

Coun. (*to the others.*) Ha! what new scruple?
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So ignominiously to be dried up?
Thy life, that arrogated such a height

To end in such a nothing! To be nothing,
When one was always nothing, is an evil
That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil,
But to become a nothing, having been——

Wal. (*starts up in violent agitation.*) Show me a way out of this stifling crowd,
Ye powers of aidance! Show me such a way
As *I* am capable of going.—I
Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler;
I can not warm by thinking; can not say
To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
Magnanimously: "Go; I need thee not."
Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
If so I may avoid the last extreme;
But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little, who began so great,
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after-ages speak my name
With hate and dread; and Friedland be redemption
For each accursed deed!

Coun. What is there here, then,
So against nature? Help me to perceive it!
O let not superstition's nightly goblins
Subdue thy clear bright spirit! Art thou bid
To murder?—with abhorred accursed poignard,
To violate the breasts that nourished thee?
That *were* against our nature, that might aptly
Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken;—
Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
What is there in thy case so black and monstrous?
Thou art accused of treason—whether with
Or without justice is not now the question—
Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
Of the power which thou possessest—Friedland! *Duke!*
Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?

What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify?

Wal. Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me:
He loved me; he esteemed me; I was placed
The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
We like familiar friends, both at one table,
Have banquetted together. He and I—
And the young kings themselves held me the basin
Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?

Coun. So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favor,
And hast no memory for contumelies?
Must I remind thee, how at Regenspurg
This man repaid thy faithful services?
All ranks and all conditions in the empire
Thou hadst wronged, to make him great,—hadst loaded on thee,
On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world.
No friend existed for thee in all Germany;
And why? because thou hadst existed only
For the Emperor. To the Emperor alone
Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him
At Regenspurg in the Diet—and he dropped thee!
He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
And power, amid the taunting of thy foes.
Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
Say not, the restoration of thy honor
Hath made atonement for that first injustice.
No honest good-will was it that replaced thee,
The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

Wal. Not for their good wishes, that is certain,
Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
For this high office; and if I abuse it,
I shall therein abuse no confidence.

Coun. Affection! confidence!—They *needed* thee.
Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,

And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
She had been forced to take him from the rabble—
She, this necessity, it was that placed thee
In this high office, it was she that gave thee
Thy letters patent of inauguration.
For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

Wal. 'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
I never held it worth my pains to hide
The bold all-grasping habit of my soul.

Coun. Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself
A formidable man, without restraint;
Hast exercised the full prerogatives
Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
Intrusted such a power in hands they feared.
For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
Is every individual character
That acts in strict consistence with itself.
Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
Wert thou another being, then, when thou
Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with fire
And sword, and desolation, through the Circles
Of Germany, the universal scourge,
Didst mock all ordinances of the empire,
The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,

All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience;
What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him.—O most flimsy superstition!

Wal. (*rising.*) I never saw it in this light before.
'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderly.
And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
I owe to what were services to him,
But most high misdemeanors 'gainst the empire.

Coun. Then betwixt thee and him (confess it, Friedland!)
The point can be no more of right and duty,
Only of power and opportunity.
That opportunity, lo! it comes yonder,
Approaching with swift steeds; then with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,
Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
Of the now empty seat. The moment comes—
It is already here, when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" The starry courses
Hast thou thy life-long measured to no purpose?
The quadrant and the circle were they playthings?
[*Pointing to the different objects in the room.*
The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee
In dumb, foreboding symbols hast thou placed
These seven presiding Lords of Destiny—
For toys? Is all this preparation nothing?
Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
That even to thyself it doth avail

Nothing, and has no influence over thee
In the great moment of decision ?——

Wal. (*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, laboring with passions; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess.*)
Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly
Despatch three couriers——

Ilto. (*hurrying out.*) God in heaven be praised!

Wal. It is his evil genius and mine.
Our evil genius! It chastises him
Through me, the instrument of his ambition;
And I expect no less, than that Revenge
E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poignard;
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark Misgiving,
An ominous Sinking at the inmost heart.
He can no longer trust me—Then no longer
Can I retreat—so come that which must come.—
Still destiny preserves its due relations,
The heart within us is its absolute
Vicegerent. [*To Tertsky.*
Go, conduct you Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to
The couriers.—And despatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.
[*To the Countess, who can not conceal her triumph.*
No exultation!—woman, triumph not!
For jealous are the Powers of Destiny.
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
Encroach upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.
[*While he is making his exit the curtain drops.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*As in the preceding Act.*

Wallenstein, Octavio Piccolomini.

Wal. (*coming forward in conversation.*) He sends me word
from Linz, that he lies sick ;
But I have sure intelligence, that he
Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
Secure them both, and send them to me hither.
Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command
Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
Make preparation, and be never ready ;
And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
Still answer yes, and stand as thou wert fettered.
I know, that it is doing thee a service
To keep thee out of action in this business.
Thou lov'st to linger on in fair appearances ;
Steps of extremity are not thy province,
Therefore have I sought out this part for thee.
Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
What is to do.

Enter Max. Piccolomini.

Now go, Octavio.
This night must thou be off, take my own horses :
Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
Trust me, I think we all shall meet again
In joy and thriving fortunes.

Oct. (*to his son.*) I shall see you
Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.—*Wallenstein, Max. Piccolomini.*

Max. (*advances to him.*) My General!

Wal. That am I no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.

Max. Then thou wilt leave the army, General ?

Wal. I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

Max. And thou wilt leave the army?
Wal. Rather hope I
To bind it nearer still and faster to me. [*He seats himself.*
Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is
To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens, that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favor.
—This is now present: do not look behind thee,—
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards;
Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.
[*He stops himself expecting Piccolomini's answer.*
I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.
[*He rises, and retires at the back of the stage. Max. remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion Wallenstein returns, and places himself before him.*
Max. My General, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person,
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.
Wal. Soft cradled thee thy Fortune till to-day;
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act forever

With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max. War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence.
Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?
O God of heaven! what a change is this.
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fixt star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
O! what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
It always was as a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds, although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wal. Max., hear me.

Max. O! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wal. The world will judge me sternly, I expect it.

Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
Th' extreme,—can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max. O that is never possible for thee!
'Tis the last desperate resource of those
Cheap souls, to whom their honor, their good name
Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *Keep*,
Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
And glorious; with an unpolluted heart
Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest;
But he, who once hath acted infamy,
Does nothing more in this world.

Wal. (*grasps his hand.*) Calmly, Max.!
Much that is great and excellent will we
Perform together yet. And if we only
Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
Not to the good. All, that the powers divine
Send from above, are universal blessings:
Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
But never yet was man enriched by them:
In their eternal realm no *property*
Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
From the deceiving Powers, depraved in nature,
That dwell beneath the day and blessed sunlight;
Not without sacrifices are they rendered
Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

Max. Whate'er is human, to the human being
Do I allow—and to the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
Th' excess of action; but to thee, my General!

Above *all* others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—
He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word
Is spoken out——
Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature—that is wholly different;
O that is black, black as the pit of hell!
[*Wallenstein betrays a sudden agitation.*
Thou canst not hear it *named*, and wilt thou *do* it?
O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst,
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with th' Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, Duke! with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wal. It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happened.

Max. Were it too late, and were things gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then—fall! fall honorably, even as thou stood'st,
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendor do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

Wal. It is too late! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.
[*Max. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish*
Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I can not give assent to my own shame
And ruin. Thou—no—*thou* canst not forsake me!
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,

With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

[*Max. quits him abruptly. Wallenstein, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when Tertsky enters.*

SCENE III.—*Wallenstein, Tertsky.*

Ter. Max. Piccolomini just left you?
Wal. Where is Wrangel?
Ter. He is already gone.
Wal. In such a hurry?
Ter. It is as if the earth had swallowed him.
He had scarce left thee, when I went to seek him.
I wished some words with him—but he was gone,
How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay
I half believe it was the devil himself;
A human creature could not so at once
Have vanished.
Illo. (*enters.*) Is it true that thou wilt send
Octavio?
Ter. How, Octavio! Whither send him!
Wal. He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
The Spanish and Italian regiments.
Illo. No!
Nay, Heaven forbid!
Wal. And why should Heaven forbid?
Illo. Him!—that deceiver! Would'st thou trust to him
The soldiery? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
Now, in the very instant that decides us——
Ter. Thou wilt not do this!—No! I pray thee, no!
Wal. Ye are whimsical.
Illo. O but for this time, Duke,
Yield to our warning! Let him not depart.

Wal. And why should I not trust him only this time,
Who have always trusted him? What, then, has happened,
That I should lose my good opinion of him?
In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

Ter. Must it be he—he only! Send another.

Wal. It must be he, whom I myself have chosen;
He is well-fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

Illo. Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.

Wal. I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your foot-path. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to *me* because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

Illo. Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

Wal. It happened with my knowledge and permission.

Illo. I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas——

Wal. That's not true.

Illo. O thou art blind
With thy deep-seeing eyes.

Wal. Thou wilt not shake
My faith for me—my faith, which founds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false.
For know, I have a pledge from fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

Illo. Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

Wal. There exist moments in the life of man
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world

Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny:
And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
My whole life, past and future, in this moment
Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
And to the destiny of the next morning
The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
Did knit the most removed futurity.
Then said I also to myself, "So many
Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars
And as on some great number set their All
Upon thy single head, and only man
The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
Will come, when destiny shall once more scatter
All these in many a several direction:
Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee."
I yearned to know which one was faithfullest
Of all, this camp included. Great Destiny,
Give me a sign! And he shall be the man,
Who, on the approaching morning, comes the first
To meet me with a token of his love:
And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
Then midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
Then was my horse killed under me: I sank:
And over me away all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
I lay, and panted like a dying man.
Then seized me suddenly a savior arm;
It was Octavio's—I awoke at once,
'Twas broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.
"My brother," said he, "do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you're wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother!
In love to me. A strong dream warned me so."
It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.

My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

Illo. That was a chance.

Wal. (*significantly.*) There's no such thing as chance.
In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more. [*He is retiring.*

Ter. This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

Illo. And he shall never stir from here alive.

Wal. (*stops and turns himself round.*) Are ye not like the women, who forever
Only recur to their first word, although
One had been talking reason by the hour ?
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which, they spring eternally.
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human *kernel* first examined ?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in Piccolomini's Dwelling-house.*
Octavio Piccolomini, Isolani (*entering*).

Iso. Here am I—Well ! who comes yet of the others ?

Oct. (*with an air of mystery.*) But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

Iso. (*with the same air of mystery.*) Will it explode, ha ?—Is the Duke about
To make th' attempt ? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

Oct. That may happen.

Iso. Noble brother, I am
Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
The Duke has acted t'wards me as a friend.
God knows it is so ; and I owe him all——
He may rely on my fidelity.

Oct. That will be seen hereafter.

Iso. Be on your guard,

All think not as I think; and there are many
Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
That those stol'n signatures bind them to nothing.
Oct. I am rejoiced to hear it.
Iso. You rejoice!
Oct. That the Emperor has yet such gallant servants,
And loving friends.
Iso. Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.
Oct. I am assured already. God forbid
That I should jest!—In very serious earnest
I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
So strong.
Iso. The devil!—what!—why, what means this?
Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here?
Oct. That you may make full declaration, whether
You will be called the friend or enemy
Of th' Emperor.
Iso. (*with an air of defiance.*) That declaration, friend,
I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
To put that question to me.
Oct. Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.
Iso. (*stammering.*) Why,—why—what! This is the Emperor's hand and seal! [*Reads.*
"Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini.
As from ourselves."——*Hem!*—Yes! so!—Yes! yes!—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-General!
Oct. And you submit you to the order?
Iso.
But you have taken me so by surprise—
Time for reflection one *must* have——
Oct. Two minutes.
Iso. My God! But then the case is——
Oct. Plain and simple.
You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

Iso. Treason!—My God!—But who talks then of treason?
Oct. That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count!—brief and full—
Say, will you break your oath to th' Emperor?
Sell yourself to the enemy?—Say, will you?
Iso. What mean you? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty?
Did I say so?—When, when have I said that?
Oct. You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.
Iso. Ay! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.
Oct. And you renounce the Duke then?
Iso. If he's planning
Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.
Oct. And are determined, too, to fight against him?
Iso. He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him!—All scores are rubbed off.
Oct. I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.
This night break off in th' utmost secrecy
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.
Iso. It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With th' Emperor—how well disposed you found me.
Oct. I will not fail to mention it honorably.
[*Exit Isolani. A Servant enters.*
What, Colonel Butler!—Show him up.
Iso. (*returning.*) Forgive me too my bearish ways, old father!
Lord God! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.
Oct. No excuses!
Iso. I am a merry lad, and if at time
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the Court
Amidst my wine—You know no harm was meant. [*Exit.*
Oct. You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favor us
With all the others only but as much!

SCENE V.—*Octavio Piccolomini, Butler.*

But. At your command, Lieutenant-General.
Oct. Welcome, as honored friend and visitor.
But. You do me too much honor.
Oct. (*after both have seated themselves.*) You have not
Returned the advances which I made you yesterday—
Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.
That wish proceeded from my heart—I was
In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time
In which the honest should unite most closely.
But. 'Tis only the like-minded can unite.
Oct. True! and I name all honest men like-minded.
I never charge a man but with those acts
To which his character deliberately
Impels him; for alas! the violence
Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts
The very best of us from the right track.
You came through Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas
Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.
But. His words were lost on *me.*
Oct. It grieves me sorely,
To hear it: for his counsel was most wise.
I had myself the like to offer.
But. Spare
Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,
To have deserved so ill your good opinion.
Oct. The time is precious—let us talk openly.
You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
He has committed treason; but few hours
Have past, since he a covenant concluded
With th' enemy. The messengers are now
Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
To-morrow he intends to lead us over
To th' enemy. But he deceives himself;
For prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
In closest union, mighty though unseen.
This manifesto sentences the Duke—

Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
To join and recognize in me their leader.
Choose—will you share with us an honest cause?
Or with the evil share an evil lot.

But. (*rises.*) His lot is mine.

Oct. Is that your last resolve?

But. It is.

Oct. Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler!
As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
That rashly uttered word remains interred.
Recall it, Butler! choose a better party:
You have not chosen the right one.

But. (*going.*) Any other
Commands for me, Lieutenant-General?

Oct. See your white hairs! Recall that word!

But. Farewell!

Oct. What would you draw this good and gallant sword
In such a cause? Into a curse would you
Transform the gratitude which you have earned
By forty years' fidelity from Austria?

But. (*laughing with bitterness.*) Gratitude from the House of Austria. [*He is going.*

Oct. (*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him.*) Butler!

But. What wish you?

Oct. How was't with the Count?

But. Count? what?

Oct. (*coldly.*) The title that you wished I mean.

But. (*starts in sudden passion.*) Hell and damnation!

Oct. (*coldly.*) You petitioned for it—
And your petition was repelled—Was it so?

But. Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.
Draw!

Oct. Nay! your sword to 'ts sheath! and tell me calmly,
How all that happened. I will not refuse you
Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler!

But. Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness
For which I never can forgive myself.
Lieutenant-general! Yes—I have ambition.

Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.
It stung me to the quick, that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in th' army.
I would fain not be meaner than my equal,
So in an evil hour I let myself
Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!
But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.
It might have been refused; but wherefore barb
And venom the refusal with contempt?
Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The gray-haired man, the faithful Veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness, only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself!
But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.

Oct. You must have been calumniated. Guess you
The enemy, who did you this ill service?

But. Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,
Some young squire of some ancient family,
In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honors!

Oct. But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?

But. Himself impelled me to it, used his interest
In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

Oct. Ay? Are you sure of that?

But. I read the letter.

Oct. And so did I—but the contents were different.

[*Butler is suddenly struck.*

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—
Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[*He gives him the letter*

But. Ha! what is this?

Oct. I fear me, Colonel Butler,
An infamous game have they been playing with you.
The Duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?
Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
Concerning you, counsels the Minister
To give sound chastisement to your conceit,

For so he calls it.

[*Butler reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.*

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe
The insult you received to the Duke only.
His aim is clear and palpable. He wished
To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
To gain from your revenge what he well knew
(What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
Use you, as means of most abandoned ends.
He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
In luring you away from that good path
On which you had been journeying forty years!

But. (*his voice trembling.*) Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?

Oct. More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.
From his free impulse he confirms the present,
Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
The regiment, which you now command, is yours.

[*Butler attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labors inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and can not. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to Piccolomini.*

Oct. What wish you? Recollect yourself, friend.

But. Take it.

Oct. But to what purpose? Calm yourself.

But. O take it!
I am no longer worthy of this sword.

Oct. Receive it then anew from my hands—and
Wear it with honor for the right cause ever.

But. —— Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign!

Oct. You'll make amends. Quick! break off from the Duke!

But. Break off from him!

Oct. What now? Bethink thyself.

But. (*no longer governing his emotion.*) Only break off from him?—He dies! he dies!

Oct. Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All who are loyal are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
This night be sure, that you escape from Pilsen.

But. (*Butler strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to Octavio with resolved countenance.*) Count Piccolomini! Dare that man speak
Of honor to you, who once broke his troth?

Oct. He who repents so deeply of it, dares.

But. Then leave me here, upon my word of honor!

Oct. What's your design?

But. Leave me and my regiment.

Oct. I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding?

But. That the deed will tell you.
Ask me no more at present. Trust to me.
Ye may trust safely. By the living God
Ye give him over not to his good angel!
Farewell. [*Exit Butler.*

Ser. (*enters with a billet.*) A stranger left it, and is gone.
The Prince-duke's horses wait for you below. [*Exit Servant.*

Oct. (*reads.*) "Be sure, make haste! Your faithful Isolan."
—O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven!—
Away! this is no longer a safe place for me!
Where can my son be tarrying?

SCENE VI.—*Octavio and Max. Piccolomini.—Max. enters in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.*

Oct. (*advances to Max.*) I am going off, my son.
[*Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.*
My son, farewell.

Max. Farewell.

Oct. Thou wilt soon follow me?
Max. I follow thee?
Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.
[*Octavio drops his hand, and starts back.*
O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him:
He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice
Did'st creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
O, unblest falsehood! Mother of all evil!
Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
Sustainer of the world, had saved us all!
Father, I will not, I can not excuse thee!
Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully!
But thou hast acted not much better.
Oct. Son!
My son, ah! I forgive thy agony!
Max. (*rises and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion.*) Was't possible? had'st thou the heart, my father,
Had'st thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
Had'st thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
Octavio, 'twill not please me.
Oct. God in Heaven!
Max. O woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.
How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
Lied to me, all what I e'er loved or honored.
No! No! Not all! She—she yet lives for me,
And she is true, and open as the heavens!
Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,
Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:
The single holy spot is now our love,
The only unprofaned in human nature.
Oct. Max.!—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

Max. What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
The very last—no, never!
Oct. Spare thyself
The pang of necessary separation.
Come with me! Come, my son!
[*Attempts to take him with him.*
Max. No! as sure as God lives, no!
Oct, (*more urgently.*) Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.
Max. Command me what is human. I stay here.
Oct. Max.! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.
Max. No Emperor has power to prescribe
Laws to the heart! and would'st thou wish to rob me
Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
Her sympathy. Must then a cruel deed
Be done with cruelty? The unalterable
Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!
She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,
And weep tears o'er me. Oh! the human race
Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.
From the black deadly madness of despair
Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!
Oct. Thou will not tear thyself away; thou canst not.
O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.
Max. Squander not thou thy words in vain.
The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.
Oct. (*trembling and losing all self-command.*) Max.! Max.! if that most damned thing could be,
If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I *think* it?)
Do sell thyself to him, the infamous,
Do stamp this brand upon our noble house,
Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
And in unnatural combat shall the steel
Of the son trickle with the father's blood.
Max. O hadst thou always better thought of men,
Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!
Unholy miserable doubt! To him

Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm,
Who has no faith.

Oct. And if I trust thy heart,
Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

Max. The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'erpower'd—as little
Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

Oct. O, Max.! I see thee never more again!

Max. Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

Oct. I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honor.

Max. Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

Oct. Farewell, my son!

Max. Farewell!

Oct. How? not one look
Of filial love? No grasp of th' hand at parting?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true, I have a son no longer?

[*Max. falls into his arms; they hold each for a long time in a speechless embrace, then go away at different sides.*]

The Curtain drops.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.*

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenstein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.*

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Sister of the Duchess.*

LADY NEUBRUNN.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant-General.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of several Regiments, and Brother-in-Law of Wallenstein.*

ILLO, *Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.*

BUTLER, *an Irishman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

GORDON, *Governor of Egra.*

MAJOR GERALDIN.

CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp to Tertsky.*

SWEDISH CAPTAIN.

SENI.

BURGOMASTER *of Egra.*

ANSPESSADE *of the Cuirassiers.*

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, } *belonging to the Duke.*
A PAGE, }

Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Servants.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the House of the Duchess of Friedland. Countess Tertsky, Thekla, Lady Neubrunn.* (*The two latter sit at the same table at work.*)

Coun. (*watching them from the opposite side.*) So you have nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to speak his name?

[*Thekla remaining silent, the Countess rises and advances to her.*

Why comes this?
Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
And other ways exist, besides through me?
Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?

Thek. To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

Coun. And not heard from him either? Come, be open!

Thek. No syllable.

Coun. And still you are so calm?

Thek. I am.

Coun. May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!

[*Exit Lady Neubrunn.*

SCENE II.—*The Countess, Thekla.*

Coun. It does not please me, Princess! that he holds
Himself so *still*, exactly at *this* time.

Thek. Exactly at *this* time?

Coun. He now knows all.
'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

Thek. If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

Coun. 'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
Is now no more in nonage: for you love,
And boldness dwells with love—that *you* have proved.
Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

Thek. Enough! no further preface, I entreat you.
At once out with it! Be it what it may,
It is not possible that it should torture me
More than this introduction. What have you
To say to me? Tell me the whole and briefly!

Coun. You'll not be frightened—

Thek. Name it, I entreat you.

Coun. It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty service—

Thek. Lies within *my* power?

Coun. Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.

Thek. I?
What need of me for that? And is he not
Already linked to him?

Coun. He was.

Thek. And wherefore
Should he not be so now—not be so always?

Coun. He cleaves to th' Emperor too.

Thek. Not more than duty
And honor may demand of him.

Coun. We ask
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honor.
Duty and honor!
Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You should interpret them for him: his love
Should be the sole definer of his honor.

Thek. How?

Coun. Th' Emperor or you must he renounce.

Thek. He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himself you heard,
How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

Coun. He must *not* lay the sword aside, we mean;
He must unsheath it in your father's cause.
Thek. He'll spend with gladness and alacrity
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cause,
If shame or injury be intended him.
Coun. You will not understand me. Well, hear then!
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery—
Thek. Alas, my mother!
Coun. There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests—
You've much in your hands at this moment.
Thek. Ah,
My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it.
Coun. She will accommodate her soul to that
Which is and must be. I do know your mother.
The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually present,
She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.
Thek. O my foreboding bosom! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp;
I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,
A heavy ominous presentiment
Revealed to me, that spirits of death were hovering
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
First of myself. My mother! O my mother!
Coun. Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.
Thek. Prove *good?* What good?
Must we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?

Coun. He parts not from you. He can not part from you.
Thek. Alas for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder.
Coun. If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.
Thek. His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that! A resolution!
Does there remain one to be *taken?*
Coun. Hush!
Collect yourself! I hear your mother coming.
Thek. How shall I bear to see her?
Coun. Collect yourself.

SCENE III.—*To them enter the Duchess.*

Duch. (*to the Countess.*) Who was here, sister? I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.
Coun. Nay! There was no one.
Duch. I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send th' horse regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg
With a favorable answer?
Coun. No, he has not.
Duch. Alas! then all is lost! I see it coming,
The worst that can come! Yes, they will depose him;
The accursed business of the Regenspurg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!
Coun. No! never!
Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.
[*Thekla, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her Mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.*
Duch. Yes, my poor child!
Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
In th' Empress. O that stern unbending man!
In this unhappy marriage what have I

Not suffered, not endured. For ev'n as if
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I have passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my sufferings
Presignify unhappiness to thee,
Nor blacken with their shade the *fate* that waits thee.
There lives no second Friedland; thou, my child,
Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

Thek. O let us supplicate him, dearest mother!
Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.
Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monster.

Duch. Thou wilt share
An easier, calmer lot, my child! We too,
I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
Still think I with delight of those first years,
When he was making progress with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
Not that consuming *flame* which now it is.
The Emperor loved him, trusted him: and all
He undertook could not but be successful.
But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,
Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,
Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
To his old luck, and individual power;
But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
All to those cloudy sciences, which never
Have yet made happy him who followed them.

Coun. You see it, sister! as *your* eyes permit you.
But surely this is not the conversation
To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
You know he will be soon here. Would you have him
Find *her* in this condition?

Duch. Come, my child!

Come, wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
Come, dearest! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye—well now—what was I saying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

Coun. That is he, sister!

Thek. (*to the Countess, with marks of great oppression of spirits.*) Aunt, you will excuse me? [*Is going.*

Coun. But whither? See, your father comes.

Thek. I can not see him now.

Coun. Nay, but bethink you.

Thek. Believe me, I can not sustain his presence.

Coun. But he will miss you, will ask after you.

Duch. What now? Why is she going?

Coun. She's not well.

Duch. (*anxiously.*) What ails then my beloved child?

[*Both follow the Princess, and endeavor to detain her. During this Wallenstein appears, engaged in conversation with Illo.*

SCENE IV.—*Wallenstein, Illo, Countess, Duchess, Thekla.*

Wal. All quiet in the camp?

Illo. It is all quiet.

Wal. In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings, that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
Assembled in this town make known the measure
And its result together. In such cases
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilsen
They shall swear fealty to us, because
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.

Illo. At his own bidding, unsolicited,
He came to offer you himself and regiment.

Wal. I find we must not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itself
Be listened to in th' heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
The voice of truth and inward revelation,
Scattering false oracles. And thus have I
To entreat forgiveness, for that secretly
I've wrong'd this honorable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
I am not master, (*fear* I would not call it)
Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shuddering,
At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
And this same man, against whom I am warned,
This honest man is he, who reaches to me
The first pledge of my fortune.
Illo. And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The best men in the army.
Wal. Go and send
Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me.
With him will I commence the trial. Go. [*Illo exit.*
Wal. (*turns himself round to the females.*) Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter!
For once we'll have an interval of rest—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
In the beloved circle of my family.
Coun. 'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.
Wal. (*to the Countess aside.*) Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?
Coun. Not yet.
Wal. Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,
For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:
She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
Will drive away from me the evil demon
That beats his black wings close above my head.
Duch. Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear some small trial of thy skill.

Thek. My mother!
I—
Duch. Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go cheer
Thy father.
Thek. O my mother! I—I can not.
Coun. How, what is that, niece?
Thek. (*to the Countess.*) O spare me—sing—now—in this
sore anxiety,
Of the o'erburthened soul—to sing to *him*,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave!
Duch. How, Thekla? Humorsome?
What! shall thy father have expressed a wish
In vain?
Coun. Here is the lute.
Thek. My God! how can I—
[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello Thekla expresses in her gestures and countenance the struggle of her feelings: and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*]
Duch. My child! O she is ill—
Wal. What ails the maiden?
Say, is she often so?
Coun. Since then herself
Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.
Wal. What?
Coun. She loves him!
Wal. Loves him! Whom?
Coun. Max. does she love! Max. Piccolomini.
Hast thou ne'er noticed it? Nor yet my sister?
Duch. Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child! Thou needest
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice,
Coun. This journey,—if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou should'st have chosen another
To have attended her.
Wal. And does he know it?

Coun. Yes, and he hopes to win her.
Wal. Hopes to win her!
Is the boy mad?
Coun. Well—hear it from themselves.
Wal. He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!
Ay?—The thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.
Coun. Since
Such and such constant favor you have shown him——
Wal. He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honor him.
But must he therefore be my daughter's husband!
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we must show our favor by?
Duch. His noble disposition and his manners—
Wal. Win him my heart, but not my daughter.
Duch. Then
His rank, his ancestors—
Wal. Ancestors! What?
He is a subject, and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.
Duch. O dearest Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.
Wal. What? have I paid
A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In life's great drama, with a common kinsman?
Have I for this— [*Stops suddenly, repressing himself.*
She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness—
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking——
[*He recollects himself.*
And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peasant fashion
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—

And I must do it now, even now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath that is to twine
My full accomplished work—no! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.

Duch. O my husband!
You're ever building, building to the clouds,
Still building higher, and still higher building,
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
Can not sustain the giddy tottering column.

Wal. (*to the Countess.*) Have you announced the place of residence
Which I have destined for her?

Coun. No! not yet.
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

Duch. How? Do we not return to Karn then?

Wal. No.

Duch. And to no other of your lands or seats?

Wal. You would not be secure there.

Duch. Not secure
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
Protection?

Wal. Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope *that*.

Duch. O God in heaven!
And have you brought it even to this?

Wal. In Holland
You'll find protection.

Duch. In a Lutheran country?
What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

Wal. Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

Duch. Duke Franz of Lauenburg?
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

Wal. The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

Duch. (*casting a look of terror on the Duke and the Countess.*) Is it then true? It is. You are degraded?
Deposed from the command? O God in heaven!

Coun. (*aside to the Duke.*) Leave her in this belief. Thou seest she can not
Support the real truth.

SCENE V.—*To them enter Count Tertsky.*

Coun. —Tertsky,
What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had seen a ghost.
Ter. (*leading Wallenstein aside.*) Is it thy command that all the Croats—
Wal. Mine!
Ter. We are betrayed.
Wal. What?
Ter. They are off! This night
The Jägers likewise—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.
Wal. Isolani?
Ter. Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.
Wal. I?
Ter. No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?
They are vanished both of them.

SCENE VI.—*To them enter Illo.*

Illo. Has Tertsky told thee?
Ter. He knows all.
Illo. And likewise
That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee?
Ter. Damnation!
Wal. (*winks at them.*) Hush!
Coun. (*who has been watching them anxiously from the distance, and now advances to them.*) Tertsky? Heaven! What is it? What has happened?
Wal. (*scarcely suppressing his emotions.*) Nothing! let us be gone!
Ter. (*following him.*) Theresa, it is nothing.
Coun. (*holding him back.*) Nothing? Do I not see, that all the lifeblood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?
Page. (*enters.*) An Aide-de-Camp inquires for the Count Tertsky. [*Tertsky follows the Page.*

Wal. Go, hear his business.
(*To Illo.*) This could not have happened
So unsuspected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates?
Illo. 'Twas Tiefenbach.
Wal. Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him. [*Illo is going.*
Stop!
Hast thou heard aught of Butler?
Illo. Him I met.
He will be here himself immediately.
Butler remains unshaken.
[*Illo exit. Wallenstein is following him.*
Coun. Let him not leave thee, sister! go, detain him!
There's some misfortune.
Duch. (*clinging to him.*) Gracious heaven! What is it?
Wal. Be tranquil! leave me, sister! dearest wife!
We are in camp, and this is naught unusual;
Here storm and sunshine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women
Ill suit the scene where men must act.
[*He is going: Tertsky returns.*
Ter. Remain here. From this window must we see it.
Wal. (*to the Countess.*) Sister, retire!
Coun. No—never.
Wal. 'Tis my will.
Ter. (*leads the Countess aside, and drawing her attention to the Duchess.*) Theresa!
Duch. Sister, come! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.—*Wallenstein, Tertsky.*

Wal. (*stepping to the window.*) What now, then?
Ter. There are strange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
With gloomy silentness, the several corps
Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.

Tiefenbach's corps makes threatening movements; only
The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

Wal. Does Piccolomini appear among them?

Ter. We are seeking him: he is nowhere to be met with.

Wal. What did the Aide-de-Camp deliver to you?

Ter. My regiments had despatched him; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

Wal. But whence arose this larum in the camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

Ter. O that thou hadst believed me! Yester evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gav'st him thy own horses to flee from thee.

Wal. The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

Ter. Thou didst confide in Isolani too;
And lo! he was the first that did desert thee.

Wal. It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by.
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshiped at the gaming table. With
My fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In imminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,

Naught sinks into the bosom's silent depth:
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame.
Ter. Yet, would I rather
Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrowed one.

SCENE VIII.—*Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo, who enters agitated with rage.*

Illo. Treason and mutiny!
Ter. And what further now?
Illo. Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
To go off guard—mutinous villains!
Ter. Well!
Wal. What followed?
Illo. They refused obedience to them.
Ter. Fire on them instantly! Give out the order.
Wal. Gently! what cause did they assign?
Illo. No other
They said, had right to issue orders but
Lieutenant-General *Piccolomini.*
Wal. (*in convulsion of agony.*) What? How is that?
Illo. He takes that office on him by commission,
Under sign-manual of the Emperor.
Ter. From th' Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke?
Illo. At his incitement
The Generals made that stealthy flight—
Ter. Duke! hearest thou?
Illo. Caraffa too and Montecuculi,
Are missing, with six other Generals,
All whom he had induced to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the Emperor; but 'twas finally concluded
With all the detail of the operation
Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.
[*Wallenstein sinks down into a chair and covers his face.*
Ter. O hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.—*To them enter the Countess.*

Coun. This suspense,
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.
Illo. The regiments are all falling off from us.
Ter. Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.
Coun. O my foreboding!
[*Rushes out of the room.*
Ter. Hadst thou but believed me!
Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.
Wal. The stars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest: this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
On a divine law divination rests;
Where nature deviates from that law, and stumbles
Out of her limits, there all science errs.
True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion t' have affronted
The human form, O may that time ne'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity.
The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
Into whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.
No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungest
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.—*To these enter Butler.*

Ter. (*meeting him.*) O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!
Wal. (*meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth.*) Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earliest month of spring,
Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

But. My General: I come—
Wal. (*leaning on Butler's shoulders.*) Know'st thou already?
That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.
What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass,
One morsel shared! I leaned myself on *him*,
As now I lean me on *thy* faithful shoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
Slowly into my heart. [*He hides his face on Butler's breast.*
But. Forget the false one.
What is your present purpose?
Wal. Well remembered!
Courage my soul! I am still rich in friends,
Still loved by Destiny; for in the moment,
That it unmasks the plotting hypocrite,
It sends and proves to me one *faithful* heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart and honored were they both,
And the young man—yes—he *did* truly love me,
He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseems us.
The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we must take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
Despatch some messenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me. [*Illo is going.*
But. (*detaining him.*) My General, whom expect you then?
Wal. The courier
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.
But. (*hesitating.*) Hem!
Wal. And what now?
But. You do not know it?
Wal. Well?
But. From what that larum in the camp arose?

Wal. From what?
But. That courier—
Wal. (*with eager expectation.*) Well?
But. Is already here.
Ter. and Illo. (*at the same time.*) Already here?
Wal. My courier?
But. For some hours.
Wal. And I not know it?
But. The sentinels detain him
In custody.
Illo. (*stamping with his foot.*) Damnation!
But. And his letter
Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.
Wal. You know what it contains?
But. Question me not.
Ter. Illo! alas for us.
Wal. Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.
Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.
But. Yes! Prague *is* lost. And all the several regiments
At Budweiss, Tabor, Brannau, Konigingratz,
At Brun and Znaym, have forsaken you,
And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew
To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsky,
And Illo have been sentenced.

[*Tertsky and Illo express alarm and fury. Wallenstein remains firm and collected.*

Wal. 'Tis decided!
'Tis well! I have received a sudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt: with steady stream
Once more my life-blood flows! My soul's secure!
In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
Lingering irresolute, with fitful fears
I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murderous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt disappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.

[*Exit Wallenstein; the others follow him.*

SCENE XI.—*Countess Tertsky* (*enters from a side room*).

I can endure no longer. No! [*Looks around her.*
Where are they!
No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
And I must wear the outward show of calmness
Before my sister, and shut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
It is not to be borne.—If all should fail;
If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following;
If we must wander on from land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
An ignominious monument—But no!
That day I will not see! And could himself
Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.—*Countess, Duchess, Thekla.*

Thek. (*endeavoring to hold back the Duchess.*) Dear mother, do stay here!
Duch. No! Here is yet
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her?
Thek. Nothing:
Nothing, dear mother!
Duch (*to the Countess.*) Sister, I will know.
Coun. What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later she *must* learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity;—
Courage beseems us now, a heart collected,
And exercise and previous discipline

Of fortitude. One word and over with it!
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
Deposed—he is——

Thek. (*going to the Countess.*) What? do you wish to kill her?

Coun. The Duke is——

Thek. (*throwing her arms round her mother.*) O stand firm! stand firm, my mother!

Coun. Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy, the army leave him,
And all has failed.

[*During these words the Duchess totters, and falls in a fainting fit into the arms of her daughter. While Thekla is calling for help, the Curtain drops.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A spacious room in the Duke of Friedland's palace.*

Wal. (*in armor.*) Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regenspurg.
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck; all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word

Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went through the world. The drum was beat—and, lo!
The plough, the work-shop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.
Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true
They are accustomed under me to conquer,
But not against me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

[*Illo and Tertsky enter.*

Courage, friends! Courage! We are still unvanquished;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertsky,
Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And a host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not stronger, when nine years ago
I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II.—*Wallenstein, Illo, Tertsky.* (*To them enter Neumann, who leads Tertsky aside, and talks with him.*)

Ter. What do they want?
Wal. What now?
Ter. Ten Cuirassiers
From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.
Wal. (*hastily to Neumann.*) Let them enter.

[*Exit Neumann.*

This
May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III.—*Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo, ten Cuirassiers, (led by an Anspessade,* march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the Duke, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again).*

Ans. Halt! Front! Present!

Wal. (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade.*) I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders:
Thy name is Mercy.

Ans. Henry Mercy.

Wal. Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

Ans. 'Twas even so, General!

Wal. What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

Ans. That which I asked for: the honor to serve in this corps.

Wal. (*turning to a second.*) Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

2*d Cui.* Yes, General!

Wal. I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause.*) Who sends you?

Ans. Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

Wal. Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

Ans. Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

Wal. Begin your address.

Ans. (*giving the word of command.*) Shoulder your arms!

Wal. (*turning to a third.*) Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birth-place.

3*d Cui.* Risbeck of Cologne.

Wal. It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald, prisoner, in the camp at Nuremberg.

3*d Cui.* It was not I, General!

Wal. Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother too: Where did he stay?

* Anspessade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

3d Cui. He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

Wal. (*to the Anspessade.*) Now then—begin.

Ans. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us——

Wal. (*interrupting him.*) Who chose you ?

Ans. Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

Wal. Now ! to the business.

Ans. There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

Wal. And what did you determine ?

Ans. All our comrades
At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague and Olmutz, have
Obeyed already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscana, instantly
Did follow their example, But—but we
Do not believe that thou'rt an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped up Spanish story !
[*With warmth.*
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true :
No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

Wal. Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

Ans. And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee :
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant ?
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies ?—
We will stand by thee, General ! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,

Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter——

Wal. Hear me, children!

Ans. Yes, or no!

There needs no other answer.

Wal. Yield attention.

You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shown you honor
Above all others, suffered you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

Ans. Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honored us, and shown us grace and favor
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest—that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

Wal. Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my stronghold! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lützen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious:
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeld
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;

Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well nigh finished the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honors of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament
Of this gray head, grown gray beneath the helmet.

Ans. That shall he not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who hast conducted it
With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou led'st us out into the bloody field
Of death, thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil—

Wal. What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavored after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.

[*The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.*

Ye're moved—I see
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that *you* can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General. [*Confidentially.*

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good-will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

Ans. 'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

Wal. What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years
The war-torch has continued burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
Papist and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other.
Each one is party, and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.—*To these enter Butler.*

But. (*passionately.*) General! This is not right!
Wal. What is not right?
But. It must needs injure us with all honest men.
Wal. But what?

But. It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.
Wal. Well, well—but what is it?
But. Count Tertsky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and instead of it,
Have reared aloft thy arms.
Ans. (*abruptly to the Cuirassiers.*) Right about! March!
Wal. Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!
[*To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.*
Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;
Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. (*to Illo.*) Go after them, assure them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may. [*Illo hurries out.*
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius, wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen
With their improvident over-readiness:——
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE V.—*To these enter the Duchess, who rushes into the Chamber. Thekla and the Countess follow her.*

Duch. O, Albrecht!
What hast thou done?
Wal. And now comes this beside.
Coun. Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
They know all.
Duch. What hast thou done?
Coun. (*to Tertsky.*) Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?
Ter. All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,
The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.
Coun. That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count Max. is off too?
Ter. Where can *he* be? He's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.
[*Thekla rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.*

Duch. (*enfolding her in her arms.*) Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

Wal. (*aside to Tertsky.*) Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.
[*To Illo, who returns.*
Thou hast not brought them back?

Illo. Hear'st thou the uproar?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their Colonel, they require; for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the sword.
[*All stand amazed.*

Ter. What shall we make of this?

Wal. Said I not so?
O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me,
I never doubted of it.

Coun. If he be
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
[*Embracing Thekla.*
Will keep him here forever.

Ter. It can't be.
His father has betrayed us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.

Thek. (*her eye fixed on the door.*) There he is!

SCENE VI.—*To these enter Max. Piccolomini.*

Max. Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favorable moment.
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.
[*Advancing to Thekla, who has thrown herself into her mother's arms.*

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.

[*He observes the Countess looking on Thekla with expressions of triumph.*

No, lady! No!
Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell forever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—*must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

[*Grasps her hand.*

O God! I can not leave this spot—I can not—
Can not let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I can not act otherwise.

[*Thekla, avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father. Max. turns round to the Duke, whom he had not till then perceived.*

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concerned.

Wal. Think'st thou, that fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honor
That ancient love, which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw

All feelings of the man aside—can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!
Max. (*calmly.*) Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power.
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detained me here, that too thou know'st.
[*Taking Thekla by the hand.*
See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste forever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcilable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.*
Wal. Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpowered me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he passed, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To *Ferdinand* what Octavio was to *me*,
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emperor was
My austere master only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he delivered the Commander's staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations
Max. I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I can not!
Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place, one crime

* I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines, which it is difficult to believe that Schiller could have written.

Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?
Why must our fathers'
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other?

Wal. Max., remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max.! Hark! I will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustomed to the German winters;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colors;
Thou wouldst not let them go.—
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee;
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life returned; and when thine eyes first opened,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Altered my feelings t'wards thee? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honors;
Thee have I *loved:* my heart, my self, I gave
To thee! They were all aliens: THOU wert
Our child and inmate.* Max.! thou canst not leave me;
It can not be; I may not, will not think
That Max. can leave me.

Max. O my God!
Wal. I have

* This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original:—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warst
Das kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. O si sic omnia!

Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love,
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
I love thee, Max.! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty;
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

Max. O God! how can I
Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?
My oath—my duty—honor—

Wal. How? Thy duty?
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max.! bethink thee
What duties mayst *thou* have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency?
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor;
To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is
Thy honor, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou liv'st
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it;—unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest,
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE VII.—*To these enter Neumann.*

Wal. What now?

Neu. The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determined
With sword in hand to storm the house, and free
The Count, their colonel.

Wal. (*to Tertsky.*) Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-shot. [*Exit Tertsky.*
Prescribe to me with sword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.
[*Neumann exit. Illo steps to the window.*

Coun. Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

Illo. (*at the window.*) Hell and perdition!

Wal. What is it?

Illo. They scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered.
They level at this house the cannon——

Max. Madmen!

Illo. They are making preparations now to fire on us.

Duch. and Coun. Merciful Heaven!

Max. (*to Wallenstein.*) Let me go to them!

Wal. Not a step!

Max. (*pointing to Thekla and the Duchess.*) But their life! Thine!

Wal. What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsky?

SCENE VIII.—*To these Tertsky* (*returning*).

Ter. Message and greeting from our faithful reg'ments.
Their ardor may no longer be curbed in.
They entreat permission to commence th' attack,
And if thou wouldst but give the word of onset,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with ease
O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

Illo. O come!
Let not their ardor cool. The soldiery
Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

Wal. What? shall this town become a field of slaughter,
And brother-killing discord, fire-eyed,
Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage?
Shall the decision be delivered over
To deaf remorseless rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burst then! [*Turns to Max.*
Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me? Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt skilled in war, thou hast learned somewhat under me,
I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
And never hadst thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy schooling.
Coun. Is it then,
Can it have come to this?—What! Cousin! Cousin!
Have you the heart?
Max. The regiments that are trusted to my care
I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
Unless compelled; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me still.
[*Two reports of cannon. Illo and Tertsky hurry to the window.*
Wal. What's that?
Ter. He falls.
Wal. Falls! Who?
Illo. Tiefenbach's corps
Discharged the ordnance.
Wal. Upon whom?
Illo. On Neumann,
Your messenger.
Wal. (*starting up.*) Ha! Death and hell! I will—
Ter. Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?
Duch. and Coun. No!
For God's sake, no!

Illo. Not yet, my General!
Coun. O, hold him! hold him!
Wal. Leave me———
Max. Do it not;
Not yet! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——
Wal. Away! too long already have I loitered.
They are emboldened to these outrages,
Beholding not my face. They shall behold
My countenance, shall hear my voice——
Are they not *my* troops? Am I not their General,
And their long-feared commander! Let me see
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance, which was their sun in battle!
From the balcony, (mark!) I show myself
To these rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is mounded, and the high-swoln current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.
[*Exit Wallenstein; Illo, Tertsky, and Butler follow.*

SCENE IX.—*Countess, Duchess, Max. and Thekla.*

Coun. (*to the Duchess.*) Let them but see him—there is hope, still, sister.
Duch. Hope! I have none!
Max. (*who during the last scene has been standing at a distance, in a visible struggle of feelings, advances.*)
This can I not endure.
With most determined soul did I come hither,
My purposed action seemed unblamable
To my own conscience—and I must stand here
Like one abhorred, a hard inhuman being;
Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love!
Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themselves audible within my bosom.
My soul's benighted; I no longer can
Distinguish the right track. O well and truly
Didst thou say, father, I relied too much

On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.
Coun. What? you know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? Oh! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Against our General's life, has plunged us all
In misery—and you're his son! 'Tis yours
To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of cursing
To the posterity of Wallenstein.
Max. Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?
It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all
But utter what our passionate wishes dictate:
O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure fount of Light.
[*His eyes glance on Thekla.*
What other angel seek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it,
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou
Still love me if I stay? Say that thou canst,
And I am the Duke's——
Coun. Think, niece——
Max. Think nothing, Thekla!
Speak what thou *feelest*.
Coun. Think upon your father.
Max. I did not question thee as Friedland's daughter.
Thee, the beloved and the unerring god
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or not—that mightst thou *think* on.
Thy friend, and *his* soul's quiet, are at stake;
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
Who will all follow me; shall I forswear
My oath and duty to the Emperor?

Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument!
It lives, a spirit passes into it,
The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

Thek. O! Max.——

Max. (*interrupting her.*) Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.
I understand thee. To thy noble heart,
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,
And think too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these too are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.

Thek. O, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling——

Coun. Oh! ill-fated woman!

Thek. Is it possible that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

Max. Then I
Must leave thee, must part from thee!

Thek. Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me:
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide forever

The houses Piccolomini and Friedland ;
But we belong not to our houses—Go !
Quick ! quick ! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one !
The curse of Heaven lies upon our head :
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me :
My destiny will quickly be decided.

[*Max. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long continued cry, Vivat Ferdinandus ! accompanied by warlike instruments. Max. and Thekla remain without motion in each other's embraces.*

SCENE X.—*To these enter Tertsky.*

Coun. (*meeting him.*) What meant that cry ? What was it ?
Ter. All is lost !
Coun. What ! they regarded not his countenance ?
Ter. 'Twas all in vain.
Duch. They shouted Vivat !
Ter. To the Emperor.
Coun. The traitors !
Ter. Nay ! he was not once permitted
Even to address them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noise of warlike instruments
They drowned his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.—*To these enter Wallenstein, accompanied by Illo and Butler.*

Wal. (*as he enters.*) Tertsky !
Ter. My General ?
Wal. Let our regiments hold themselves
In readiness to march ; for we shall leave
Pilsen ere evening. [*Exit Tertsky.*
Butler !
But. Yes, my General.
Wal. The Governor at Egra is your friend

And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a post-courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

But. It shall be done, my General!

Wal. (*steps between Max. and Thekla, who have remained in each other's arms during this time*!) Part!

Max. O God!

[*Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim March, which seem to address Max.*

Wal. (*to the Cuirassiers.*) Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him
No longer.

[*He turns away, and stands so that Max. can not pass by him nor approach the Princess.*

Max. Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! O once more show me
Thy ever dear and honored countenance.

[*Max. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled; he turns to the Countess.*

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?
[*The Countess turns away from him; he turns to the Duchess.*
My mother!

Duch. Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

Max. You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! no!
Mine is a certain misery—thanks to Heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.

[*The military music begins again. The Stage fills more and more with armed men. Max. sees Butler and addresses him.*

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful

To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see—

[*Casting suspicious looks on Illo and Butler.*

Illo. Go—seek for traitors
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight! Away!

[*Max. attempts once more to approach Thekla. Wallenstein prevents him. Max. stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below louder and louder, and each time after a short interval.*

Max. Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish trumpets,
And all the naked swords which I see here,
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,
Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it! [*The stage is entirely filled with armed men.*
Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To choose a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me must be prepared to perish.

[*He turns to the background; there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. Wallenstein remains immovable. Thekla sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Burgomaster's House at Egra.—Butler.*

But. (*just arrived.*) Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.
Thou hast forsworn the ancient colors,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge destroy thee not!

SCENE II.—*Butler and Gordon.*

Gor. Is it you?
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attainted! O my God!
But. You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post-courier?—
Gor. Yes! and in obedience to it
Opened the stronghold to him without scruple.
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me; when even now I saw
The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;
His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office;
'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension:
But sparing and with dignity the Duke
Weighed every syllable of approbation,
As masters praise a servant who has done
His duty, and no more.

But. 'Tis all precisely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has sold the army to the enemy,
And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forsook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,
And which have followed him as thou hast seen.
The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
And every loyal subject is required
To give him in to justice, dead or living.

Gor. A traitor to the Emperor—such a noble!
Of such high talents! What is human greatness!
I often said, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatness, and this obscure power,
Are but a covered pit-fall. The human being
May not be trusted to self-government.
The clear and written law, the deep-trod footmarks
Of ancient custom, are all necessary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
The authority intrusted to this man
Was unexampled and unnatural:
It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Woe is me;
I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem
Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,
We in our lucky mediocrity
Have ne'er experienced, can not calculate,
What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
In the heart of such a man.

But. Spare your laments
Till he need sympathy: for at this present
He is still mighty, and still formidable.
The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
And quickly will the junction be accomplished.
This must not be! The Duke must never leave
This stronghold on free footing; for I have
Pledged life and honor here to hold him prisoner,
And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

Gor. O that I had not lived to see this day!
From his hand I received this dignity,

He did himself intrust this stronghold to me,
Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
We subalterns have no will of our own ;
The free, the mighty man alone may listen
To the fair impulse of his human nature.
Ah ! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at !

But. Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power
Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error !
The narrow path of duty is securest.

Gor. And all then have deserted him, you say ?
He has built up the luck of many thousands ;
For kingly was his spirit : his full hand
Was ever open ! Many a one from dust
[*With a side glance on Butler.*
Hath he selected from the very dust,
Hath raised him into dignity and honor.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

But. Here's one, I see.

Gor. I have enjoyed from him
No grace or favor. I could almost doubt,
If ever in his greatness he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For still my office
Kept me at distance from him ; and when first
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was sincere and serious in his duty.
I do not then abuse his confidence,
If I preserve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was first delivered.

But. Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him ?

Gor. (*pauses, reflecting, then as in deep dejection.*) If it be so—if all be as you say—
If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,
Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
The strongholds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly !—there is no redemption for him !
Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
To be the instrument of his perdition ;

For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the same period ; but I was the senior.
But. I have heard so——
Gor. 'Tis full thirty years since then
A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends :
Yet even then he had a daring soul :
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years : his dreams were of great objects.
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself : yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions ; kindling into splendor
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spoke in him.
But. But was it where he fell two story high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep ;
And rose up free from injury ? From this day
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
Of a distempered fancy.
Gor. He became
Doubtless more self-enwrapt and melancholy :
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder :
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator,
And now is all, all this too little for him ;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.
But. No more, he comes.

SCENE III.—*To these enter Wallenstein, in conversation with the Burgomaster of Egra.*

Wal. You were at one time a free town. I see,
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the *half* eagle only?
Burg. We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown,
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.
Wal. Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be?
Burg. So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.
Wal. I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still?
[*The Burgomaster hesitates.*
Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie concealed
Within these walls—Confess now—you yourself—
[*Fixes his eye on him. The Burgomaster alarmed.*
Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it, they had
Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the reformed in Glogan
At my own instance. Hark'ee, Burgomaster!
What is your name?
Burg. Pachhälbel, may it please you.
Wal. Hark'ee!——
But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.
[*Laying his hand on the Burgomaster's shoulder, with a certain solemnity.*
The times

Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster!
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Hark'ee! But keep it to yourself! The end
Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—
A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
The three moons that appeared at once in the Heaven.

Burg. With wonder and affright!

Wal. Whereof did two
Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remained
Steady and clear.

Burg. We applied it to the Turks.

Wal. The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two empires
Will set in blood, in the East and in the West,
And Luth'ranism alone remain.
[*Observing Gordon and Butler.*
I'faith,
'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journeyed hitherward;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

Gor. Distinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

But. It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

Wal. 'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison?

Gor. Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

Wal. Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim?

Gor. Two hundred arquebussiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

Wal. Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?

Gor. Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless.
The Rhine-grave presses hard upon us, General!

Wal. You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel. [*To Butler.*
Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route. [*To Gordon.*
Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I

Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters, to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.—*To these enter Count Tertsky.*

Ter. Joy, General, joy! I bring you welcome tidings.
Wal. And what may they be?
Ter. There has been an engagement
At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.
Wal. From whence did you receive the intelligence?
Ter. A countryman from Tirschenseil conveyed it.
Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!
A troop of the Imperialists from Fachau
Had forced their way into the Swedish camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thousand
Imperialists, together with their Colonel;
Further than this he did not know.
Wal. How came
Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
That Suys perchance had ventured so far onward?
It can not be.
Ter. We shall soon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.—*To these enter Illo.*

Illo. (*to Wallenstein.*) A courier, Duke! he wishes to speak with thee.
Ter. (*eagerly.*) Does he bring confirmation of the victory?
Wal. (*at the same time.*) What does he bring? Whence comes he?
Illo. From the Rhine-grave.
And what he brings I can announce to you
Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes;
At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini

Throw himself on them with the cavalry;
A murderous fight took place! o'erpowered by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,
[*Wallenstein shudders and turns pale.*
Were left dead on the field.

Wal. (*after a pause, in a low voice.*) Where is the messenger?
Conduct me to him.

[*Wallenstein is going, when Lady Neubrunn rushes into the room. Some Servants follow her and run across the Stage.*

Neu. Help! Help!

Illo and Tertsky. (*at the same time.*) What now?

Neu. The Princess!

Wal. and Ter. Does she know it?

Neu. (*at the same time with them.*) She is dying!

(*Hurries off the Stage, when Wallenstein and Tertsky follow her.*

Scene VI.—*Butler and Gordon.*

Gor. What's this?

But. She has lost the man she loved—
Young Piccolomini, who fell in the battle.

Gor. Unfortunate lady!

But. You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.

Gor. Too well I heard it.

But. They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my single regiment; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.

Gor. 'Tis even so.

But. It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.

Gor. I grant it.

But. Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.

Gor. It were to be feared.

But. (*after a pause.*) Know, I am warranty for the event,

With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we can not hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!

Gor. Butler! what?
Do I understand you? Gracious God! *You* could—

But. He must not live.

Gor. And *you* can do the deed!

But. Either you or I. This morning was his last.

Gor. You would assassinate him!—

But. 'Tis my purpose.

Gor. Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

But. Such is his evil destiny!

Gor. Your General!
The sacred person of your General!

But. My General he *has been.*

Gor. That 'tis only
A "*has been*" washes out no villany.
And without judgment passed?

But. The execution
Is here instead of judgment.

Gor. This were murder,
Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

But. His guilt is clear, the Emperor has passed judgment,
And we but execute his will.

Gor. We should not
Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.
A word may be recalled, a life can never be.

But. Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.

Gor. No honest man's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.

But. And no brave man loses
His color at a daring enterprise.

Gor. A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

But. What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The inextinguishable flame of war?

Gor. Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!

But. Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so.—But 'tis now past by.

Gor. O, wherefore opened I the stronghold to him?

But. His destiny and not the place destroys him.
Gor. Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!
But. Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished.
Gor. Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.
But. (*brings out a paper.*) Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If through our fault he escape to the enemy?
Gor. I?—Gracious God!
But. Take it on yourself.
Let come of it what may, on you I lay it.
Gor. O God in heaven!
But. Can you advise aught else
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?
Say if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.
Gor. Merciful heaven! what must be
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings!
But. Mine is of harder stuff! Necessity
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo
And Tertsky likewise, they must not survive him.
Gor. I feel no pang for these. Their own bad hearts
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Watered and nursed the poisonous plants. May they
Receive their earnests to the uttermost mite!
But. And their death shall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And kept them prisoners in the citadels.
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.—*To these enter Illo and Tertsky.*

Ter. Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then straightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet such news with such a moody face?

Illo. It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,
Those skulking cowards that deserted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini, be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil! This flies sure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now must seek a grave for his only son.

But. 'Twas pity though! A youth of such heroic
And gentle temp'rament! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

Illo. Hark'ee, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

Ter. Hush, hush! Let the dead rest! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish Avantgarde.

Illo. Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends. This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

Gor. Shame, shame! what talk is this,
My Lord Field Marshal? wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor?

But. Hope not too much

From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs!
How rapidly the wheel of Fortune turns;
The Emperor still is formidably strong.

Illo. The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

Ter. Trust me, my friends, it can not but succeed;
Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke!
And only under Wallenstein can Austria
Be conqueror.

Illo. The Duke will soon assemble
A mighty army; all come crowding, streaming
To banners dedicate by destiny
To fame and prosperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again, he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he present to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True services; but we've the nearest claims.
You will not be forgotten, Governor! [*To Gordon.*
He'll take you from this nest, and bid you shine
In higher station: your fidelity
Well merits it.

Gor. I am content already,
And wish to climb no higher; where great height is,
The fall must needs be great. "Great height, great depth."

Illo. Here you have no more business; for to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
Come, Tertsky, it is supper-time. What think you?
Say, shall we have the State illuminated
In honor of the Swede? And who refuses
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

Ter. Nay! Nay! not that, it will not please the Duke—

Illo. What! we are masters here; no soul shall dare

Avow himself imperial where we've rule.
Gordon! Good night, and for the last time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols
To make secure, the watchword may be altered
At the stroke of ten; deliver in the keys
To the Duke himself, and then you're quit forever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

Ter. (*as he is going, to Butler.*) You come though to the castle.

But. At the right time.

[*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*

SCENE VIII.—*Gordon and Butler.*

Gor. (*looking after them.*) Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!
They rush into the outspread net of murder
In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain,
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's blood.

But. Do as he ordered you. Send round patrols,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within I close the castle gate,
That nothing may transpire.

Gor. (*with earnest anxiety.*) Oh! haste not so!
Nay, stop; first tell me——

But. You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expedition,
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

Gor. Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
I pray you, promise me!

But. The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarmed into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,

The Duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
To move and station, as his game required.
Other men's honor, dignity, good name,
Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it:
Still calculating, calculating still;
And yet at last his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is lost; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

Gor. O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen
Arrest the lifted sword.

But. It is too late.
I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my *duty* now:
[*Grasping Gordon's hand.*
Gordon! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him)
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hostile concurrences of many events
Control and subjugate me to the office.
In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-worked puppet
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread necessity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A something pleading for him in my heart—
Still I must kill him.

Gor. If your heart speak to you,
Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
Bedewed with blood—his blood? Believe it not!

But. You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,
That the Swedes gained the victory, and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy—Gordon!

I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
The honor of my word—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or——

[*Passionately grasping Gordon's hand.*

Listen, then, and know!
I am *dishonored* if the Duke escape us.

Gor. O to save such a man——

But. What!

Gor. It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honor.

But. (*with a cold and haughty air.*) He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance!
This is what you would say. Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honor—
So that the man of princely rank be saved.
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so stationed,
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will:
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

Gor. I am endeavoring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings.
I can not hinder you, but may some god
Rescue him from you! [*Exit Gordon.*

SCENE IX.—*Butler alone.*

I treasured my good name all my life long;
The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
So that I blush before this poor weak Gordon!
He prizes above all his fealty;
His conscious soul accuses him of nothing;
In opposition to his own soft heart
He subjugates himself to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment passion warped;

I stand beside him, and must feel myself
The worst man of the two. What, though the world
Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One Man does know it, and can prove it too—
High-minded Piccolomini!
There lives the man who can dishonor me!
This ignominy blood alone can cleanse!
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has is himself.

The Curtain drops.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Butler's Chamber.—Butler, Major and Geraldin.*

But. Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them with pikes,
For there must be no firing;——
Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
And cry,—Who is loyal to the Emperor?
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tertsky, and despatch them both.
The castle-palace is well barred and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly;
Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?——

Ger. They'll be here anon.

[*Exit Geraldin.*

But. Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken spirit
Possesses the whole town. They see in the Duke
A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been given out
By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
Despatch then be the word. For enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.—*Butler, Captain Devereux, and Macdonald.*

Mac. Here we are, General.
Dev. What's to be the watchword?
But. Long live the Emperor!
Both. (*recoiling.*) How?
But. Live the house of Austria!
Dev. Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland?
Mac. Have we not marched to this place to protect him?
But. Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!
Dev. Why, yes! in his name you administered
Our oath.
Mac. And followed him yourself to Egra.
But. I did it the more surely to destroy him.
Dev. So then!
Mac. An altered case!
But. (*to Devereux.*) Thou wretched man!
So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colors?
Dev. The devil!—I but followed your example,
If you could prove a villain, why not we?
Mac. We've naught to do with *thinking*—that's your business.
You are our General, and give out the orders!
We follow you, though the track lead to hell.
But. (*appeased.*) Good, then! we know each other.
Mac. I should hope so.
Dev. Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,
He has us.
Mac. 'Tis e'en so!
But. Well, for the present
Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers:——
Dev. We wish no other.
But. Ay, and make your fortunes.
Mac. That is still better.
But. Listen!
Both. We attend.
But. It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince Duke Friedland
Alive or dead.
Dev. It runs so in the letter.

Mac. Alive or dead—these were the very words.
But. And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.
Dev. Ay? That sounds well. The *words* sound always well,
That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!
We know already what Court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favor,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.
Mac. Yes,
The Duke's a splendid paymaster.
But. All over
With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.
Mac. And is that certain?
But. You have my word for it.
Dev. His lucky fortunes all past by?
But. Forever.
He is as poor as we.
Mac. As poor as we?
Dev. Macdonald, we'll desert him.
But. We'll desert him!
Full twenty thousand have done that already;
We must do more, my countrymen! In short—
We—we must kill him.
Both. (*starting back.*) Kill him!
But. Yes! must kill him!
And for that purpose have I chosen you.
Both. Us!
But. You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.
Dev. (*after a pause.*) Choose you some other.
But. What? art dastardly?
Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—
Thou conscientious of a sudden?
Dev. Nay,
To assassinate our Lord and General—
Mac. To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—
But. The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.
Dev. No, no! It is too bad!

Mac. Yes, by my soul!
It is too bad. One has a conscience too—
Dev. If it were not our chieftain, who so long
Has issued the commands, and claim'd our duty,——
But. Is that the objection?
Dev. Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,
It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,
And to assassinate our chief commander,
That is a sin, a foul abomination,
From which no monk or confessor absolves us.
But. I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!
Dev. 'Twill not do!
Mac. 'Twon't do.
But. Well, off, then! and—send Pestalutz to me.
Dev. (*hesitates.*) The Pestalutz—
Mac. What may you want with him?
But. If you reject it, we can find enough—
Dev. Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?
Mac. Why if he *must* fall,
And *will* fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.
Dev. (*after some reflection.*) When do you propose he should fall?
But. This night;—
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.
Dev. You take upon you all the consequences!
But. I take the whole upon me.
Dev. And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?—
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.
But. The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—it is not possible—you see it is not.
Dev. Well, dead, then! dead! But how can we come at him?
The town is fill'd with Tertsky's soldiery.
Mac. Ay! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—

But. With these you shall begin—you understand me?
Dev. How? And must they too perish?
But. They the first.
Mac. Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.
Dev. Have you a man for that? Commission me—
But. 'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz, and Lesley
Have that commission—soon as that is finished—
Dev. Hear, General! It will be all one to you.
Hark'ee! let me exchange with Geraldin.
But. 'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.
Dev. Danger! The Devil! What do you think me, General?
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.
But. What can his eye do to thee?
Dev. Death and hell!
Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General!
But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-sop!
But. The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
And thou, a needy wight, hast pangs of conscience
To run him through the body in return.
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt
And treason!
Dev. That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll despatch him.
But. And would'st quiet
Thy conscience, thou hast naught to do but simply
Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed
With light heart and good spirits.
Dev. You are right.
That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
So there's an end of it.

Mac. Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.
But. And what's that, Macdonald?
Mac. What avails sword or dagger against *him?*
He is not to be wounded—he is—
But. (*starting up.*) What?
Mac. Safe against shot, and stab and flash! Hard frozen,
Secured, and warranted by the black art!
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.
Dev. In Inglestadt there was just such another;
His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
We were obliged to beat him down with gun-stocks.
Mac. Hear what I'll do.
Dev. Well?
Mac. In the cloister here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum!
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.
But. So do, Macdonald!
But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are passed, conduct them silently as may be
To th' house—I will myself be not far off.
Dev. But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?
But. I have made myself acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one poignard-stroke
Cut Hartschier's windpipe, and make way for you.
Dev. And when we are there, by what means shall we gain
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the Court; for he has here
A numerous company of followers?

But. The attendants fill the right wing; he hates bustle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.
Dev. Were it well over—hey, Macdonald?
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!
Mac. And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.
But. In plenty, honor, splendor—You may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.
Dev. If the business
Squares with one's honor—if that be quite certain—
But. Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be
No small one.
Dev. And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?
But. Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his crown and life.
Dev. And he must fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive?
But. It were his certain destiny.
Dev. Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.

[*Exeunt Butler through one door, Macdonald and Devereux through the other.*

SCENE III.—*A Gothic and gloomy Apartment at the Duchess Friedland's. Thekla on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The Duchess and Lady Neubrunn busied about her. Wallenstein and the Countess in conversation.*

Wal. How knew she it so soon?
Coun. She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the imperial army, frightened her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning,
Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret
Too late we missed her, hastened after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a swoon.

Wal. A heavy, heavy blow!
And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?
[*Turning to the Duchess.*
Is she coming to herself?
Duch. Her eyes are opening.
Coun. She lives.
Thek. (*looking around her.*) Where am I?
Wal. (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms.*) Come, cheerly,
Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.
Thek. (*standing up.*) Where is he? Is he gone?
Duch. Who gone, my daughter?
Thek. He—the man who uttered
That word of misery.
Duch. O! think not of it,
My Thekla!
Wal. Give her sorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,
For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but
She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.
Thek. I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?
It is gone by—I recollect myself—
[*She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.*
Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.
You see I have strength enough: now I will hear him.
Duch. No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla!
Thek. My father—
Wal. Dearest daughter!
Thek. I'm not weak—
Shortly I shall be quite myself again.
You'll grant me one request?
Wal. Name it, my daughter.
Thek. Permit the stranger to be called to me,
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.
Duch. No, never!

Coun. 'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

Wal. Hush! Wherefore would'st thou speak with him, my daughter?

Thek. Knowing the whole I shall be more collected;
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared.
The worst is said already; I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish!

Coun. and Duch. Do it not.

Thek. The horror overpowered me by surprise.
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence;
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms; and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

Wal. I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

[*Lady Neubrunn goes to call him.*

Duch. But I, thy mother, will be present—

Thek. 'Twere
More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him:
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

Wal. Permit her own will.
Leave her alone with him: for there are sorrows,
Where of necessity the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine. [*Going.*

Coun. (*detaining him.*) Where art thou going? I heard Tertsky say
That 'tis *thy* purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

Wal. Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

Coun. O take us with you, brother,

Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.
Wal. Who speaks of evil! I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.
Coun. Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart——
These walls breathe on me, like a churchyard vault.
I can not tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Yours, too. We all entreat you, take us with you.
Wal. The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which shields and shelters for me
My best beloved.
Lady Neu. (*returning.*) The Swedish officer.
Wal. Leave her alone with him. [*Exit.*
Duch. (*to Thekla, who starts and shivers.*) There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
That thou should'st speak with him. Follow thy mother.
Thek. The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.
[*Exeunt Duchess and Countess.*

SCENE IV.—*Thekla, the Swedish Captain, and Lady Neubrunn.*

Cap. (*respectfully approaching her.*) Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—
Thek. (*with dignity.*) You did behold me in my agony.
A most distressful accident occasioned
You, from a stranger, to become at once
My confidant.
Cap. I fear you hate my presence,
For my tongue spake a melancholy word.
Thek. The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
Continue it to the end.

Cap. Princess, 'twill
Renew your anguish.
Thek. I am firm.——
I *will* be firm. Well—how began the engagement?
Cap. We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
Entrenched but insecurely in our camp,
When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horses at full speed, broke through the lines,
And leaped the trenches! but their heedless courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were still at distance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader.

[*Thekla betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.*

Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now received them;
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they stood on every side wedged in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,
Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini—— [*Thekla, as giddy, grasps a chair.*
Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leaped first, the regiment all plunged after,
His charger, by a halbert gored, reared up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horses, now no longer to be curbed,——

[*Thekla, who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The Lady Neubrunn runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*

Neu. My dearest lady——
Cap. I retire.

Thek. 'Tis over.
Proceed to the conclusion.
Cap. While despair
Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish; every thought of rescue
Was spurned; they fought like wounded tigers; their
Frantic resistance roused our soldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finished before their last man fell.
Thek. (*faltering.*) And where——
Where is—You have not told me all.
Cap. (*after a pause.*) This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honor, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting; for there are among us
Many who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him; but himself
Made vain the attempt—'tis said he wished to die.
Neu. (*to Thekla, who has hidden her countenance.*) Look up, my dearest lady——
Thek. Where is his grave?
Cap. At Neustadt, lady; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.
Thek. What is the cloister's name?
Cap. Saint Catharine's.
Thek. And how far is it thither?
Cap. Near twelve leagues.
Thek. And which the way?
Cap. You go by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg through our advanced posts.
Thek. Who
Is their commander?
Cap. Colonel Seckendorf.
[*Thekla steps to the table, and takes a ring from the casket.*

Thek. You have beheld me in my agony,
And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept
[*Giving him the ring.*
A small memorial of this hour. Now go!

Cap. Princess——

[*Thekla silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The Captain lingers, and is about to speak. Lady Neubrunn repeats the signal, and he retires.*

SCENE V.—*Thekla, Lady Neubrunn.*

Thek. (*falls on Lady Neubrunn's neck.*) Now, gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection
Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we must away!

Neu. Away! and whither?

Thek. Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

Neu. What would you do there?

Thek. What do there?
That would'st thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.
There, there is all that still remains of him.
That single spot is the whole earth to me.

Neu. That place of death——

Thek. Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

Neu. Your father's rage——

Thek. That time is past——
And now I fear no human being's rage.

Neu. The sentence of the world! the tongue of calumny!

Thek. Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms——O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

Neu. And we alone, two helpless feeble women?

Thek. We will take weapons: my arms shall protect thee.

Neu. In the dark night-time.

Thek. Darkness will conceal us.

Neu. This rough tempestuous night——
Thek. Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?
Neu. Heaven!
And then the many posts of the enemy!—
Thek. They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.
Neu. The journey's weary length—
Thek. The pilgrim travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.
Neu. How can we pass the gates?
Thek. Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.
Neu. Should we be recognized—
Thek. In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.
Neu. And where procure we horses for our flight?
Thek. My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.
Neu. Dares he. without the knowledge of his lord?
Thek. He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.
Neu. Dear lady! and your mother?
Thek. Oh! my mother!
Neu. So much as she has suffered too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!
Thek. Woe is me! my mother! [*Pauses.*
Go instantly.
Neu. But think what you are doing!
Thek. What *can* be thought, already has been thought.
Neu. And being there, what purpose you to do?
Thek. There a divinity will prompt my soul.
Neu. Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.
Thek. To a deep quiet, such as he has found.
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning!
There is no rest for me till I have left
These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power

Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a feeling!
What pale and hollow forms are those! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More still! The hideous swarm!
They press on me; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men!

Neu. You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly. [*Exit Lady Neubrunn.*

SCENE VI.

Thek. His spirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offered up
Themselves t'avenge his death: and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—*they* would not
Forsake their leader even in his death—*they* died for him!
And shall *I* live?——
For me too was that laurel-garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket:
I throw it from me. O! my only hope;—
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth! [*Exit Thekla.*

The Curtain drops.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the background. Wallenstein sitting at a table. The Swedish Captain standing before him.*

Wal. Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good-will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you
On your arrival.

[*The Swedish Captain retires. Wallenstein sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The Countess Tertsky enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*

Wal. Com'st thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

Coun. My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

Wal. The pang will soften,
She will shed tears.

Coun. I find thee altered too,
My brother! After such a victory
I expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

Wal. Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

Coun. At a banquet—he and Illo.

Wal. (*rises and strides across the room.*) The night's far spent.
Betake thee to thy chamber.

Coun. Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

Wal. (*moves to the window.*) There is a busy motion in the heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle* of the moon,

* These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity,

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung,
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, *die Mondes-sichel wankt,*
Und durch die Nacht zucht ungewisse Helle.

The word "moon-sickle" reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word "falcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full; but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated.*"

The words "wanken" and "schweben" are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or

Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*A pause.*) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*

Coun. (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand.*) What art thou brooding on?

Wal. Methinks,
If but I saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

Coun. Thou'lt see him again.

Wal. (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess.*) See him again? O never, never again.

Coun. How?

Wal. He is gone—is dust.

Coun. Whom meanest thou then?

Wal. He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*
And can not cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us!

Coun. Thou speak'st
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.

[*Wallenstein by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*

pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application. So "der Wolken Zug" —the draft, the procession of clouds.—The masses of the clouds sweep onward in swift *stream*,

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

Wal. I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished—and returns not.

Coun. O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

Wal. (*stepping to the door.*) Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

Coun. O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear possesses me!

Wal. Fear! Wherefore?

Coun. Should'st thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!

Wal. Fancies!

Coun. O my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings.
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams
I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

Wal. This was a dream of favorable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

Coun. To-day I dreamed that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber;—the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
And where it is thy will that thou should'st be
Interred.

Wal. Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

Coun. What dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

Wal. There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac armed himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air: like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

Coun. And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

Wal. Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

Coun. And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall,
There seemed no end of it: doors creaked and clapped:
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold that grasped me—

'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelope us.

Wal. That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

Coun. (*gazing on him.*) If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life— [*She falls on his breast and weeps.*

Wal. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

Coun. If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—
I bear about me my support and refuge. [*Exit Countess.*

SCENE II.—*Wallenstein, Gordon.*

Wal. All quiet in the town?

Gor. The town is quiet.

Wal. I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

Gor. There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsky, and Field Marshal Illo.

Wal. In honor of the victory.—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.
[*Rings. The Groom of the Chamber enters.*
Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.
[*Wallenstein takes the keys from Gordon.*
So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.
For all must cheat me, or a face like this
[*Fixing his eye on Gordon.*
Was ne'er a hypocrite's mask.

[*The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.*

Wal. Take care—what is that?

Groom of the Chamber. The golden chain is snapped in two.

Wal. Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.
[*He takes and looks at the chain.*
'Twas the first present of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit——

From superstition if you will. Belike,
It was to be a talisman to me,
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long,
The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.
Well, be it so! Henceforward a new fortune
Must spring up for me! for the potency
Of this charm is dissolved.

[*Groom of the Chamber retires with the vestments. Wallenstein rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before Gordon in a posture of meditation.*

How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold myself once more at Burgau, where
We two were pages of the Court together.
We oftentimes disputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play
The moralist and preacher, and would'st rail at me—
That I strove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And still extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend
To thy own self. See, it has made thee early
A superannuated man, and (but
That my munificent stars will intervene)
Would let thee in some miserable corner
Go out like an untended lamp.

Gor. My Prince!
With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.

Wal. Art thou already
In harbor then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still firm, my canvass swelling proudly,
Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front, almost
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

[*He moves with long strides across the saloon, and remains on the opposite side over against Gordon.*

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True in this present moment I appear
Fall'n low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

Gor. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
"Let the night come before we praise the day."
I would be slow from long continued fortune
To gather hope: for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men;
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

Wal. (*smiling.*) I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all sublunary things
Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew:
And therefore of their own accord they offered
To themselves injuries, so to atone
The jealousy of their divinities:
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*
I too have sacrificed to him—For me
There fell the dearest friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favorable fortune
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
Was drawn off which would else have shattered *me*.

SCENE III.—*To these enter Seni.*

Wal. Is not that Seni? and beside himself,
If one may trust his looks! What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptista?
Seni. Terror, Duke!
On thy account.
Wal. What now?
Seni. Flee ere the daybreak!
Trust not thy person to the Swedes!
Wal. What now
Is in thy thoughts?
Seni. (*with louder voice.*) Trust not thy person to these Swedes.
Wal. What is it then?
Seni. (*still more urgently.*) O wait not the arrival of these Swedes!
An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror!
Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee!
Wal. Baptista, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee.
Seni. Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetary aspects;
Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
From false friends!
Wal. From the falseness of my friends
Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
The warning should have come before! At present
I need no revelation from the stars
To know that.
Seni. Come and see! trust thine own eyes!
A fearful sign stands in the house of life
An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet—O be warned!
Deliver not thyself up to these heathens
To wage a war against our holy church.
Wal. (*laughing gently.*) The oracle rails that way! Yes, yes! Now
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes

Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
Baptista! Signs like these I do not fear.

Gor. (*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to Wallenstein.*) My Duke and General! May I dare presume?

Wal. Speak freely.

Gor. What if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
And made that mouth its organ.

Wal. You're both feverish!
How can mishap come to me from the Swedes?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

Gor. (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion.*) But what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples?
[*Flings himself at his feet.*
There is yet time, my Prince.

Seni. O hear him! hear him!

Gor. (*rises.*) The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the orders,
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If then he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say; he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valor of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspirited by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amends
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favor,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

Wal. (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile, betraying strong emotion.*) Godon—your zeal and fervor lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.

Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering: and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not. Might or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its course. [*Stepping to the window.*
All dark and silent—at the castle too
All is now hushed—Light me, Chamberlain!

[*The Groom of the Chamber, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the Duke's feet.*

And thou too! But I know why thou dost wish
My reconcilement with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a small estate in Cärnthen,
And fears it will be forfeited because
He's in my service. Am I then so poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My servants. Well! To no one I employ
Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! Forsake me.
This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the struggle and the turmoil
Of this last day or two were great. May't please you!
Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit Wallenstein, the Groom of the Chamber lighting him. Seni follows, Gordon remains on the darkened Stage following the Duke with his eye, till he disappears at the further end of the gallery: then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*

SCENE IV.—*Gordon, Butler* (*at first behind the scenes*).

But. (*not yet come into view of the stage.*) Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

Gor. (*starts up.*) 'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.

But. The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

Gor. What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

But. (*appears, but scarcely on the stage.*) A light gleams hither from the corridor.
It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

Gor. But then I break my oath to the Emperor;
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences?

But. (*stepping forward.*) Hark! Who speaks there?

Gor. 'Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that *I*
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;
But all his rescue were *my* act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,
I must sustain them.

But. (*advances.*) I should know that voice.

Gor. Butler!

But. 'Tis Gordon. What do *you* want here?
Was it so late then when the Duke dismissed you?

Gor. Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

But. 'Tis wounded.
That Illo fought as he was frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.

Gor. (*shuddering.*) Both dead?

But. Is he in bed?

Gor. Ah, Butler!

But. Is he? speak.

Gor. He shall *not* perish! not through you! The Heaven
Refuses *your* arm. See—'tis wounded!—

But. There is no need of *my* arm.

Gor. The most guilty

Have perished, and enough is given to justice.
[*The Groom of the Chamber advances from the gallery with his finger on his mouth commanding silence.*
He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!
But. No! he shall die awake. [*Is going.*
Gor. His heart still cleaves
To earthly things: he's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God!
But. (*going.*) God's merciful!
Gor. (*holds him.*) Grant him but this night's respite.
But. (*hurrying off.*) The next moment
May ruin all.
Gor. (*holds him still.*) One hour!——
But. Unhold me! What
Can that short respite profit him?
Gor. O—Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! *Your* heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come: some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him. O what
May not one hour achieve!
But. You but remind me,
How precious every minute is. [*He stamps on the floor.*

SCENE V.—*To these enter Macdonald and Devereux, with the Halberdiers.*

Gor. (*throwing himself between him and them.*) No, monster!
First over my dead body thou shalt tread.
I will not live to see the accursed deed!
But. (*forcing him out of the way.*) Weak-hearted dotard!
[*Trumpets are heard in the distance.*
Dev. and Mac. Hark! the Swedish trumpets!
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us hasten!
Gor. (*rushes out.*) O God of Mercy!
But. (*calling after him.*) Governor, to your post!

Groom of the Chamber. (*hurries in.*) Who dares make larum here? Hush! The Duke sleeps.

Dev. (*with loud harsh voice.*) Friend, it is time now to make larum.

Groom of the Chamber. Help!
Murder!

But. Down with him!

Groom of the Chamber. (*run through the body by Devereux, falls at the entrance of the gallery.*) Jesus Maria!

But. Burst the doors open!

[*They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—Voices deadened by the distance—Clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.*

SCENE VI.—*Countess Tertsky* (*with a light*).

Her bed-chamber is empty; she herself
Is nowhere to be found! The Neubrunn too,
Who watched by her, is missing. If she should
Be flown—But whither flown? We must call up
Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
Bear up against these worst bad tidings? O
If that my husband now were but returned
Home from the banquet: Hark! I wonder whether
The Duke is still awake! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here! I will go
And listen at the door. Hark! What is that!
'Tis hastening up the steps!

SCENE VII.—*Countess, Gordon.*

Gor. (*rushes in out of breath.*) 'Tis a mistake,
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further—
Butler! O God! Where is he?

[*Then observing the Countess.*

Countess! Say——

Coun. You are come then from the castle? Where's my husband?

Gor. (*in an agony of affright.*) Your husband!—Ask not!—To the Duke——

Coun. Not till
You have discovered to me——
Gor. On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's sake! to the Duke.
While we are speaking—— [*Calling loudly.*
Butler! Butler! God!
Coun. Why, he is at the castle with my husband.
[*Butler comes from the gallery.*
Gor. 'Twas a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—it is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither, will be here himself
Instantly.—You must not proceed.
But. He comes
Too late. [*Gordon dashes himself against the wall.*
Gor. O God of mercy!
Coun. What, too late?
Who will be here himself? Octavio
In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the Duke?
[*She rushes to the gallery.*

SCENE VIII.—*Servants run across the Stage full of terror. The whole scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.*

Seni. (*from the gallery.*) O bloody frightful deed!
Coun. What is it, Seni?
Page. (*from the gallery.*) O piteous sight!
[*Other Servants hasten in with torches.*
Coun. What is it? For God's sake!
Seni. And do *you* ask?
Within the Duke lies murdered—and your husband
Assassinated at the Castle.
[*The Countess stands motionless.*
Female Servant. (*rushing across the Stage.*) Help! Help! the Duchess!
Burgomaster. (*enters.*) What mean these confused
Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?
Gor. Your house is cursed to all eternity.
In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!
Bur. (*rushing out.*) Heaven forbid!
1*st Ser.* Fly! fly! they murder us all!

2d. Ser. (*carrying silver plate.*) That way! The lower Passages are blocked up.

Voice from behind the Scene. Make room for the Lieutenant-General!

[*At these words the Countess starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*

Voice from behind the Scene. Keep back the people! Guard the door.

SCENE IX.—*To these enters Octavio Piccolomini with all his train. At the same time Devereux and Macdonald enter from out the Corridor with the Halberdiers. Wallenstein's dead body is carried over the back part of the Stage, wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.*

Oct. (*entering abruptly.*) It must not be! It is not possible! Butler! Gordon!

I'll not believe it. Say no!

[*Gordon, without answering, points with his hand to the body of Wallenstein as it is carried over the back of the Stage. Octavio looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*

Dev. (*to Butler.*) Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

Mac. Is it your order—

But. (*pointing to Octavio.*) Here stands he who now Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[*Devereux and Macdonald retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only Butler, Octavio, and Gordon remain on the Stage.*

Oct. (*turning to Butler.*) Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?

O God of Justice
To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

But. Your *hand* is pure. You have Availed yourself of mine.

Oct. Merciless man!
Thus to abuse the orders of thy Lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination!

But. (*calmly.*) I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.
Oct. O curse of kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch? Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is man's good angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable!
But. For what
Rail you against me? What is my offence?
The Empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.
The single difference 'twixt you and me
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow,
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand
Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit.
Have you aught else to order?—for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge. [*Exit Butler.*

SCENE X.—*To these enter the Countess Tertsky, pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

Oct. (*meeting her.*) O Countess Tertsky! These are the results
Of luckless unblest deeds.
Coun. They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared.
This house of splendor and of princely glory,

Doth now stand desolated : the affrighted servants
Rush forth through all its doors. I am the last
Therein ; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

Oct. (*with deep anguish.*) O Countess ! my house too is desolate.

Coun. Who next is to be murdered ? Who is next
To be maltreated ? Lo ! The Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified !
Spare the old servants ; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly : he could not think on them.

Oct. Speak not of vengeance ! Speak not of maltreatment !
The Emp'ror is appeased ; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honors your adversity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms ! Therefore no farther fears !
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial Grace !

Coun. (*with her eyes raised to heaven.*) To the grace and mercy of a greater Master
Do I yield up myself. Where shall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final rest ?
In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found
At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein ;
And by her side, to whom he was indebted
For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished
He might sometime repose in death ! O let him
Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our castles.
This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers !

Oct. Countess, you tremble, you turn pale !

Coun. (*re-assembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity.*) You think

More worthily of me, than to believe
I would survive the downfall of my house.
We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free station
Than a dishonored life.—I have taken poison.

Oct. Help! Help! Support her!

Coun. Nay, it is too late.
In a few moments is my fate accomplished.

[*Exit Countess.*

Gor. O house of death and horrors!

[*An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.*

Gor. (*steps forward and meets him.*) What is this? It is the Imperial Seal.

[*He reads the address, and delivers the letter to Octavio, with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[*Octavio with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.*

The Curtain drops.

NOTES TO THE TRANSLATION,

REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST EDITION.

Page 584, line 20.

This age and after-ages speak my name.

Could I have hazarded such a Germanism, as the use of the word after-world for posterity,—"Es spreche Welt und Nachwelt meinen Nahmen" might have been rendered with more literal fidelity:—Let world and after-world speak out my name, &c.

Page 584, line 30.

Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken.

I have not ventured to affront the fastidious delicacy of our age with a literal translation of this line—

"werth
Die Eingeweide schaudernd aufzuregen."

[This is omitted in the German as it now stands.—D. C.]

Page 639, line 16.

I have here ventured to omit a considerable number of lines. I fear that I should not have done amiss had I taken this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original with a literal translation:—

Weh denen die auf dich vertraun, an dich
Die sich're Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,
Gelockt von deiner gastlichen Gestalt!
Schnell, unverhofft, bei nächtlich stiller Weile
Gährt's in dem tück'schen Feuerschlunde, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gewalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzungen der Menschen
Der wilde Strom in grausender Zerstöhrung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du schilderst deines Vaters Herz. Wie du's
Beschreibst so ists in seinem Eingeweide,
In dieser schwarzen Heuchler-Brust gestaltet.

O mich hat Höllenkunst getäuscht. Mir sandte
Der Abgrund den verstecktesten der Geister,
Den lügekundigsten herauf, und stellt' ihn
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hölle Macht zu widerstehn! Ich zog
Den Basilisken auf an meinem Busen,
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er sog
Sich schwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüsten,
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,
Weit offen liess ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warf die Schlüssel weiser Vorsicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel, &c.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for those who place their confidence on thee, against thee lean the secure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hospitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment still as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it discharges itself with raging force, and away over all the plantations of men drives the wild stream in frightful devastation.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art portraying thy father's heart. As thou describest, even so is it shaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breast. O, the art of hell has deceived me! The abyss sent up to me the most spotted of the spirits, the most skilful in lies, and placed him as a friend at my side. Who may withstand the power of hell? I took the basilisk to my bosom, with my heart's blood I nourished him; he sucked himself glut-full at the breasts of my love. I never harbored evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wise foresight. In the starry heaven, &c.

We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by Schiller.

The following notes are from the pen of the late lamented Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, the editor's sister, who was engaged in an examination of the translation of Wallenstein with a view to this edition, which she did not live to complete:—

Note 1.

About a year and a half ago, a writer in "The Westminster Review" undertook to prove that the world had been mistaken all those years

—from 1800 to 1850, that is, half a century—in imagining that it had obtained from the pen of Coleridge a translation of Schiller's Wallenstein, creditable to English literature, both from its poetical merit, and its general fidelity to the spirit of the original work. On the contrary, this critic, who signs himself G. H. E., endeavors to show that "it would have been better for the poet, for the reader, and for the credit of the translator, had Mr. C. refrained from meddling with the work, or confined himself to the task of a faithful interpretation."

In pursuance of this enterprise, he brings forward a certain number of unquestionable errors in the sense of the German; errors, doubtless, well known from the first to students of Schiller, and admirers of Coleridge (that the report of them reached the German author himself, together with the first news that his noble play had been done into English, we are credibly informed by one who had a personal acquaintance with him), and which have not been hitherto generally supposed to prevent Mr. Coleridge's version from being, on the whole, a highly meritorious performance. Of these errors we shall proceed to lay a list before the reader; premising, however, that the greater number of the substitutions to be found in Mr. C.'s pages are not, as G. H. E. pronounces them, mere imbecility and verbiage, but contain a sufficiently pertinent meaning, and make up, in a homelier liveliness, what they lack of Schiller's sedate dignity—that of some others the worst that can be said is, that the meaning is strained and far-sought; and that there are but a few instances in which, it must be confessed, the translator has trespassed against good sense, as well as forgotten the German language:—

"Brimful of poetry, o'er the briny ocean, home
Soon he fell a nodding—at our house at home.
Nid nid nodding—at our house at home."

Note 2.

We now proceed to give a list of verbal errors in Mr. Coleridge's version; the translation has remained entirely unaltered from the first edition to the last.

West. Review, July, 1850. Art. 3.

Page 353: "Der Posten," rendered "travelling-bills," instead of an "item" or "article in an account."

Picc., Sch., Col.—*Act* i. *Scene* 2.

Page 353: "Geschmeidig," "pliant," mistaken for "geschmiedet," "hammered out." Picc., Sch., Col.—*Act* i. *Scene* 4.

Pages 356–7: "Jagdzug," rendered "hunting-dress," instead of "hunting-stud." PICC., SCH., COL.—*Act* i. *Scene* 9.

Page 358: "Das holde kind!" translated "The voice of my child!" a bold substitution for "The charming child."
PICC., SCH., COL.—*Act* i. *Scene* 8.

Page 360: "Was denn?" "What *then?*" instead of "What?"
PICC., SCH., COL.—*Act* ii. *Scene* 7.

Page 361: "Ist unser Glaub' um Kanzel und Altar," rendered "Our faith hangs upon the pulpit and altar," instead of "is without pulpit and altar." PICC., SCH., COL.—*Act* ii. *Scene* 12.

Page 362: "Losung," "watchword," mistaken for "Erlösung," "redemption." SCH., WALL., COL.—*Act* iv. *Scene* 7.

Page 365: "Verstecktesten," "most secret," mistaken for "beflecktesten," "most spotted." NOTES, p. 684.

THE END.

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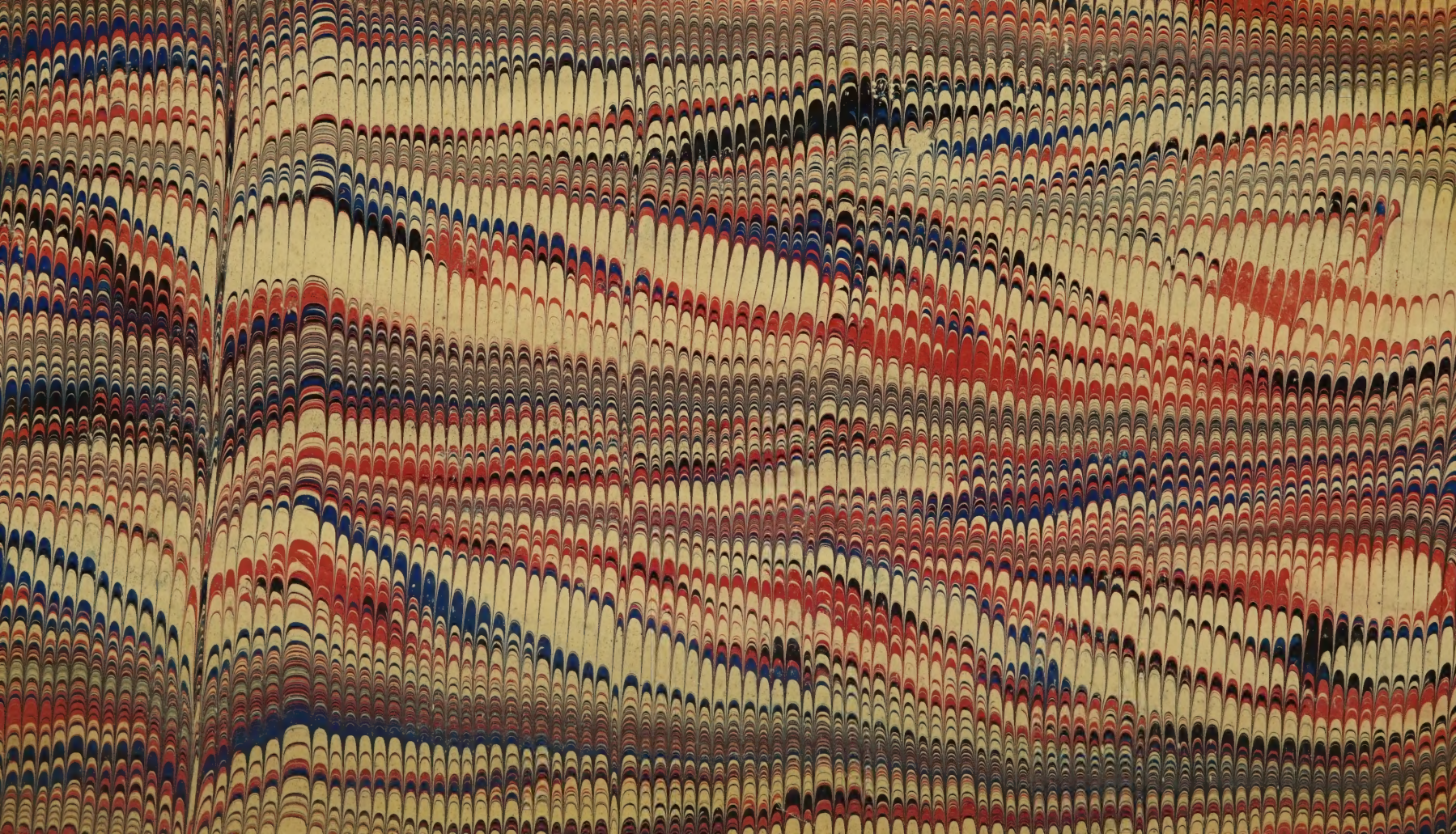

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